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KID FRANCIS

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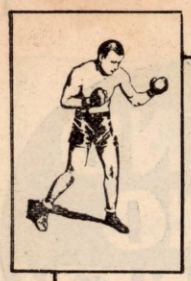

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The outdoor season is on. The heavyweight championship match between Max Schmeling and Young Stribling will take place in a few weeks. The air is full of fight talk. THE RING, as in past years, will furnish the fans with a heavyweight championship souvenir number that every follower of boxing will want to save.

Pictures and stories of past championships—the Bare-Knuckle days, the Skin-tight Glove days and the Modern Era will be well represented in this most unusual issue.

Boxing album well worth finding a place in your library.

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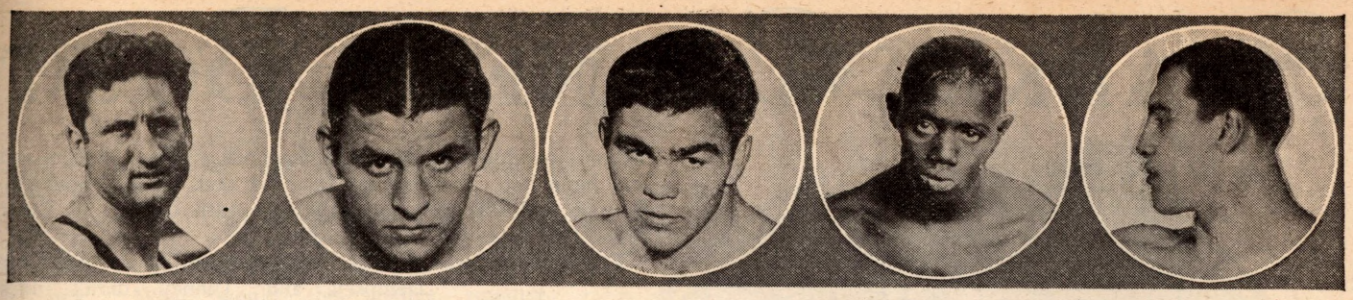


Vittorio Campolo *Jack 'Kid' Berg* *Max Schmeling* *Kid Chocolate* *Primo Carnera*

Some of the foreigners whose pockets are bulging with American "dough".

TAX FOREIGN FIGHTERS!

Time Has Come to Put Curb On So Called Phenomenons from Other Countries

Max Fleischer

THE New York State legislature, having passed the Swartz Bill, providing for the stricter regulation of boxing, has had the measure returned to it through the veto of Governor Roosevelt who apparently feels that the present Walker Law should not be interfered with. I regret such action on the part of Governor Roosevelt, because at least one clause in the Swartz Bill, that which hit at the pocket book of the foreigners, was worthy of favorable considerations. These foreigners have come to our shores in hordes, have taken thousands of dollars from us and have given us little in return but trouble. The tax upon their earnings has been insignificant compared to what an American is forced to pay when he competes abroad, and for that reason, I feel that the Swartz Bill should have been signed.

A special license fee of $100 for every foreign fighter boxing in the Empire State and a five percent tax on his earnings, is constructive legislation and should have been passed in the best interest of the sport!

Too many foreigners have come to this country labelled wonders, only to put on mediocre contests for which they received fabulous sums. They have acted contrary to the best interests of the sport.

Max Schmeling is an example of that type. In Germany Max is ridiculed as the "champion who won his title on the floor," yet in this country he is given the preference over Jack Sharkey, the world's leading heavyweight.

In England, France, Italy and other countries a foreign fighter must give up twenty-five percent of his earnings to the government as a tax. Yet here, a visitor pays only the five percent state tax and the usual government income tax.

Is it any wonder that so many third rate foreigners flock to America to ply their trade?

Is it any wonder that every freak found in Europe is imported to Uncle Sam's domain, where, because of splendid ballyhoo, he soon is given an opportunity to reap a fortune while a native cannot find any work?

The time is ripe to come to the rescue of our own. Since boxing is a recognized, legal profession and has among its members 17,487 boys, native-born registered fighters, let us protect these lads against the foreign invasion. Given the same opportunity that the visitor to our shores is granted, these full-fledged American citizens who are now finding it most difficult to keep the wolf from the door, will give the fight fan more for his money and will do more to revive the interest in boxing than will the foreigner who comes here to grab off what he can and then returns to his fatherland to spend it.

How can the situation be righted?

By taxing the pocketbook of those who have been taking money from us under false pretense.

If every legislature in this country in states where boxing is legalized, would pass a measure calling for a $100 license fee and a 5% tax, the fair treatment that American boys deserve will soon be theirs.

A $100 for a license in every state where a foreigner is booked to compete, a government tax of twenty-five percent on all earned income during an American invasion and an additional state tax exactly as is required in France, England and Italy of American boys, will turn the trick. The time has come for a show down. The foreigners are laughing up their sleeves at the ease with which they can make a fortune in America. Make it more difficult for them and easier for our own boys.

The protective tariff is used by Uncle Sam to protect our industries. Then why not boxing? Boxing is a very extensive business. It furnished more than a million dollars in taxes to the United States government last year and since President Hoover has announced a huge deficit in revenue this year, let us add to our protective spirit by enacting legislation for a twenty-five percent government tax and a ten percent tax in every state in the union on all foreign boxers.

Such legislation will result in two things—it will curb the influx of third rate sheiks and freaks to take legitimate employment from our native sons and it will help relieve a financial embarrassment at home.

* * *

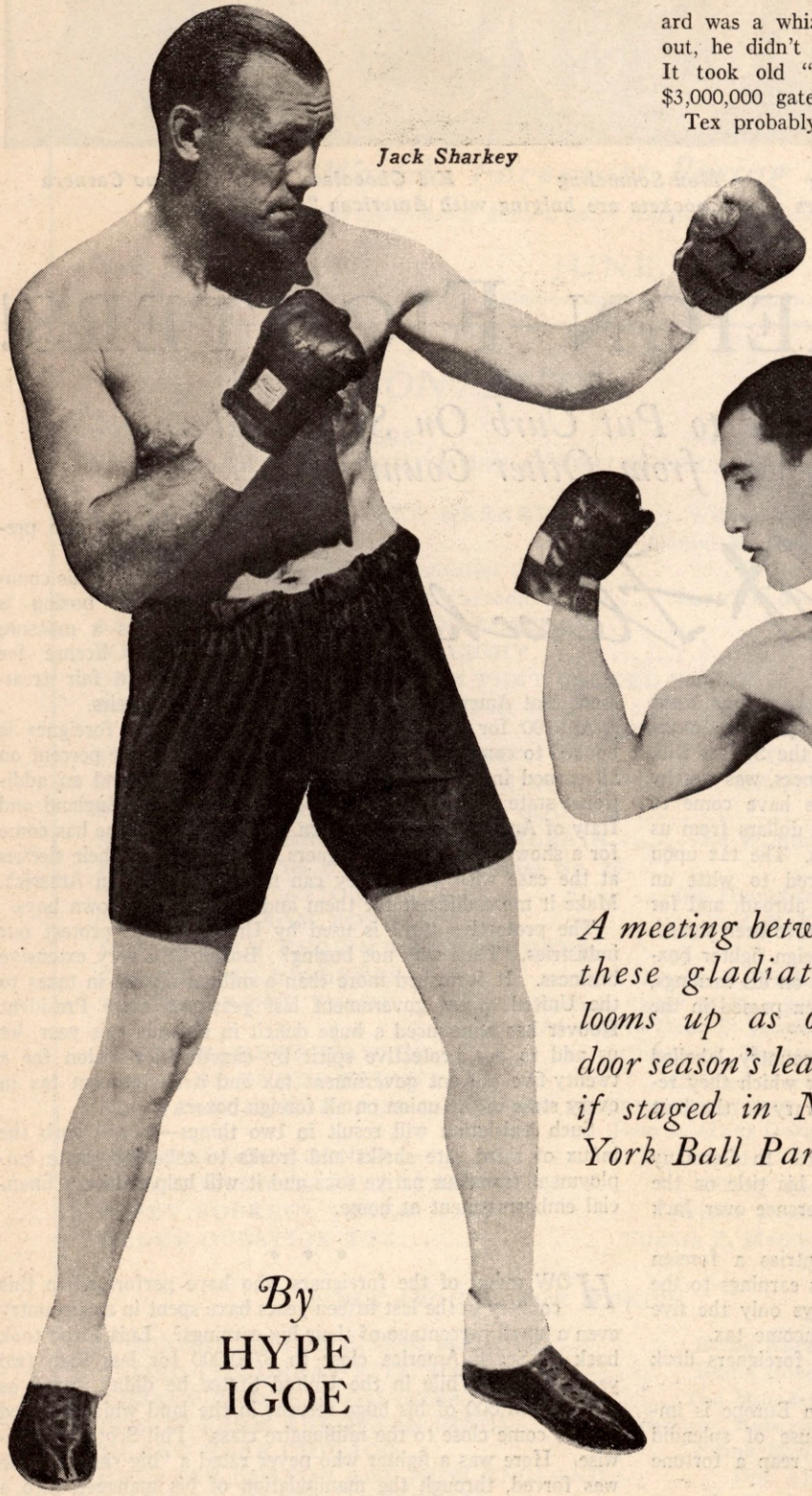
HOW many of the foreigners who have performed in this country in the last fifteen years have spent in this country even a small percentage of their big earnings? Luis Firpo took back to South America close to $700,000 for less than two years' work. While in the United States he didn't spend as much as $1,000 of his huge returns in the land which enabled him to come close to the millionaire class. Phil Scott did likewise. Here was a fighter who never rated a "big shot" yet he was forced, through the manipulation of his manager, into a spot that belonged to at least four good American fighters who were shunted aside to make room for him.

And now we have Max Schmeling. He made a fortune out of his fights with Paulino and Sharkey, paid Uncle Sam a small tax, and then invested his money in Germany where he lives. And while he keeps gathering in the sheckles, our own boys are kept idle.

Keep the foreigners where they belong. England is doing it. France is doing it. Italy is doing it. Why not we?

If we must add "color" to a fistic programme by pitting a foreigner against an American, then let us make the visitor pay for the privilege.

SHARKEY-CARNERA BOUT



Jack Sharkey

A meeting between these gladiators looms up as outdoor season's leader if staged in New York Ball Park—

By HYPE IGOE

Primo Carnera

THIS is the season when big-time boxing promoters go walking around in a sort of day dream—and night dreams too, carrying a few sets of blue prints under their armpits.

Seating plans. Fronts and layouts for new open-air "stadiums." Ball park maps for seating the "Battle of the Century." Plans, plans, plots, leases, longing to "get out" for life on some big summer boxing show.

I know how they feel. Every man who ever promoted an outdoor success in a boxing way, thinks he can do it again and again. They seem to forget that if Tex Rickard was a whiz-bang and a tremendous success, indoors and out, he didn't come to that fame or that success overnight. It took old "Tedge" over twenty years to hit his "near $3,000,000 gate."

Tex probably was far more disappointed in the fact that Dempsey and Tunney didn't draw $3,000,000 at Chicago than in anything that ever happened in his whole career as a great promoter. I suppose I should use the word "director," for that is the title that Tex handed himself toward the end and liked far better than "promoter." He went up and out of the promoter class in his own opinion and was stuck on the word "director."

Tex had something to play with when he put

MOST ATTRACTIVE CARD

Dempsey and Tunney into that open-air ring on Soldier's Field, Chicago.

* * *

SUPPOSE the old boy were here to-day—now. What would the coming summer present to his imagination as a great outdoor attraction?

Let me bring one right from the floor. Were Tex Rickard here to-day, the heavyweight situation would not be as drab as it now looms up. He wouldn't have allowed it to go loco.

In the first place, Tex wouldn't be without at least one great card. More likely he would have two big heavyweight shots all cooked up and on the ice, awaiting trotting out under balmy skies.

Do you think he would have allowed Carnera to be kicked around as big Bootsie has been hoofed.

Not on your life! Tex went into raptures over big men and Carnera would have been the pumpkin of his eye!

I remember the day he first saw Louie Firpo walk into his office in the old Garden. Tex had a way of measuring up a man as soon as he stepped through that doorway. He knew that doorway was seven feet high and four feet wide.

The moment you stepped through it, Tex had your inches, weight and width right in the middle of his palm. When Firpo walked in with his wrinkled steamer-trunk duds, his celluloid collar and his 6 7-8 hat on a giant's head, Tex had all of Firpo's "figgers."

Tex got him in the flash of an eye. He had "boxed" the Demon Angel as he passed over the doorsill. Tabbed his size, long before any of us really figured that here, indeed, was a giant of the ring.

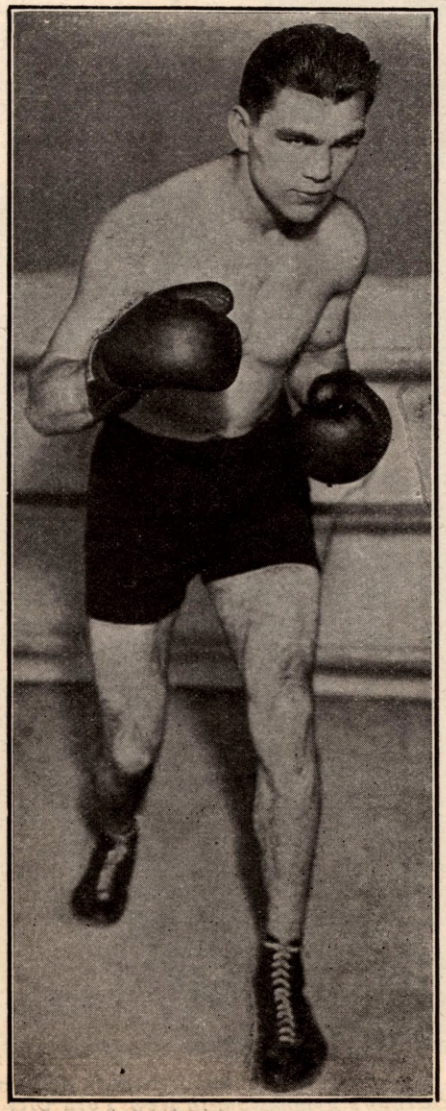
When Tex had had an informal chat with big Looie through an interpreter, Firpo bowed out. As Firpo went through the door, presenting still another and a different eyeful to Tex, the master fight builder said seriously:

"There's a great man! A great fighter. I kin tell it by his shoulders and his neck. Never seed anything like them. He'll give Dempsey holy hell."

* * *

WELL we all laughed at Tex. In fact it was a long time before Rickard could make us believe that the fellow would be any kind of a match for Jack. Some writers panned the devil out of the project but Tex stuck to his

Young Stribling



Max Schmeling

prognostication that it would be one whale of a fight.

I bet Tex a suit of clothes that the bout wouldn't draw $500,000. It went over the million mark as he said it would. With all my experience in these matters, I confess that I didn't see Firpo as the great drawing card that he turned out to be. Tex did.

He was uncanny in those matters. He could smell a good match a thousand miles away, though I must say that in one instance I outguessed him. He didn't think that the Carpentier and Dempsey bout would draw over $700,000 and laughed his head off when I told him that I thought it would gate a million and a quarter. There was one that he didn't "see," yet he told me that he was willing to take a loss if only for the privilege of producing the fight drama of the century.

* * *

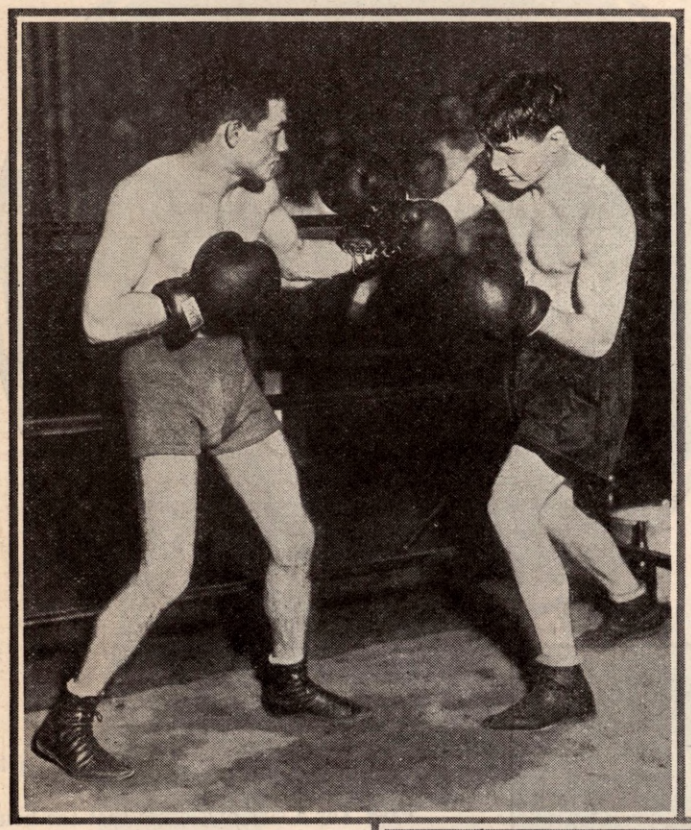
WELL, Tex isn't here. Three-million-dollar attractions are not here either. Nor is Jack Dempsey taking them on and jamming the gates for another "Battle of the Century." Before we have even a million-dollar gate again we will have wished many a time for Tex Rickard to be back on the job.

Right now, so far as the big fellows are concerned, there are but two or three hell benders.

Sharkey and Schmeling would have been a lil. No better attraction on the cards. It has the international flavor and that draws them in.

So much has been said of what MIGHT have happened (*Continued on page* 41)

Factories of the



Tony Canzoneri (left) and Billie Alger training at Pioneer Gymnasium in New York

A day in the gymnasium, where, in the sweat and grime and among multitudinous odors, fistic champions are made

TWO young boxers climb into the Madison Square Garden ring to start the evening's fistic entertainment with a four-round bout. Nobody pays much attention to them. "Just a couple of kids," remarks a customer. "They don't mean anything."

Yet, if you look behind the scenes to the months and often years of preparation leading up to that brief appearance it would be realized that even to achieve a preliminary ranking, a great amount of painstaking labor usually is required.

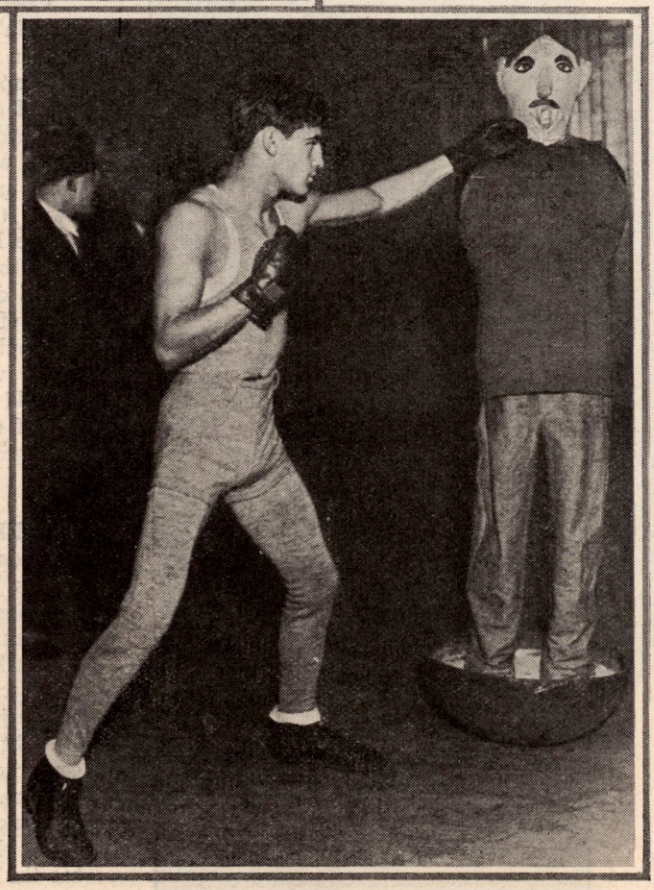
If you would glimpse the actual life of a boxer, go to the gymnasium, the factory which turns out the products you see in the more or less finished state under the white glare of the lights in the Garden or any other fistic arena.

The gymnasium, despite its drab setting, is the scene of more fistic drama than the ring. It is there, in the grubby, stuffy hall that the dream of many an aspirant for fistic fame is shattered; it is there that others, through hard labor, lay the foundation for fame or fortune and the plaudits of the multitude.

It has been said, and no doubt truly, that more good prospects are ruined in the gymnasiums, one way or another, than ever can be told. Some lads there are, gifted with the spark of genius, who absorb fistic knowledge almost intuitively. But the great majority must learn to box slowly, fumblingly, and at a great expenditure of time and labor.

Fortunate indeed is the youngster, bent on earning his living as a boxer, who falls into capable hands. Too many of the boys who start out along the fistic highway are allowed to drift along without competent guidance.

* * *



Al Singer tuning up on a boxing dummy in a corner of Billy Grupp's gymnasium in New York City

WHAT does a young boxer do during the day at the gymnasium? At first, if he is being brought along by someone who has the youngster's best interests at heart, he will be properly prepared physically for the rigors of a fighter's life. If he is a scrawny under-nourished youth, he will be told by his mentor what to eat and how to build himself up physically.

For weeks he may not be allowed to do any boxing at all. After a run on the road in the morning, he shows up at the gymnasium, eager to get down to the business of becoming a gladiator. But for days, or weeks, according to how quickly he responds to teaching, he will be limited to gymnastics and to learning the proper way to hold his hands and feet and how to step forward as he punches. He will be taught how, as he drives forward with a straight left, to throw up his right for blocking purposes. He will be given a skipping rope and made to jump from 100 to 200 times as in his childhood days, to strengthen his legs

Sock Market

By WILBUR WOOD

and develop his wind and bag punching to develop his timing.

Finally, after being taught the rudiments will come the big day when he is allowed to put on the gloves with some novice, or with a veteran who will handle him lightly.

One thing that every handler of fighters wants to learn before it is too late, is whether the prospect can take it—what his reaction will be when he is hurt. The lad will be sent in with some more experienced boxer who is instructed to "let him have it," meaning to hit him hard enough to floor him or at least hurt him. How he reacts when stung, means everything, for the ring is no place for a boy who folds up when hurt.

* * *

AT last, after long preparation in the gymnasium, the novice is matched with some other boy of little experience in a preliminary at a small club. Sometimes the boy who has impressed as a most likely candidate in the gymnasium workouts, goes all to pieces in actual combat; funks it when he is called upon to put into practice in actual combat with small gloves what he has learned in the gymnasium with the big mittens. Others, dubs in the gym, outdo themselves in a fight. That is something that can be learned about a boxer only when he is given his baptism of fire and the going begins to get tough.

* * *

AFTER that first real fight, the youngster goes back to the gym, to try to eradicate the faults he has shown in actual competition. Day after day he goes through the grind. Very few boxers enjoy gym work. It is the same in all sports. Practice is a drab business in any line.

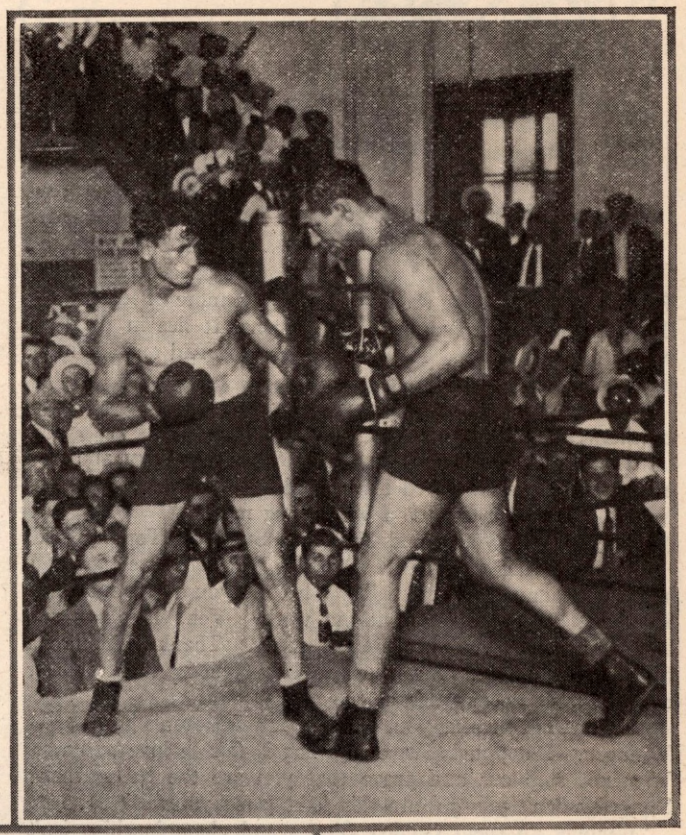
Yet the smart boxer realizes that fights really are won in the gymnasium. Joe Gans, the Old Master, was a great example of the truth of the foregoing statement. Joe realized that there always was something to be learned.

Frank Erne won the lightweight title from Gans in New York in twelve rounds on May 23, 1900. Erne had a peculiar move with his left hand by which it was impossible for the other fellow to tell whether the punch would be a hook or a jab. In the New York fight, Gans was beaten because he could not solve that move.

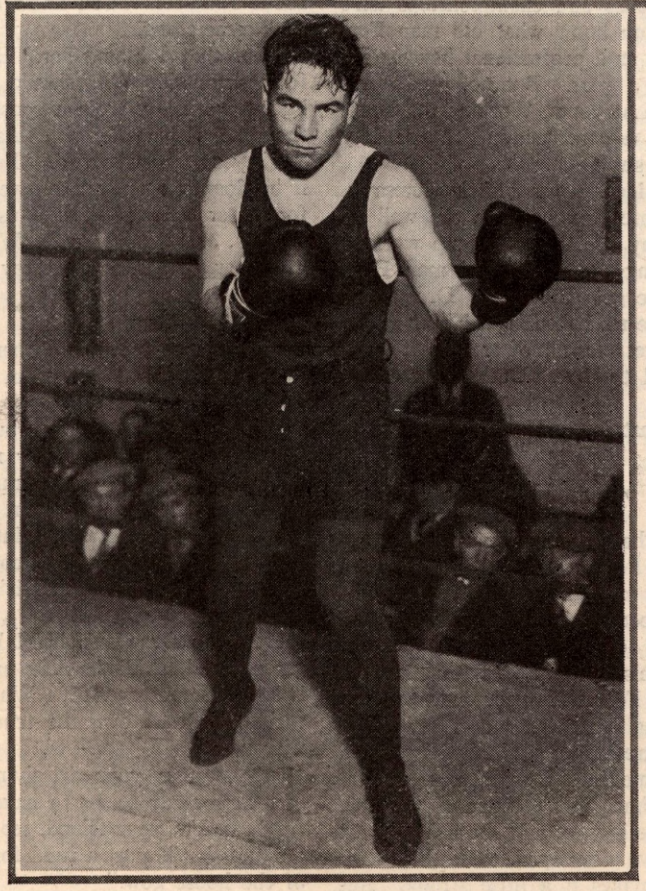
He set to work in the gymnasium to devise a means of beating that punch. For months he labored. Finally, one afternoon, while he was working with a youngster, Harry Lenny, now a prominent manager, something the kid did, gave Gans the idea for which he had been questing so long. He worked the new move out for months in gymnasium bouts. Then he got a return match with Erne, at Fort Erie on May 12, 1902. The first time Erne tried the trick that had conquered Gans in their first fight, the Old Master sprung his counter move and knocked out Frank in the opening round.

There is a moral in that story for every young boxer. Too many of the youngsters, having mastered the fundamentals, merely go through the motions in the gymnasium drills. They make the physical motions without any mental acuteness. As a result, they get into a rut and their advance is halted abruptly.

(*Continued on page* 45)



Jack Dempsey in a sparring match with Sid Terris, in Stillman's gymnasium



Jimmy McLarnin, set for three minutes of boxing with the "pillows" at Pioneer Gymnasium

Cahill crashed cutting blows to Droogan's face. He closed Droogan's left eye

ROMEO

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

"I WARN you, Tommy. Keep away from Kid Droogan. He'll contaminate you and get you into trouble. Charley Carner is up at Sing Sing, and all on account of the Kid. Droogan's holding the championship is more or less a stall. The big money for him isn't in the ring. It lies in the beer racket over in Jersey. Keep away from the Kid and his mob, because they're poison."

Willie Cahill made an impassioned plea to his younger brother, but Tommy only laughed.

"There are only three of us now, Tommy—Mary and you and I. When mother died I promised to take care of you, but little did I realize the job I was giving myself."

"Why, Willie, you sound like Billy Sunday," Tommy said. "There's nothing wrong with Droogan. He's a swell guy. I was busted, and he got me a job. What did you do for me while I was walking the streets without work? Yeh, three squares, and clothes, and cigarette money. Sure. Thanks. You're a fine brother, Willie. But you're old fashioned. A little beer running can't do any harm.

"Know what's eating you, Willie? It's Droogan's going after Kathleen. But you know, everything is fair in love and war. Why not step out and prove that you are the better man? Say, why don't you go into this fight game yourself?

"Winning all them Golden Gloves and championships isn't going to get you any dough. You know what old man Forrester thinks of your possibilities as a professional boxer. He says he'd make you a champ in a year. But no, you've got some strange ideas in that noodle of yours. Working ten hours a day bossing a lot of guys on a construction job for fifty bucks a week is your idea of a swell life.

"Well, Willie, it may be your idea, but not little Tommy's.

"I don't intend to stick in these four holes in the wall up here in the Bronx the rest of my life, and wind up working for twenty five a week delivering orders for old man Hennessey at the meat market. I've got ambitions. Droogan is a right guy. He's showing me the road to dough. Never worry about me. You won't have to get me out of trouble if trouble comes. Droogan will attend to that. But shucks, there isn't a chance!"

Tommy walked out of the apartment whistling—and Willie realized he was beaten.

* * *

FOR weeks Willie had watched Droogan work his foul tentacles around Tommy. For weeks he had watched Droogan, the Middleweight Kid, make a flash play for Kathleen Forrester, and he had not been able to stop Droogan in either direction.

Willie shaved, changed into his Sunday best, and walked down the street six blocks to the Forrester apartment.

Charley Forrester, an old ring campaigner and for many years trainer and manager of great boxers, looked up from his evening paper as Willie came into the living room.

"Funny, I just was reading about you," chuckled Charley. "Pop Makel in the Evening Bulletin says you are the greatest prospect the amateur ranks have developed since Jim Corbett. Personally, I think Pop makes it a little strong. But you know what I think of your boxing ability. You're a sucker not to go into the professional ranks."

"Charley, we have gone over this thing time after time, and you cannot change my mind," laughed Willie.

"While mother was in her last illness she had a dream, I guess. You know how invalids are with those dreams, especially when they're past seventy.

"She called me one morning and I made a sort of half-promise I would not become a professional boxer Now, as long as the job holds out and I feel the way I do about it, well, I'm not going to do it."

"Well, they're talking of barring you from the Golden Gloves next year," Forrester countered. "They say you're too good. In fact, they're looking up your record right now. Think they can find a little flaw somewhere."

"If they can, they're welcome to it," said Willie. "Here's one amateur who still has his medals."

* * *

WILLIE wandered about the room, restless. "Say, Charley, where is Kathleen?"

Old Forrester looked at Willie with troubled eyes. "It's Droogan again. She called me up to tell me she was going to dinner and then to the theatre with the Kid. Now, Willie, for the love of Heaven, can't you do something with her. I'm all talked out. I get the same old argument. I'm just an old killjoy, I am. And Droogan is a perfect gentleman, he is. Over and over again."

Willie sat with bowed head. "I know, Charley. I just had it out with Tommy. Droogan has drawn him into that beer mob, and I fear trouble. But I can't make Tom see the light. I'm hurt both ways, Charley. You know how I feel about Kathleen. You know how she felt about me until this flash came along.

"Not that I blame her. He has polish, has Droogan. He fools them all. Why should she waste her time with a fifty-buck-a-week guy from a construction gang when she can have the time of her life with this Droogan?"

They sat and brooded. "But I'm going to tell the Kid that if he doesn't play square—well, good night, Charley, and pray for better luck for both of us."

"Yes, and think it over, Willie. I can make you champion in a year, or I'm not Charley Forrester."

* * *

IT was a week later. When Willie got home from work he found Terry Givlin, from Police Headquarters, waiting for him.

"Sorry, Willie old boy, but that kid brother of yours is down in the Tombs. They nabbed him this morning with a truck load of beer, and to make it worse, it looks as if there might be some dope mixed in the case, too," said Terry.

"Nobody has shown any interest in the boy. We can't hook him and the truck up to Droogan, though we know all about it. Tommy won't squeal, and it's up to you. Better get a good lawyer. Sorry, Willie!"

Down to Droogan's hotel Willie rushed. "So your brother got pinched, eh?" the Kid sneered. "Well, he's not so good, is he? Me get excited? Why should I? What have I to do with it? Did I own the truck? And what might I be doing with beer?

"Say, Willie, your girl giving you the cold shoulder in favor of a better guy seems to have made you a little unreasonable. Anyhow, I'm your friend, see? Still your friend, see? Here's ten and that'll start a fund for some shyster to get the boy out of the hoose gow."

Willie hurled the proferred bill into Droogan's face. "You'll be sorry for this some day, Cahill," said Droogan. "I'm a bad

RESURGENT!

Kid Droogan Gets the Break on Cahill but Willie Wins Title and Girl

guy to antagonize and some day you're going to find it out."

It took all of Willie's savings of $500 to get Tommy out of the jam. It was a contrite young man who some weeks later went to work in the sport goods department of Lacy's, glad of the chance to earn twenty-five clean dollars each week.

"It's this way, Tommy," said Larney Tuttler to him that night, at the Good Shepherd Club. "I quit a hundred-dollar job in that speakeasy to sell steaks and chops for old man Hennesey. Why? Well, there are two entrances to Hennesey's. And I don't care a dam who comes through either of them."

* * *

"WELL, Willie, I'm carefree now," said Forrester one night, about a month later. "Lost Phil Carley to-day. My last fighter. 'Mittens' Fader got him. You know, the bird who is supposed to manage Droogan, but really is his business partner. That gang has eight or nine boxers now, and they're reaching for more. A lot of protection us little guys get from the commission.

"Carley's contract with me ran out five weeks ago, and he said he'd sign a new one. But it seems 'Mittens' got hold of Phil and intimidated him. Now Carley belongs to Fader, and I am a trainer and manager without a fighter. I have a couple of kids, but they're more of an expense than a help. They're a couple of years away from even a semi-final. Well, that's that."

"How about Willie Cahill going under the Forrester management? Stop being a sap. A champion in a year. I promise it."

"Nothin doing, Charley, though I certainly am sorry for you. Times are tough enough. Can't something be done to this Droogan-Fader gang? They'll kill the game around here in another year."

"You have a real weapon in either hand," Forrester said, as he looked Willie squarely in the eye. "You can hit with your right, and you can hit with your left. There is no other way to beat Droogan, there seems to be no other way to win back your girl, Willie. Think it over."

He walked home through deserted streets. "There is no other way to win back your girl." He lingered over the thought. "You can hit with your right and you can hit with your left." He brooded over it as he lay in bed. "You have a real weapon in either hand. There is no other way to beat Droogan."

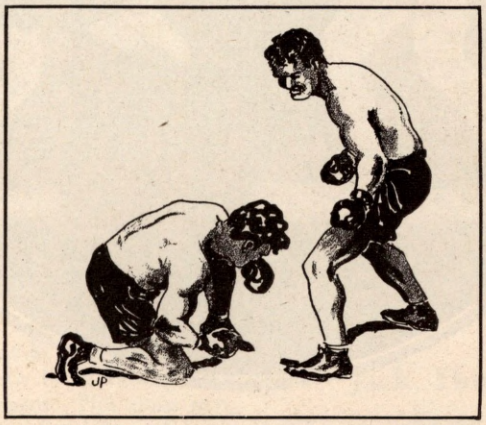
He fell into troubled sleep, dreaming of his mother at the ringside in the Garden, shrieking her encouragement as he beat two or three boxers in a wild scramble.

* * *

SOME days later Forrester came to the job to see Willie. "Why, Charley, what are you doing around here?" Willie asked. "Must be trouble of some sort to bring you here."

"Well, this is no place to discuss things," Forrester countered. "Come over to the house to-night. I want to talk to you."

Willie went straight from work. He found Kathleen sitting in the living room, crying.



Droogan crossed a right to the jaw and down went Cahill

Droogan rushed from his corner with a fusillade of rights. Two found their mark on Willie's chin

"Something's wrong with her eyes, Willie," Forrester explained. "Seems she went to a cabaret with Droogan a few nights ago and he talked her into taking a couple of drinks. You know, she never touched a thing before in her life. Well, that liquor must have been bad. Anyway, she had to quit work the next day and she's been sitting there ever since, crying her heart out. She asked me to go for you this afternoon.

"I have had the doctors here and they are doing the best they can. But they advise seeing a specialist, and that runs into money. A few hundred, maybe. And, to tell the truth, Willie, I just haven't got it. We've been sort of sailing close to the wind around these diggings these last four or five months, since Carley's last fight."

Willie paced the room, thinking. "Kathleen, I have come here to try to induce you to marry me—here, now—to-night," he pleaded. And she cried all the more.

"Why, Bill, I couldn't do it," she said. "I don't know just how serious this eye trouble is. It may be permanent. In any event, I do not deserve such treatment at your hands. I didn't play square with you, Bill. I was a crazy kid. But, I'm crazy about you, Bill. Maybe, some day, after the clouds clear from my sight, but I couldn't be a drag on you now. Please—oh, please, leave me now. I can't stand it."

Willie left them in the Forrester living room. He walked home like a man in a dream. "I can make a champion of you in a year," he heard Charley tell him again. Droogan—and the chance—the chance to avenge Tommy and Kathleen—the chance to more than square old debts. He could do it. He would do it!

* * *

EARLY the next morning Willie aroused Forrester. "Okeh, Charley," he told the astonished old trainer. "I'm going to accept that offer of yours. But I cannot wait a year. I've got to give this Droogan the beating of his life, Charley. And our preliminaries must be completed on the quiet. Mind, no publicity!

"The first thing to do is to get the money to pay for a specialist's services. Now, you know how Jim Drexel, the society guy, has been after me to go into the ring under his management. He doesn't need the money, but he gets a big kick out of running fighters.

"We'll see Drexel, and have him advance us enough to pay the surgeons, and a little bit more. See Drexel to day, and make a date for this evening."

They met again that night in Drexel's suite at the Ritz. And they lost no time in reaching an agreement. Jim was to advance $2,000 to the firm of Cahill and Forrester. Willie was to turn professional under Drexel's management, with Charley as trainer and actual boss.

"And I'll make an appointment with Dr. Spurgeon, the best eye man in America, for to-morrow," (*Continued on page* 42)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

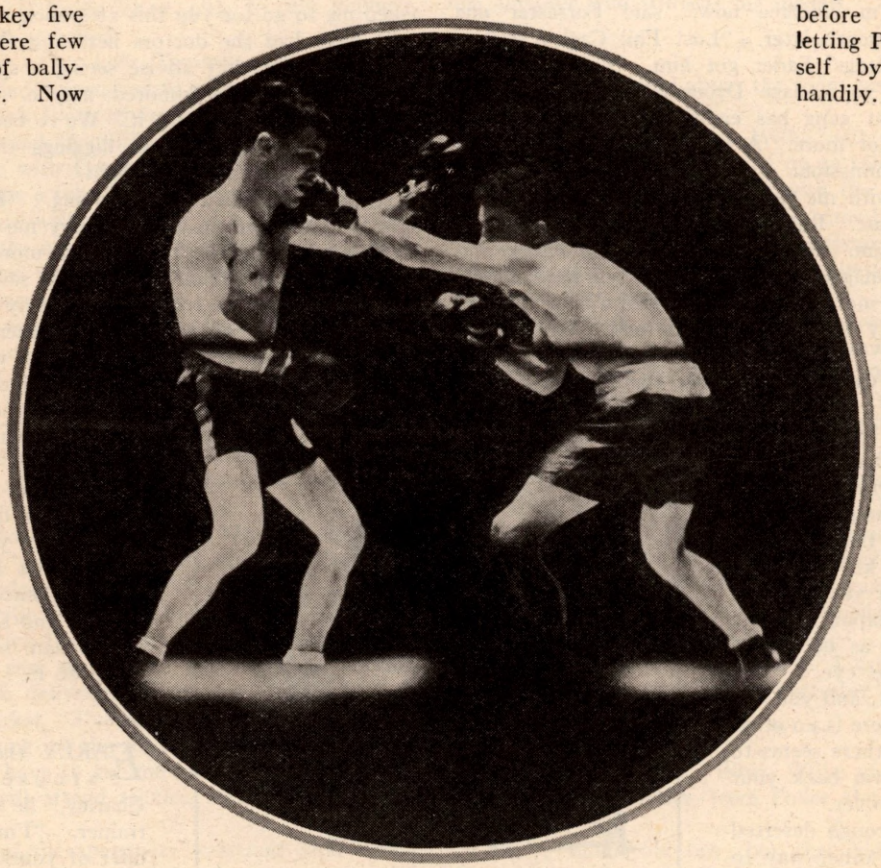
Walker Should Abdicate Middleweight Title
Interest Lags in Schmeling-Stribling Tilt
Garden's Experiment Is Watched with Interest

MICKEY WALKER, middleweight champion who is trying to emulate the great Bob Fitzsimmons, has made good his threat to invade, with success, the heavyweight ranks. When Jack Kearns, the man who helped "Tex" Rickard attain the heights of promotion, started the campaign for Mickey five months ago, there were few who took this king of ballyhoo artist seriously. Now things are different.

Mickey, by his splendid performance at Miami, where he whipped Johnny Risko and his more recent triumphs over Bearcat Wright, weighing 210 pounds, has conclusively proved, that, pound for pound, he is the greatest fighter of the age. The Toy Bulldog may not be able to whip such an experienced, clever heavyweight as Jack Sharkey, but is good enough to be reckoned with in the division headed by Max Schmeling.

Talk about pitting Walker against Sharkey at this stage is foolish, for in my opinion, Walker would be knocked out. Yet Walker does shape up as a formidable heavyweight. Before Mickey seeks a battle with Sharkey, the Jersey Bulldog should be made to clear the path of a few of the leaders—Campolo, Carnera, Stribling and Loughran.

And, above all, he should act the part of a sportsman and either give the legitimate contenders of his own class—Dave Shade, Ben Jeby, Len Harvey and Vince Dundee, an opportunity to fight for the title or he should abdicate the middleweight throne and stick exclusively to the heavier division. If he did that Mickey would make himself solid with the fight fans. Such procedure on his part would better enable him to concentrate on a programme that would eventually lead to a heavyweight championship fight and the possible possession of the crown that has slipped down around Schmeling's shoulders.



Fidel La Barba landing a straight left jab to Kid Francis in Madison Square Garden fight.

Stanley Poreda's Rapid Rise

IT may not be long before Mickey will have keen opposition from another young Jersey lad, Stanley Poreda. This boy, tutored by Joe Jeannette, is making rapid strides. His mentors are not following the ballyhoo plan to keep his name before the public—they are letting Poreda do that for himself by winning his bouts handily. His knockout of Walter Cobb, followed by his victory over the tough Frankie Cawley, stablemate of Tommy Loughran, and his performances in other contests, has convinced Eastern fight critics that in this well-built, hard-hitting and courageous Jerseyite, Frank Flournoy, matchmaker of Madison Square Garden when Tex Rickard was at the helm, has a heavyweight of the first magnitude.

It won't be long before Stanley will be knocking at Mickey Walker's door. In Poreda, the heavyweight rank has the best looking prospect developed in this country in the last three years. Watch this boy.

La Barba Earns Title Shot

FIDEL LA BARBA has earned the right to a championship bout with Bat Battalino. Those who saw the Coast lad whip Kid Francis in the Garden recently, witnessed one of the greatest exhibitions of cleverness exhibited by a boxer in the lower divisions, in years.

They saw an amazing fistic metamorphosis in La Barba, who, completely changing from a rushing, mauling style which has marred all his previous contests in New York, turned in an exhibition of cleverness that has been surpassed in New York in recent years only by that of Tommy Loughran in his victories over Ernie Schaaf and Max Baer.

La Barba is an example of what perservance, hard training

and clean living can do for a fighter. Fidel is one of the most likeable fellows in the sport. For his great comeback, he owes much to his teacher, George Blake, one of the leaders in his profession and if La Barba should succeed in winning his second championship, much of the credit for such victory will belong to Blake.

* * *

William F. Carey's Experiment

THE eyes of the New York's boxing fraternity will be focused upon Madison Square Garden this summer, where an experiment will be tried with the aid of Hugh Martin, a West Palm Beach promoter in charge. In its desire to build up new talent for the indoor fall and winter season, the Garden has arranged to keep its doors open throughout the summer and to stage popular-priced shows, with seats selling from 50 cents to $1.50 and with boys from all over the world showing their wares.

It is the aim of William F. Carey, president of the "House That Tex Built." to stage a series of intersectional contests in which boys from the East, West, North and South will face New York lads, and to wind up the summer shows with one big international tournament in which winners of the various intersectional tilts will be the participants. This was tried out during the winter by Hugh Martin at West Palm Beach and proved a huge success, and Mr. Carey sees no reason why it should not be successful in New York.

I hope it does. Such shows as are being planned, with such low admission fees, should draw the whole-hearted support of New York fans and the summer visitors to the metropolis. At any rate it is worth trying.

* * *

Boxing Needs a Real Champion

WHILE the attendance at boxing shows in the East has picked up considerably since the first of the year, the sport still has a long way to go to equal the attendance at the wrestling shows. Wrestling is having its biggest year in the past decade. According to Jack Curley the mat sport in sections in which his men operate, has already rolled up record figures.

In New York City alone, at the Madison Square Garden, Seventy-first Regiment Armory, Ridgewood Club, Jamaica, and the Coliseum—all of which are under the control of Curley, more than a quarter of a million dollars have been spent to see the American collegians compete against the foreign stars. Three shows in the Garden netted $150,000.

That this will continue for the remainder of the year, is obvious. Boxing needs a real heavyweight champion before the sport can regain its former prestige. As Jimmy Deforest so aptly remarked recently, "without a heavyweight of color to lead the field, there can be no interest in boxing."

Max Schmeling had the opportunty to bring boxing back into its own, but he lacks the necessary color. Not alone that, but his general attitude towards the public, his continuous wrangling, his shunting of Jack Sharkey, his alleged assault upon a youthful process server—all have reacted against boxing. The quicker Max Schmeling is put out of the way, the faster boxing will regain its health. What the sport needs to bring it back to life is a fearless, courageous, colorful heavyweight champion—and this, Max Schmeling is not. Even Stribling, who is minus color, should he win, will do more for boxing that has Max Schmeling.

* * *

BY releasing the Stribling-Schmeling fight to the Garden, Mrs. Heart's Milk Fund Committee has automatically cut into the revenue of that heavyweight championship encounter by $200,000. That is the estimate which I place upon the additional patronage which this bout would have had under the protection of the Milk Fund.

In the present circumstances, I doubt that the Stribling-Schmeling affair will net more than $350,000, and to do that much, the gross will have to be beyond the $500,000 figure.

To guage the sentiment around the country I have had THE RING correspondents check up on the fight situation and the reports of these competent reporters is anything but encouraging for the titular match.

In New York, with the Milk Fund behind it, and the government tax removed, the fight would gross $750,000 but in Cleveland, where conditions are worse off than here and where it will be necessary for the New York and other Eastern fans to spend additional money for the railroad trip, thirty percent of the Eastern patronage will be missing.

In addition, the heavy toll that Uncle Sam will take under the new ruling of the Revenue Department, that all charity fights in which the fighters share in the receipts, shall be taxed, at least $125,000 that otherwise would be divided by the promoter and the fighters, will go to Uncle Sam. That is why I cannot conceive a net gate of more than $350,000 tops for the fight.

The public of this country is not interested in Schmeling. It has proved that much by staying away from his exhibitions. Schmeling, who has just completed an exhibition tour that was the greatest flop in the history of the heavyweight division, should by this time be convinced that John Public, and not Max and his shrewd manager, Joe Jacobs, will do the dictating. He probably is convinced by this time that to regain public support, he must give the chance to Sharkey which that fighter, the American champion, deserves and unless he does that, he'll soon find that the American dollars will not be flowing into his pocket with the ease which he had expected.

* * *

Olympic Club Passes Out of Picture

SPEAKING of the boxing depression, reminds me that one of New York's oldest fight clubs, the Olympic Club of Harlem, went under the hammer a few weeks ago—the first of the smaller clubs to feel the terrific strain. The entire contents, ring, chairs and other paraphenalia, were sold for $227 to satisfy a judgment for $2,647 for unpaid rent.

It was at the Olympic that Jack Dempsey made his debut—the club then being called the Commonwealth. There, in 1916, he clashed with John Lester Johnson. Freddie Welsh and Johnny Kilbane, Benny Leonard and other champions were seen in action in the old arena.

The club, since John the Barber first promoted shows, has been known as the Commonwealth, Olympic, Harlem, Walker Club and the Palace Casino. Tom McArdle, Jess McMahon, and Al Weill are among those who were the matchmakers.

* * *

Jack Thompson Regains Crown

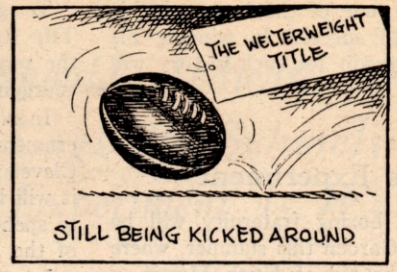
BY regaining the world's welterweight crown from Tommy Freeman, who had won it from him last September, Jack Thompson recently performed a rare feat in pugilism. By stopping Freeman in the twelfth round in their Cleveland battle, Thompson joined the ranks of George Dixon, Joe Gans, Kid Herman and other ring celebrities who turned the repeater trick.

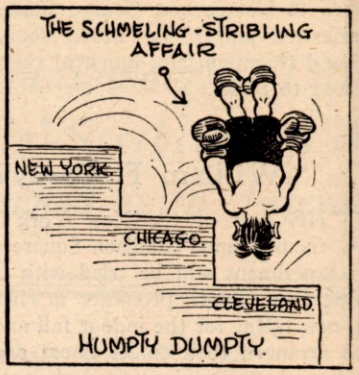
In the welterweight division years ago, Matty Mathews won the championship from Rube Ferns in a fifteen-round bout at Detroit, October 16, 1900, after which Reuben turned around in their return engagement on May 24, 1901 at Toronto, Canada and belted Matty out of the picture by landing the haymaker on him in the tenth round.

Now that Thompson is back in the limelight, his presence in at least one big outdoor fight is assured. A match for the title between him and the winner of the Petrolle-McLarnin contest, will be one of the headliners among the smallar fry this summer.

Fistic Cartoonettes

By "Lank" Leonard





An Epic in the History of Boxing Back in the Bare-Knuckle Days

The first round of the great international fight between Charley Mitchell and John L. Sullivan for the world's championship and $5,000 on Baron Rothchild's training grounds, Chantilly, France, Saturday, March 10, 1888. At the end of the 39th round, the bout was stopped on account of darkness and was called a draw

WRESTLERS *in the* LIMELIGHT

Right, Gus Sonnenberg, prepared for the flying tackle

Carl Pojello, Chicago Lithuanian, former world's light heavyweight champion who looms as a strong contender for the heavyweight title

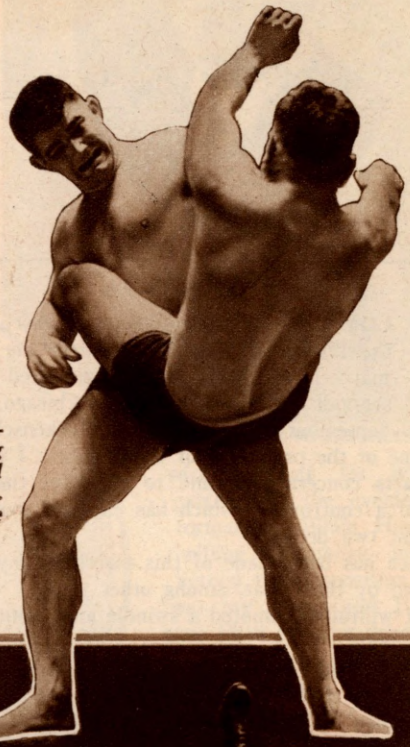
Ed "Don" George who has just been defeated by Strangler Lewis

Right, Pat McGill, veteran Irish wrestler, showing a headlock and body hold

Gino Garibaldi, one of the best Italian wrestlers in America who is one of Jack Curley's mainstays

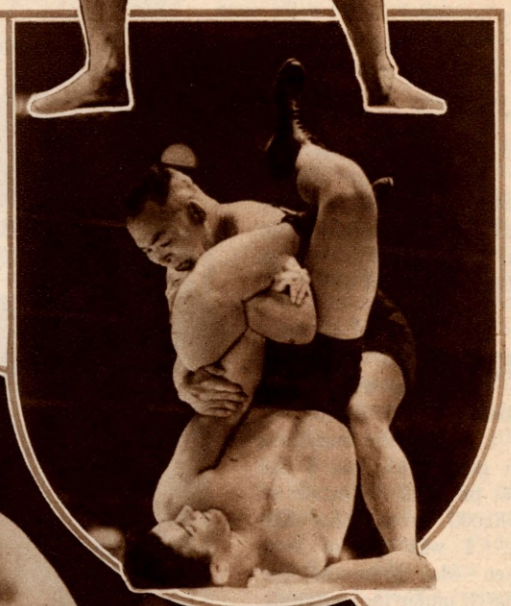
Grunts, Groans, Grimaces that *Packed 'em In*

Gino Garibaldi, Italian wrestler, breaking a body scissors in match with Billy Bartush which Garibaldi (left) won



Sandor Szabo, Budapest grappler, applying a leg lock on Floyd Marshall of California. Szabo (left) won the match

Taro Miyaki, star Japanese wrestler, and Gino Garibaldi, in a hot tussle in which bone-breaking holds featured. Garibaldi, (down) was the victor



Paul Jones trying to toss Dick Shikat with a leg and crotch hold. Dick, however, came through with a victory

A match that lasted only a few minutes. Sergi Kalmikoff, the Siberian bearded Cave Man, caused Ferenc Holuban to go back to Hungary after Ferenc hit the canvas with a thud

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

By JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART FOURTEEN

I COME now to one of the most discussed episodes in the history of American sports—the great wrestling match in which Frank Gotch defeated George Hackenschmidt at Comiskey Park in Chicago, on Labor Day, September 4, 1911. I was Hackenschmidt's manager and one of the promoters of the contest. I wish to set forth the facts concerning it and to give, for the first time, my side of a controversy which has engaged sports followers for the last two decades.

Much has been made of this match by my enemies. It is charged by them that, among other things:

1. I willfully promoted a swindle and profited to the extent of $90,000.

2. Hack had a broken leg when he entered the ring.

3. Hack's greed caused him to go through with the match even when he knew defeat was all he could hope for.

4. I compelled Hack to go through with it because I had spent the money taken in at the advance sale and would have had to go to jail if the match had been called off.

* * *

FIRST let me enter my answers to the charges I have listed:

1. I put the match on in good faith and I did not profit to the extent of $90,000 or anything like it. I was one of four men who promoted the match under the corporate name of the Empire Athletic Club. The president was Silvia Ferretti, secretary of the Board of Trade of Chicago. The vice-president and manager was Joseph Coffey, then in the City's Attorney's Office and still a well known figure in Chicago. The treasurer was I. H. Herk, now the head of the Mutual Burlesque Wheel. I was the secretary and, unofficially, the "angel."

I had guaranteed Gotch $21,000 and Hack $11,500 and gambled on the success of the show. I paid them out of my end of the receipts of approximately $96,000 and clearing for myself about $15,000.

2. This charge plainly is preposterous, yet a surprising number of persons believed it at the time. The answer is that Hack couldn't have gone two minutes with a broken leg against a Singer midget.

3. I know, from a check of his financial affairs with his solicitor—a Mr. Beck of London—that Hack has $790,000 invested in 2% and 3% securities when he came to this country for the match. He lived frugally, being a fellow of simple tastes, couldn't spend $100 a week to save his life—and couldn't have been dragged onto the mat with Gotch for all the money in the world if he hadn't thought he could win.

4. In the first place, I couldn't have touched a penny of the advance sale if I had wanted to, since that was in Herk's custody. In the second place, to have done so would have been the act of an insane man and I have not yet been pointed out by anybody as a loon.

Frank Gotch (left), shaking hands with George Hackenschmidt in White Sox Ball Park in Chicago, on Labor Day, 1911, just before their championship match began.

* * *

SO much for the charges. This, then, is the story of what happened:

The match virtually was made in the ring at the Coliseum in Chicago on April 15, 1911, when Gotch, falling into a trap I had prepared for him, was compelled to accept my offer at terms stipulated by him earlier that day with no thought that I would meet them.

I have been asked, incidentally, whether I think Gotch feared Hack. I do not. I believe Gotch feared nobody. However, he had every reason to regard Hack as his most formidable opponent. In their first match Hack, having underrated Gotch, was in no shape to wrestle but Gotch knew that Hack, in condition, would extend him to the limit and was not to be taken on at all unless the financial inducements were greater

than he had received in any of his preceding matches.

Two weeks after the making of the match Hack sailed for England. I saw him off at New York and, shortly thereafter, followed him. He rested for a couple of weeks in London and, about the middle of May, took up training quarters I had engaged for him at Shoreham, near Brighton on the sea. As partners for him I hired four of the world's outstanding wrestlers—Doctor Roller, Stanislaus Zbyszko, Pat Connolly of Ireland and Johann Lemm of Switzerland.

I was to wish later that I had not included Roller in this group, for a very real antipathy sprang up between him and Hack, and Roller, as you shall see, was the innocent cause of some of our difficulties at Chicago.

When Hack left England for this country on the first of August, he was in magnificent condition. Never, indeed, have I seen an athlete in any branch of sport so superbly trained. All he needed to do thereafter was to engage in light work daily to keep him at the fine edge he had gained and to do this seemed simple enough. I arranged for training quarters for him on the site now occupied by the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago and he was installed there before the middle of August.

* * *

HE had his first workout on a Saturday. The following day Otto Floto, whose circus was showing in Chicago, wanted him to make a special appearance with one of his wrestling partners at the evening performance. While Hack was willing to oblige him. I vetoed the proposition. Floto was my friend and I would have liked to have done as he asked but there was too much at stake for Hack to take even a mild risk of injury.

Hack agreed I was right. Furthermore, it gave him an opportunity to spend a day talking or playing cards with his friends, the Marquis of Queensberry and Johann Koch, a great Graeco-Roman wrestler, of Germany, who had planned to visit him. So, believing that all was secure, I went to my hotel in the Loop, and, that night, I attended the circus.

On my return to my hotel, I found a message that Alderman Paddy Martin, who was in charge of Hack's training quarters, had been trying to get me on the telephone and wanted me to call him immediately. I did so, with no inconsiderable alarm.

"You'd better come right out here, Jack," he said. "Something's happened to your man."

"What is it?" I demanded.

"Something about his leg," he said. "You better come out."

"I'm on my way," I said.

I called a cab and, within a short time, was

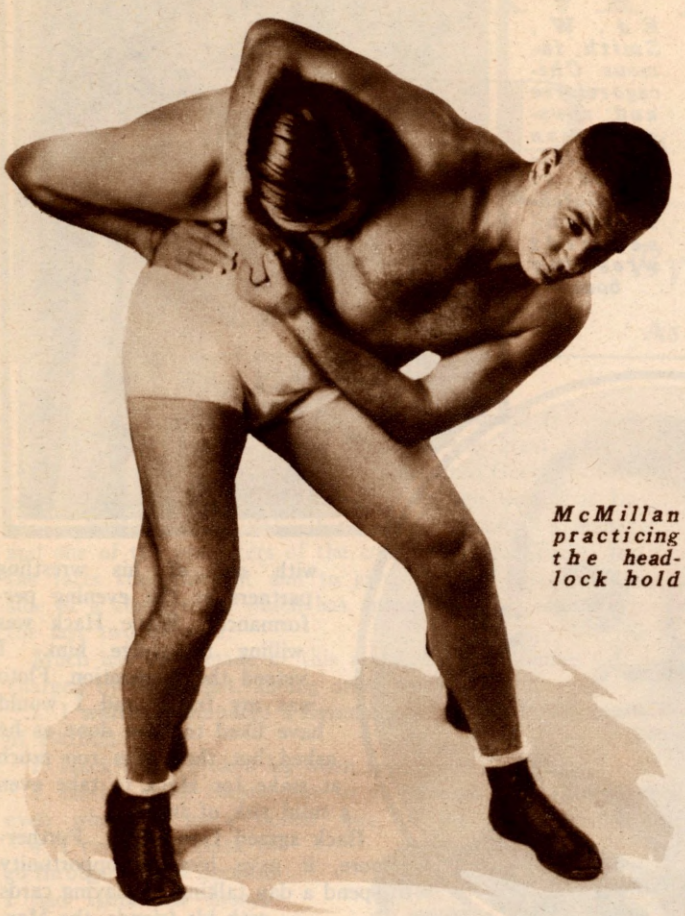
(*Continued on page* 44)

Ed. W. Smith, famous Chicago referee and newspaperman who officiated at the Gotch-Hackenschmidt wrestling bout.

(Right) Otto Floto, part owner of the Floto-Sells Circus

George Hackenschmidt (right) tuning up for the Gotch match, by wrestling with his friend, George Hoch of Germany, former European Graeco-Roman champion.

Those *RAH-RAHS* In



McMillan practicing the head-lock hold

THE meteoric rise of wrestling this year has been attributed to many causes. Some declare that the mat game has come into its own again because of the failure of the leading fighters to give the patrons a run for their money. Others declare that the lack of colorful fighters, as compared with the leading figures of the past, is responsible. Whatever it is, we do know that wrestling has taken over much of patronage which boxing has had in past years, and there certainly must be a reason for this.

As one of America's leading promoters, as the man who has staged the most profitable shows in this country, I naturally feel that I have my finger on the public pulse, ever ready to diagnose a sudden change, should one appear on the horizon. I have had my ears to the ground and have listened carefully to the arguments, pro and con on the whys and wherefores of wrestling riding on the high wave of prosperity.

Analyzing the situation, as viewed by the fellow who pays the freight, I have come to the conclusion that the success of wrestling is attributed directly to the colorful champion, who rules the roost, the popular Jim Londos; the invasion into the field of college football stars with heaps of personality and the new spirit aroused in the wrestling fan as a result of the showmanship displayed by the new talent as compared to the uninteresting, tugging tactics of the mat stars of the past.

Add to these the elimination of fly-by-night promotion, which has received its death knell through the supervision of the sport by competent Athletic Commissions, and you have the reasons for the tremendous attendance and the big gates in wrestling.

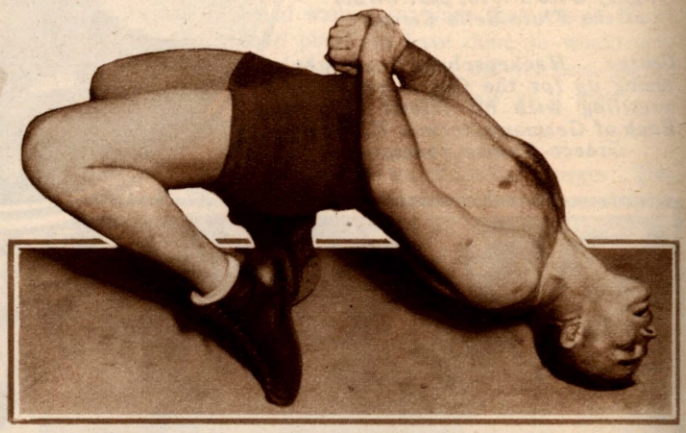
* * *

I HAVE been identified with the mat sport and other sports promotion for many years, but I have yet to be able to place my finger on one champion like Jim Londos, who possessed the color, the personality, the willingness at all times to defend his title. Under the careful guidance of his manager, Ed White, the Greek marvel has made wonderful strides since gaining the laurels from Richard Shikat at the Philadelphia National League Baseball Park last June, and with his rise, he has lifted the sport to heights unknown for more than a decade previous to his victory.

Not so many years ago it was an oddity to find a college bred athlete performing in professional wrestling. Dr. Roller, University of Pennsylvania star, was the first of the rah-rah-boys to throw his lot with the money chasers. To-day, it is a novelty to see a professional wrestler who has not had a college career. Time has changed the complexion of the situation completely.

There is a reason for this. While bulk was the primary asset of a mat star years ago, to-day speed and mental alertness are the factors that measure success. That is why the college athlete is making such a hit in wrestling.

Take Jim McMillan, for example. He is the leader of those whose names drew the plaudits of the multitude on the gridiron a few years ago and to-day draws the same applause from those who come to see the professional grapplers in action. He brought to wrestling the speed of the gridiron and with it, he forced abandonment of the old style, uninteresting tactics of tugging, pushing and mauling.



Jim McMillan practicing the bridge in gymnasium workout

McMillan, who captained the Illinois team as guard when the famous "Red" Grange was in the backfield, is one of the most colorful of the college football heroes who have invaded the mat sport. He won wrestling laurels at Illinois even before he gained fame on the gridiron and he has carried into his chosen profession, the same vigor, vim and spectacular tackling that earned him fame on the Windy City eleven.

* * *

WHILE winning the All-Conference mat championship and playing guard, he still found time to make headway in his studies, so that to-day he has a double business—construction engineering, in which he has made considerable money, and professional wrestler.

It was six years ago that McMillan launched forth as a professional football player and wrestler. He played guard for the Chicago Bears and was rated the most valuable member of the team, but he soon abandoned that for the mat sport in which he saw greater possibilities for becoming financially independent. And that he made a wise choice, is proved by the fact that to-day he ranks within the circle of the four greatest wrestlers in America.

"RASSLING"

Jim McMillan, former gridiron star of Illinois, brings new life into mat sport—Londos most colorful champion in a decade

By JACK CURLEY

Winding up a morning's workout on the exercise machine

Only twenty-four years old, McMillan has many years of activity ahead of him. As the average life of the good wrestler is twenty years, McMillan should still be a top notcher when he is forty. Despite the fact that he is well-fixed financially, he loves the sport and daily he either competes or is found in George Bothner's gymnasium for a few hours of training. He is always in perfect condition, otherwise he couldn't have given such fine account of himself against the tough contestants with whom he was matched.

Being one of the leaders, he cannot be given easy opposition, hence every match for McMillan is a tough one. His one ambition is to win the championship which Jim Londos now holds. Twice he tried to wrest the crown from the Greek Adonis, but on both occasions, after terrific engagements, he was tossed. Several times it seemed that he would throw the champion and gain the cherished goal, but Londos remarkable wrestling knowledge enabled him to hold the upper hand.

Ready for the toss

* * *

YET McMillan has hopes. He has a horde of admirers who feel confident he can turn the tables on Londos and the Chicagoan himself feels that he will reach the heights before the year is over.

Ray Steele, the University of California graduate, is another collegian who has made a mark for himself in the mat sport. Steele and Sandor Szabo, who comes from the University of Budapest, are regarded as two of the cleverest of the present crop of college stars performing in the money ranks.

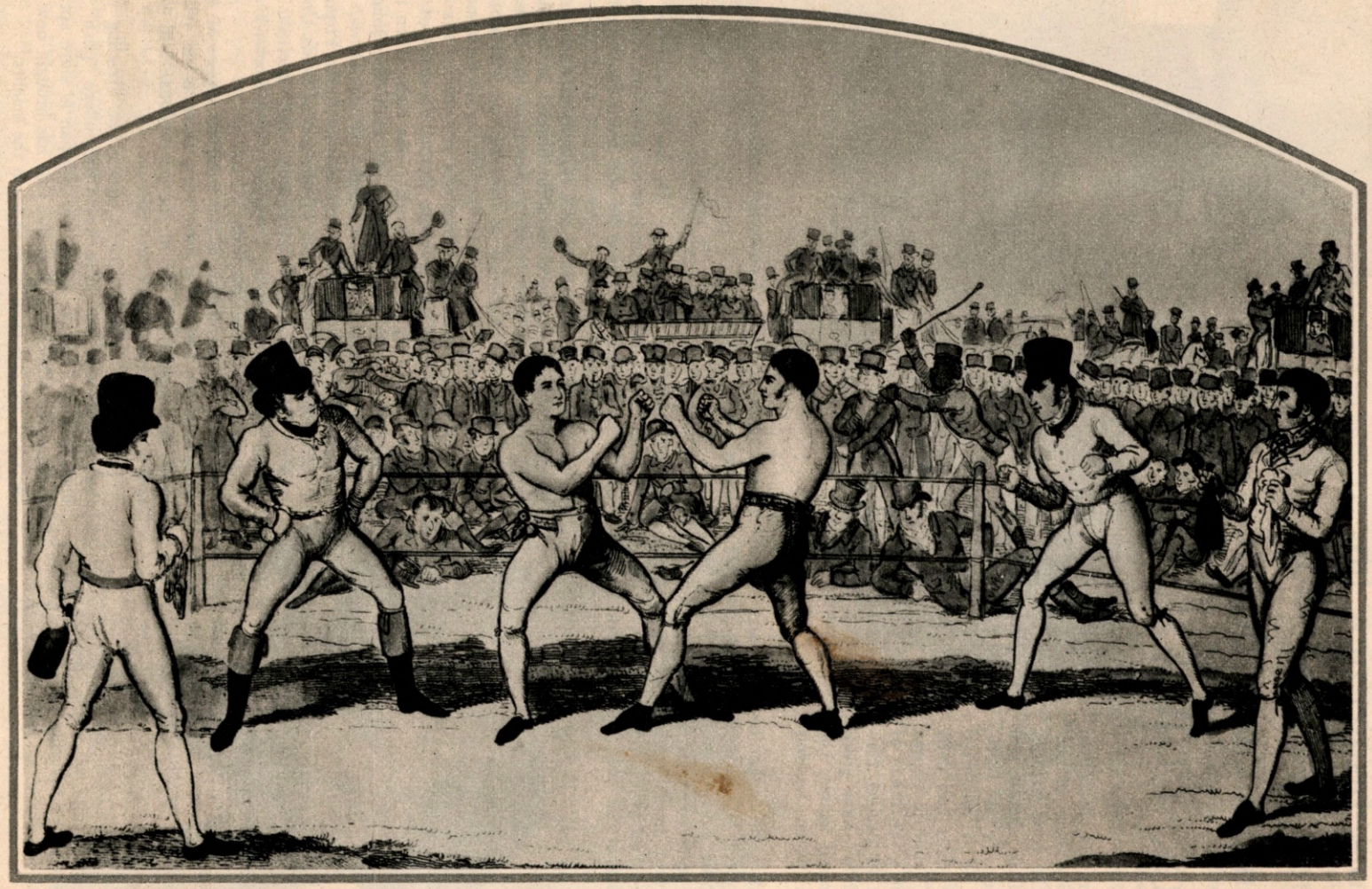
There are other collegians who are sharing the limelight with McMillan, among whom Herbie Freeman, of the College of the City of New York, ranks high. Then there are Earl McCready of Oklahoma A. and M.; John Henry (Jack) Williams of Pittsburgh; Willie Davis, Virginia University; Paul Jones, Ruce Institute; John Firpo Wilcox, Oklahoma University; Bill Middlekauff, Florida University; Dr. Ralph Wilson, Pennsylvania; Bill Bartush, Chicago University; Joe Boyle, Columbia; Tiny Roebuck and Sun Jennings, Haskell Institute.

With the enrollment in the wrestling classes at American colleges bigger than ever this year, there is no telling how much new talent will be in the professional fold when the new season starts next November.

The spirit of competition is greater in wrestling this year than in the past, due primarily to the college "push" that has been instilled into the sport. A collegian is more apt to fight harder than others, and it is this that has brought new life into the sport and has enabled it to reach the heights.

I have just received an article written by a Western sports editor who declares that seventeen colleges which hitherto have not had wrestling listed among the athletic activities, now have classes in which from twelve to forty boys are members. There is no doubt that these boys, having read so much about McMillan and other former college stars who are making great headway in the mat game, are trying to emulate them. Wrestling owes much to Jim McMillan.

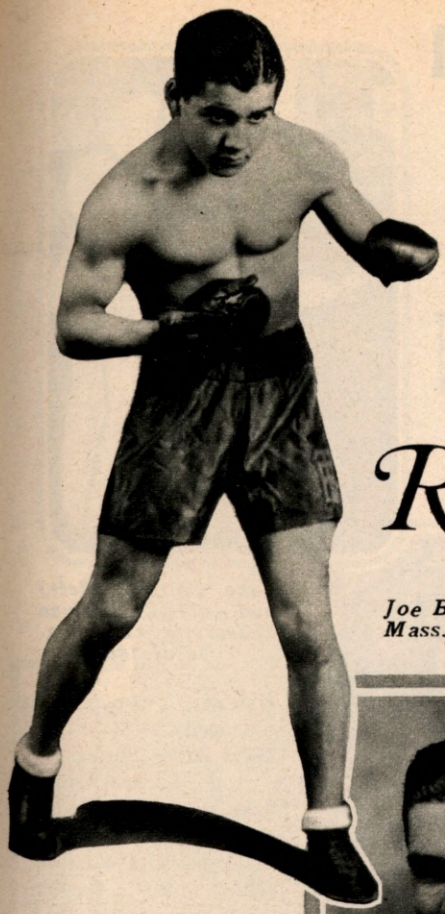
The Fight Between Jack Randall and Jack Martin, May 4th, 1819



ONE of the greatest of the old time fighters was Jack Randall, born in England of Irish parentage on November 25, 1794. He was called by Pierce Egan, the Prime Irish Lad and by the members of The Fancy, the Nonpareil. With Dan Donnelly and Jack Langan, he has been immortalized by the Irish bards, although English writers have claimed him as one of their own. Randall was the most accomplished pugilist of his weight and inches of the early nineteenth century. He went through a hectic career without one defeat chalked up against him, a remarkable record for a middleweight fighter who clashed with men in the heavier divisions.

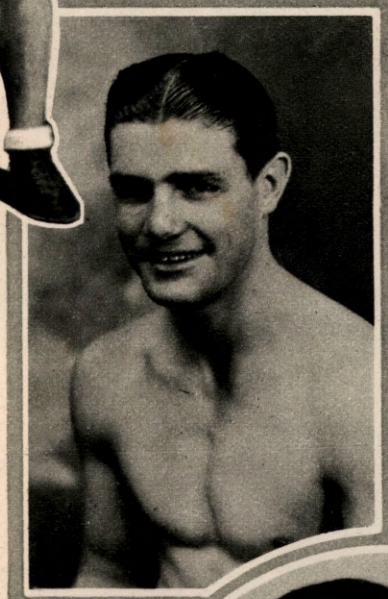
The above photo, taken from an English print, shows the start of the Randall-Martin fight, a battle that lasted fifty-seven minutes with Martin badly whipped. Martin, in a return mill, again suffered defeat.

Eastern Stars of the Roped Square

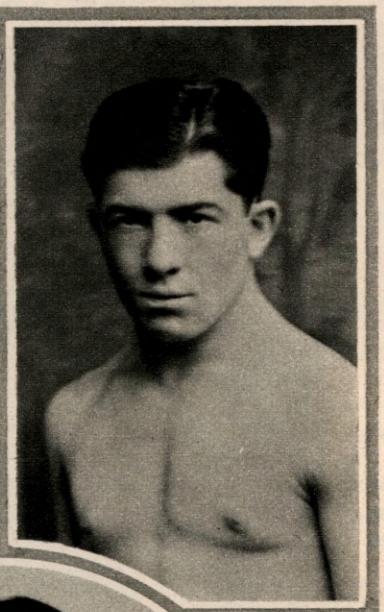


Tony Falco, classy Philadelphia youngster

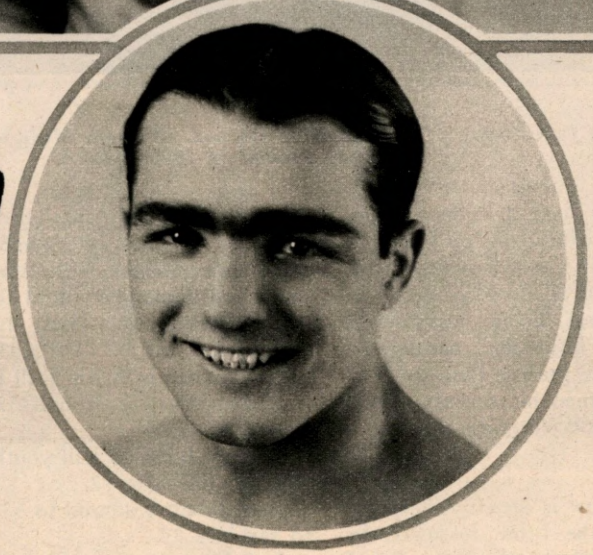
Joe Belair, Worcester, Mass., junior - lightweight.



Mose Butch, bantam prospect from Pittsburgh.



Benny Victor, a Philly bantam, protege of Lew Tendler



Artie De Luca, Brooklyn's tough welterweight

Young Terry, from Trenton, N. J., doing fine work as a middleweight.

Midget Fox, rugged Philadelphia lightweight.

A Going Concern at 72

JAKE KILRAIN

How Will the Other Ex's Be at that Age?

By
ED. W. SMITH

Jake Kilrain, (left) and John L. Sullivan rehearsing their battle of 1889

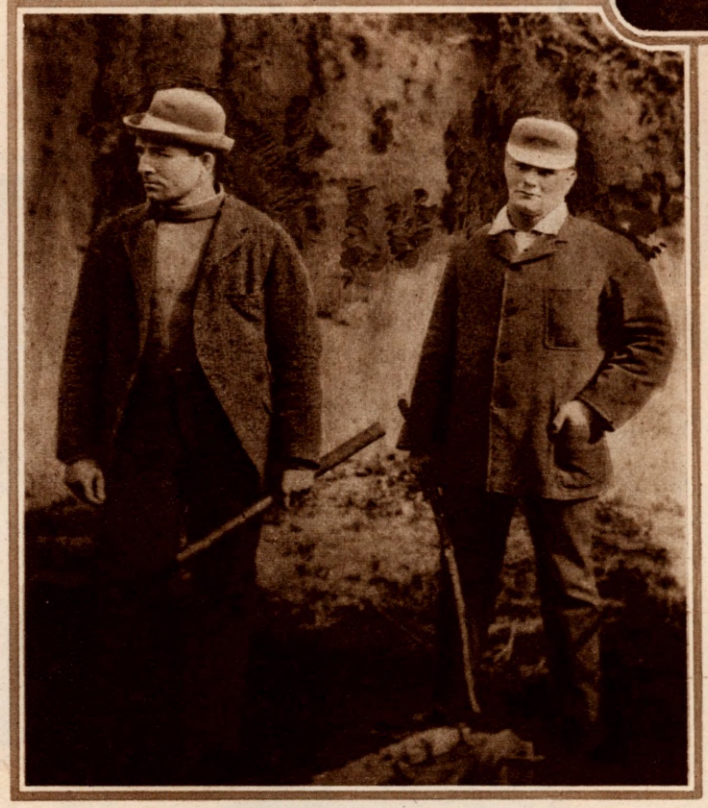
BEING well past the spring chicken classification and rather to the vintage type myself, I'm inclining more every day to a study of birthdays and rather a disconcerting leaning to the aged, bless 'em all and Allah be praised!

With that brief preamble and taking good old "dear reader" into what I hope is a happy confidence, here are a few observations and quite a bundle of facts:

Pass 40 and your birthdays crowd on you pretty fast.

At 50 they seem to fairly gallop over one, like being stepped on with hobnailed shoes.

And at 60, and here my personal meditations or ponderings are at an end, well, you just sit down cautiously by the well-laden fireplace, if and where, drag out the old jimmy pipe and hope against hope that the grand old health will hold out for at least a time longer.



Jake Kilrain (left) and his trainer, William Muldoon, as they looked in 1890

But at 70? Well, now that is an excellent old age for anybody, ripe and mellow, especially if you've retained fine mental balance and a nice sort of a slant at life in general.

Observe for the moment the oldest living heavyweight fighter of any prominence and by some in his day considered a champion, for in his day they had these present time split-tail champions, too—Jake Kilrain, who turned his seventy-second natal day in February and is still a grand old going concern.

* * *

HIS once bull-like neck doubtless now is heavily embedded with slathers of wrinkles and the brow furrowed by thoughts of some happy and perhaps many sad years. But I hope Jake, up there in his New England resting place, retains the youthful bent that was his when I last saw him. It must be so or he wouldn't have lasted this long—and A GOING CONCERN!

Kilrain was traveling then with his old arch-enemy, John L. Sullivan, in a brisk but mighty brief vaudeville skit, with the usual boxing exhibition with rounds lasting about forty seconds, under the management of Frank Hall, of Chicago, who later managed a hotel in West Baden Springs.

And I hear that Jake, some time back, grabbed himself a neat little job with a minor school near Boston where his comprehensive knowledge of athletics is put to excellent use. For remember, if you can, that Jake was once a great oarsman, single sculler and all, and a sort of general all-round chap who went into the fighting game on a money urge more than anything but found he was surprisingly good at it. But, be that as it may, here's the idea:

And if its not TOO PERSONAL a question, what do you imagine you'll be doing when you get to be 72 years of age? Pursuing this line of thought, I'm asking what some of the other heavyweight fistic stars, champions and all, may be doing and thinking about at that ripe and mellow period.

Jim Corbett, the oldest living Queensberry ex-champion, is now 65 and will be 72 in 1938.

Jim Jeffries is 56 and will have reached the 72-span in 1947.

Marvin Hart is around 55 and will celebrate his seventy-second in 1948.

Tommy Burns is still youthful at 50 and in 1953 he'll make whoopee on being 72.

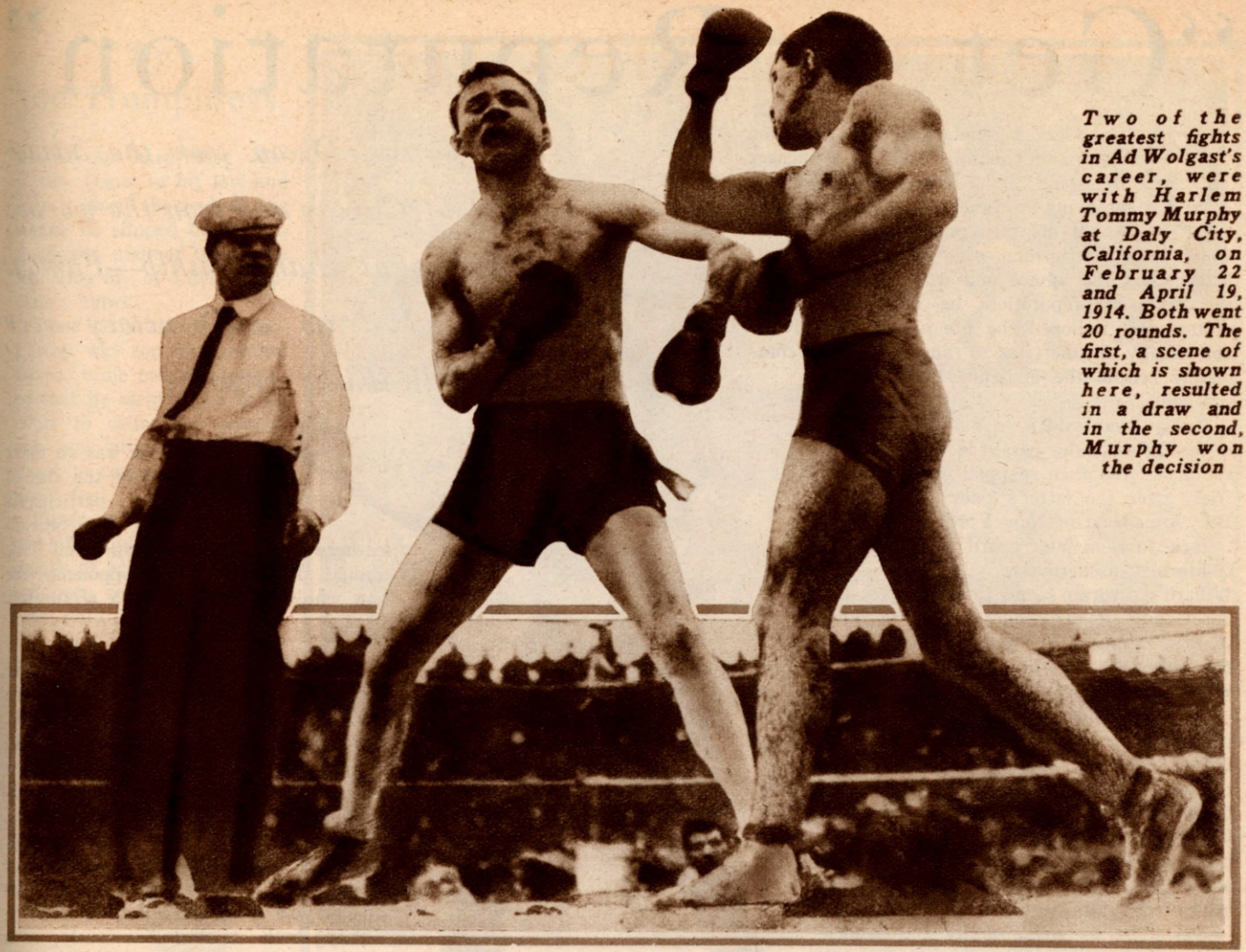
Jack Johnson admits to 53 and will have to wait until 1950 to say he's 72.

Jack Dempsey, now 36, will be Kilrain's present age in 1965.

Gene Tunney, but a boy of 33, may be just as pendatic at 72 as he is now—in 1968.

And as for Maxie Schmeling, a mere child, furnish your own figures.

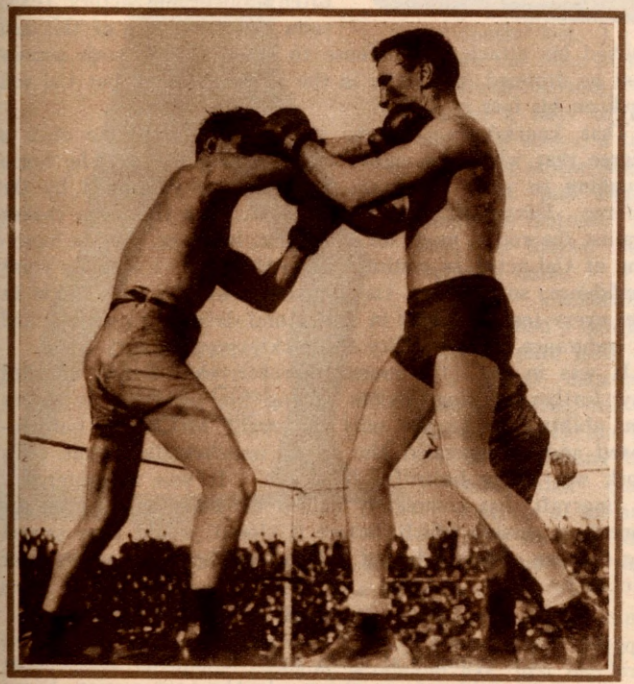
So in this hookup of the ancient and the modern, I'm wondering just what the boys will be doing and will they still be figuring on "the accrued" and the "accumulated" and the "compound" and the escrow (*Continued on page* 40)



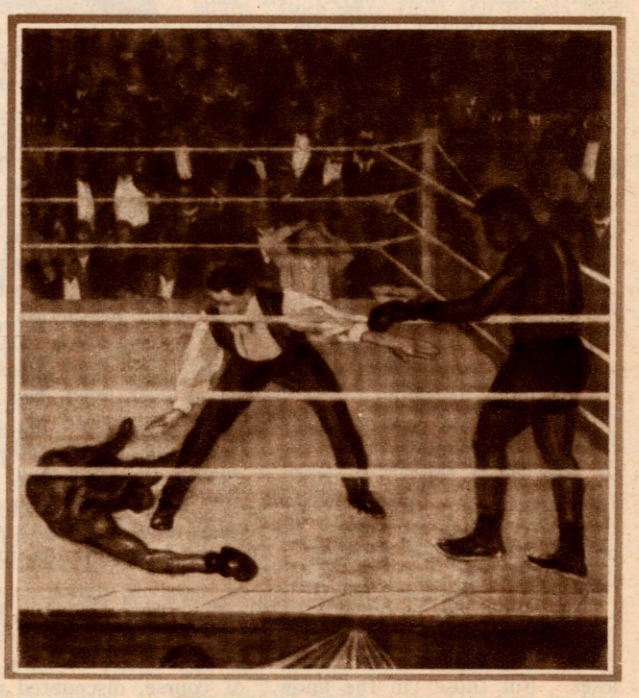
Two of the greatest fights in Ad Wolgast's career, were with Harlem Tommy Murphy at Daly City, California, on February 22 and April 19, 1914. Both went 20 rounds. The first, a scene of which is shown here, resulted in a draw and in the second, Murphy won the decision

Famous Fights Recalled

Series No. 20



Scene in the 37th round of the famous Wolgast-Nelson bout on February 22, 1910, and won by Ad on a K. O.



Joe Jeannette, in his thrilling 49-round mill with Sam McVey. The bout took place in Paris, April 17, 1909

"Get a Reputation"

How George Dixon took the advice of Cal McCarthy and won the world's featherweight championship—Famous 70 round draw and victory over Willis recalled

"GO and get a reputation," is a common expression haughtily cast at a challenger by some fistic luminary temporarily enjoying the limelight. But if its users would dig into pugilistic history they would learn that in nine cases out of ten the challenger took the advice and when he had gained the necessary reputation, he invariably turned around and walloped the life out of his adviser and usually did the trick so thoroughly as to completely eclipse the erstwhile holder of the spotlight.

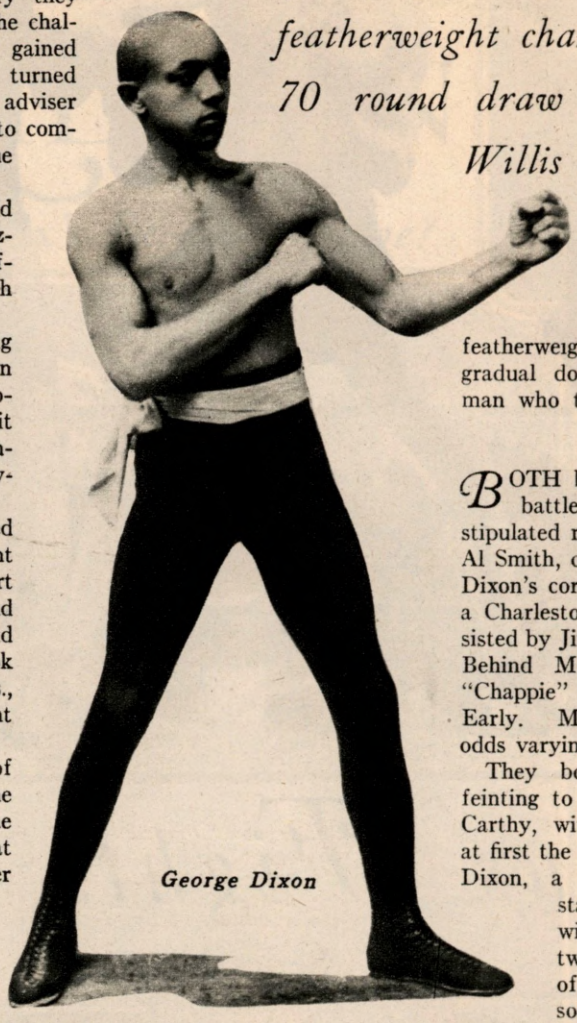
Paddy Ryan said it to Sullivan, who told it to Corbett, who passed it along to Fitzsimmons, who then snapped it back at Jeffries, after the latter's poor showing with Bob Armstrong in New York.

Jack Johnson later heard it from the big California Boilermaker. It boomed on Willard's eardrum's and then Big Jess hoodooed himself by condescending to tell it to Jack Dempsey. Dempsey and Gene Tunney were the only famous modern heavyweights who failed to use this phrase.

Although only the heavies are included in the above list, it goes for all the weight classes, and that brings us to the main part of the story, which relates to the 70-round drawn battle between George Dixon and Cal McCarthy of Jersey City, which took place in Banta's Hall, near Dover, Mass., on the night of February 7, 1890, an event sponsored by the Union A. C.

McCarthy, by virtue of his long string of victories, was generally recognized as the 115-pound champion of America. As the title-holder, he was on a pedestal, so that when Dixon challenged him, Cal's answer was to "go and get a reputation."

Now, Dixon, up to that time, had won a number of good battles, but mostly against local boys. He had never been beaten except on a very questionable decision when he was adjudged a loser on a foul just at the start of his ring career.



George Dixon

* * *

ON hearing of McCarthy's disdainful reply, "Little Chocolate," as he was later to be called, set about doing the very thing he had been told to do. He made a match with Eugene Hornbacker, a crack New York featherweight who had previously given McCarthy a rather tough fight. Dixon gladly consented to have the battle held in New York City, where he could get proper recognition in the event of success.

Did Dixon make good? Yes, with a vengeance, for he knocked out Hornbacker in three rounds, with small gloves

Cal, about as game a little fellow as ever lived, had not meant to belittle Dixon. He had merely exercised his prerogative as champion when he told the Boston colored boy to "Go get a rep." So when a match was broached, the Jerseyman came through without any fuss or ballyhoo. He even agreed that the contest take place right in Dixon's own home town in New England. The match was to be for a purse of $1,000 and a side bet.

The Union A. C. officials cagily announced that the men would give a "scientific sparring exhibition" of 15 rounds, a gold trophy to go to the winner and a silver souvenir to the loser. But those "in the know," of course, discounted that "scientific sparring" stuff and hiked up the three flights of stairs to the then popular dance hall, which was to be the scene that night of one of the longest glove contests on record, a battle which was to mark the beginning of the rise of one of the participants eventually to the world's featherweight championship and the gradual downfall of his opponent—the man who told him to get a reputation.

* * *

BOTH boys had trained well for the battle and they were well below the stipulated ringside weight of 115 pounds. Al Smith, of New York, was referee. In Dixon's corner were Tom O'Rourke, then a Charlestown stair-builder by trade, assisted by Jim McGough and Danny Gunn. Behind McCarthy were Tom Collins, "Chappie" Moran, John O'Mara and Joe Early. McCarthy ruled a favorite at odds varying from 10 to 7 up to 10 to 9.

They both started cautiously, each feinting to feel out his opponent. McCarthy, with his wider experience, was at first the more clever of the pair; while Dixon, a comparatively crude boxer, started swinging only to be met with some of the Jerseyman's two-handed drives which had so often brought him victory. Dixon soon got the range of this and shifted his attack and defense to meet it with such success that he dropped McCarthy in the seventh round, but Cal was back on his feet in a jiffy.

That knockdown, though, startled McCarthy to such a degree that when the eighth round got under way, he began roughing to such an extent that he was cautioned by the referee. Dixon, although his back was raw from the chafing against the ropes, made no complaint, however, for the upsetting of Cal acted as a stimulant to the Negro's steadily rising confidence, so that for the remainder of the long battle he met every test of finesse in attack and defense, in courage and in endurance and in ability to quickly recuperate.

It was in the 11th round, however, that Dixon dispelled any further existing doubts among his admirers as to his real ability, for he not only outfought McCarthy, but outboxed and outgeneraled him to an unbelievable extent. His work was really beautiful to watch. It was a masterpiece of ringcraft that completely baffled his more experienced opponent; a session which, before it closed, would have sapped the courage of anybody but a boxer of the gamecock type of McCarthy.

* * *

IN the 14th round, Cal again went down, but this time he was more deliberate in rising. In the next session, Dixon forced the pace and brought from the champion an exhibition of blocking and stopping that earned the plaudits of even the Dixon followers. The pressure of the Negro boy's attack

By
Joe Humphreys

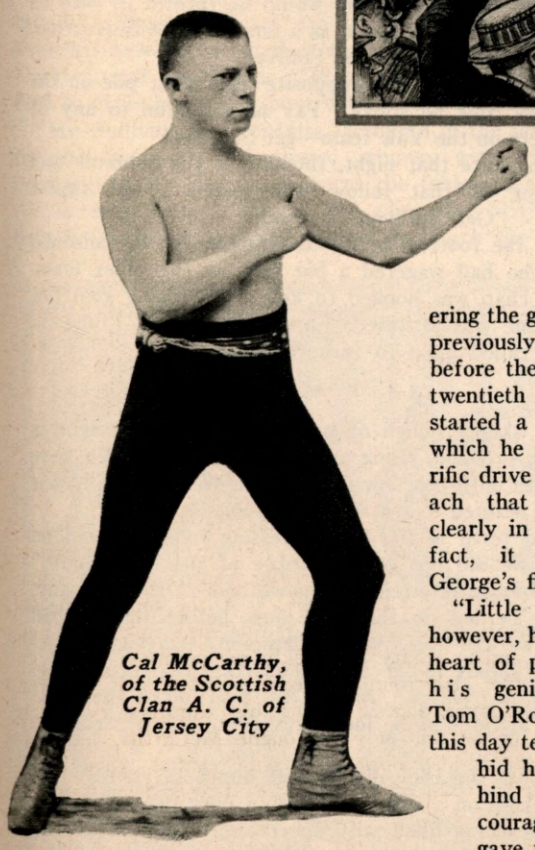
became so hard that McCarthy began to hit low and then, toward the end of the round, he slipped down in a suspicious manner under the withering fire of Little Chocolate's blows.

Some asserted that McCarthy was forced down by Dixon, while others contended that he went down in an effort to cause the colored one, now driving ahead full speed, to commit an unintentional foul.

Please notice right here that the announced "fifteen rounds of scientific sparring" had been reached. But nobody paid any attention to that little joker. Everybody stuck to his place.

The next four rounds were of the give-and-take order, with "Mac" gradually recovering the ground he had previously lost. Just before the close of the twentieth session, he started a rally during which he scored a terrific drive to the stomach that put Dixon clearly in distress. In fact, it looked like George's finish.

Scene at California A. C. where Dixon knocked out the Australian champion, Abe Willis, in the fifth round (Upper left)—Willis waves his hand in response to cheers. (Right)—Willis floored in first after seven seconds of fighting. (Below)—Dixon jumps through the ropes and is embraced by his manager, Tom O'Rourke, as Willis is dragged to his corner after the knockout



Cal McCarthy, of the Scottish Clan A. C. of Jersey City

"Little Chocolate," however, had a fighting heart of pure gold, as his genial manager, Tom O'Rourke, will to this day testify, and he hid his agony behind that quiet courage of his and gave the best that was in him until the call of time must have sounded as welcome to him as wedding bells to a bride-to-be.

George fully recovered during the minute's rest and came back strong and comparatively fresh. Then round followed round, with the honors swinging pendulum like, first one way and then the other, until the crowd began to call for a draw when the fiftieth round had been finished. Neither the pugilists nor their backers wanted this. All wished to have a fight to a finish, with a winner and loser.

At this period the long grind began to tell, for they had been going over 3½ hours. Both were tired and it was now just a question which could last the longer.

So when the sixtieth round had been reached, the cries for a draw became more and more insistent. But again the suggestion fell on deaf ears so far as the actors in this wonderful fistic drama were concerned. And so it was that the contest went on and on until the seventieth period had been ended when, at the suggestion of Jimmy Colville, the men quit after battling a few minutes less than five hours.

Fifteen months later, Dixon and McCarthy again met, on March 31, 1891, at Troy, N. Y., when Dixon won on a knockout in twenty-two rounds, thus making him the American champion of his class, from which he went forward in his profession, while McCarthy slipped from then on.

Dixon rose higher by defeating Nunc Wallace for the English title at London, and then whipped the Australian champion, Abe Willis, in five rounds at San Francisco. This made him the undisputed champion of the world, although he was never more than a real bantam of about 116-118 pounds.

How valiently he defended his title until he was dethroned by Frank Erne on a decision that could easily be questioned, is well known. Erne was probably nearer a lightweight than a lower weight division, so that Dixon, in popular estimation, remained the featherweight champion until Terry McGovern won the crown in clean-cut fashion under truly championship conditions. Dixon was one of the most popular boxers in modern fistiana, an indication of which is the fact that he was permitted to meet Jack Skelly, a white opponent, in one of the three matches held in New Orleans when Sullivan was dethroned by Corbett. He was the first Negro to be permitted to engage in a mixed bout below the Mason and Dixon line.

"The MAN from BOSTON"

By EARL McKEE

John L. Sullivan as he appeared in the final scene of "A True American" in which he engaged in a battle with Dan Dwyer

BELIEVE it or not, the writer played football against John L. Sullivan, former world's heavyweight champion, John L. being "center rush" of the Yale College eleven, while I was left guard for dear old Harvard.

The game took place on February 21, 1893, and Yale won in the last minute of play, Sullivan coming into the lineup and crashing over with the winning touchdown just five seconds before the final whistle.

How come, sez you. You never knew John L. went to Yale, or that he ever played football!

"Well, he didn't, in actual life. The game of which I write was a scene in the play "The Man From Boston" in which Sullivan toured the country for several seasons. I was a youngster of sixteen and was picking up a little spare change acting as a super at English's Opera House in Indianapolis. When Sullivan's troupe came to town I was engaged to appear as a football player in the grid scene.

John L. had lost his title to Corbett at New Orleans less than a year before, but, like Jack Dempsey, the big fellow was a popular hero even in defeat, and was starring in lurid melodramas to packed houses from coast to coast. Corbett, his conqueror, likewise was cashing in as an "actor" in a play called "Gentleman Jack."

Sullivan's rôle in "The Man From Boston" was that of Captain Harcourt, an athletic broker, befriending a young collegian who was captain of the football team at Yale—dashing youngster, the pride of his mother and sweetheart. The boy fell into the hands of designing scoundrels, but at opportune times, "The Man From Boston" came to the rescue, even to taking the boy's place on the football team.

I never could quite figure out how this latter stunt was possible, but you know those dear old, queer old, silly old melodramas had a way of taking liberties with even such sacred things as eligibility rules in college athletics. Maybe 'way back there in the nonsensical nineties, the colleges had no eligibility code.

* * *

IN the last act of "The Man From Boston" Sullivan came out in a rôle in which he appeared more at ease, and, as a pugilist, knocked out Dan Dwyer. But—back to the football game.

Shortly before the performance was to begin, about fifteen of us supers were taken in charge by one of the Sullivan troupe and given our football uniforms. These were in striking contrast to the grid togs of the present day.

There was a tight-fitting canvas jacket, more like a vest. The pants, also of canvas and without the least padding, were skin-tight and came just to the knees. Stockings and knit wool caps like skaters wear, completed the outfit. We donned the garments and were prepared for the fray.

We were then taken to the stage and shown where our positions were to be in the football scene. We were told that several members of the company would be thrown in with us and to guide us in our part. But, as a final word of instruction, we were told we must try to stop Sullivan.

"Every man of you lined up opposite Yale must pile on the big fellow every time he starts. Pay no attention to any of the other players on the Yale team—get Sullivan!"

I have often, since that night, thought of the supreme and fiendish cunning of that fellow who instructed us supers in our duties. "Get Sullivan!" Yeah?

In this play the football hero was supposed to be poisoned by his rival who had wagered a big sum on the other team. This poisoned chap was booked to kick the winning goal but when he became incapacitated, Captain Harcourt (John L. Sullivan) was called upon to turn the trick.

* * *

WE were a skinny bunch of supers, the average weight in our gang probably being around 130 pounds. We were kept below stage until time for the gridiron scene, much to our disgust, for we wanted to see the great John L. "act."

Sullivan held forth in the star's dressing room, located on the stage and we did not get a glimpse of the "big fellow," as he was invariably referred to by members of the company, until we were herded on the stage just before the football scene. Then we saw the former champion, arrayed in football uniform, standing in the door of his dressing room as we passed to take our places. And I will ever recall the smile that wreathed his face as he looked us over, and remarked to a stage hand:

"Where the hell did they dig up that bunch of runts?"

The curtain rose on a full stage, with a back drop on which was painted bleachers filled with spectators. The stage floor was bare and hard.

The action of the play proceeded. We rushed into our places. John L. was not in the lineup of "Yale" at the start of the game and we were highly successful in advancing the ball by the old mass plays used in those days. It looked bad for "Yale."

Then, amidst the cheers of the stage crowd and the planted rooters out in front, "The Man From Boston" entered the Yale lineup. Signals were barked and the ball was given to Sullivan

TALK about your Four Horsemen! Sullivan was a whole livery barn.

Over two hundred pounds in weight at that time, swinging his mighty right and with head down like a bull, John charged into our misfit outfit—and oh! what carnage! When he finally kicked the ball, youngsters went flying in every direction. One kid sailed into and through a wing at one side of the stage as he ducked to miss John L.'s foot. Another was struck by the ball in the mid-section and he went hurtling into the scenery, bringing it down with a crash. Others skidded all over the stage, several landing in the footlights trough.

Sullivan, of course, scored the winning touchdown, and as he dived over the line and lay on the ball, those of us who were not hors-de-combat, piled on top of his huge body, which we could feel shaking with laughter. The audience went into ecstasy while we poor saps were groaning with pain.

Next day, the dramatic critic of the Indianapolis News, in reviewing "The Man From Boston," said, "As the game was played last night on the bare stage, it was positively painful," and we heartily agreed with the critic. Continuing, the News writer said: "The boyish supers in rushing against 'The Man From Boston' were as a poodle attacking a Newfoundland." Again we all heartily agreed with him.

I saw Sullivan many times afterward, in various plays and vaudeville acts, but none of these is as deeply implanted in my memory as is the hectic football game at English's Opera House in Indianapolis back in '93. Two seasons later, on February 5, 1895, Sullivan paid his second visit to Indianapolis with his troupe, playing "A True American" at the old Empire burlesque house. In reviewing "A True American," the Indianapolis News said:

"John L. Sullivan, fair, fat and almost forty, and his play called "A True American" are at the Empire this week. Sullivan has never been noted as an actor and he is not improving his theatrical reputation. He looks well, but has too much flesh to make his boxing bout with Dan Dwyer convincing.

"Mr. Sullivan, as Desperate Desmond in the play, is a hero, rescuing pursued and abused women with vigor, if not dramatic effect. He finally turns the tables on the villain to the latter's complete rout. The play ends with the boxing bout between Sullivan and Dwyer, in which the ex-champion shows some of his old time skill. Mr. Sullivan continues to assert his intention to re-enter the field of pugilism.

Many legitimate actors have been recruited from the field of pugilism, but none, with the exception of James J. Corbett, hit the high mark as did Sullivan. In addition to the "Man from Boston," and "A True American," the Boston Strong Boy appeared with success in "The Lottery of Life," "The Two Orphans," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he took the part of Simon Legree and so hard a task master was he, that he found it necessary to carry several emergency "Uncle Toms" with the company. He used the whip unmercifully on "Uncle Tom," always slashing away with his customary vigor. His "slaves" complained bitterly that the "master" was too realistic, but the only answer they ever got from Sullivan was to work or quit.

The night that Sullivan disbanded the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" cast he declared that he was forced into such action by the demands of the "bum actors" who were getting twice as much money as they were worth.

"There was one trouble maker in that cast," said Sullivan, "Uncle Tom, who always tried to hold me up. He started at $25 a week but was worth only ten dollars, and by stages, I advanced his salary to $40. Then came the break.

"We were playing in Springfield, Mass. I was getting all the hisses and that ham actor was getting the curtain calls and the applause. In the midst of the big scene, where I made him get on his knees, lambasting him all the time, the crowd went wild. Mingled hisses and cheers, the hisses for me and the cheers for him, rent the air.

"Who am I," I roared.

" 'My master', he said, clasping his hands.

"Who owns your black body," asked I, cracking him over the back with the whip.

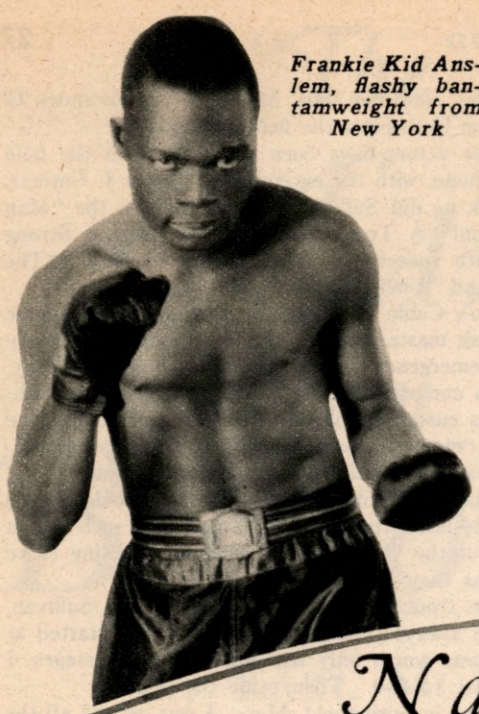
" 'You own my body, but my soul belongs to God.'

"The audience went cuckoo and as I lifted my whip to strike again, a woman shouted: "For shame! For shame!"

That gave "Uncle Tom" an idea. He asked for another raise and I raised him clear off the floor with a right to the jaw and broke up the company.

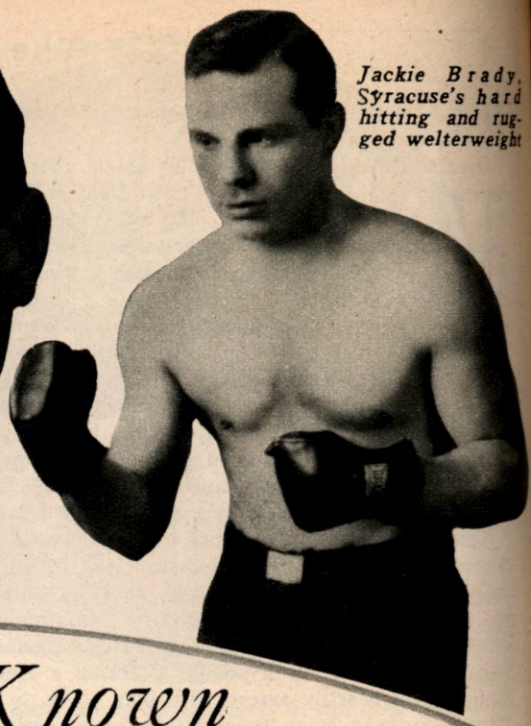
"That," concluded Sullivan in telling the story, "was my last flip on the legitimate stage."

Here is the mighty John L. in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" in which he is whipping the villain



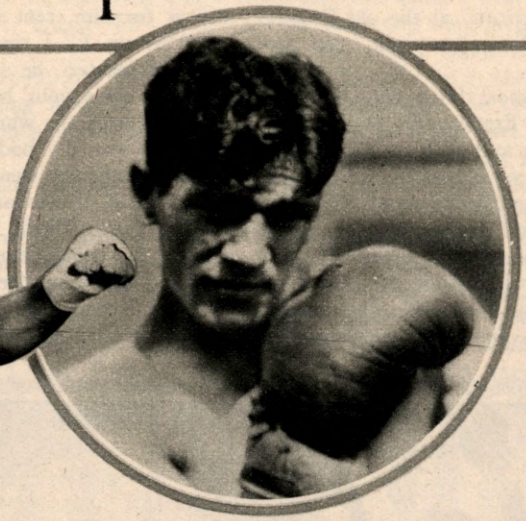
Frankie Kid Anslem, flashy bantamweight from New York

Pierre Charles, Heavyweight champion of Europe, showing great form in this country

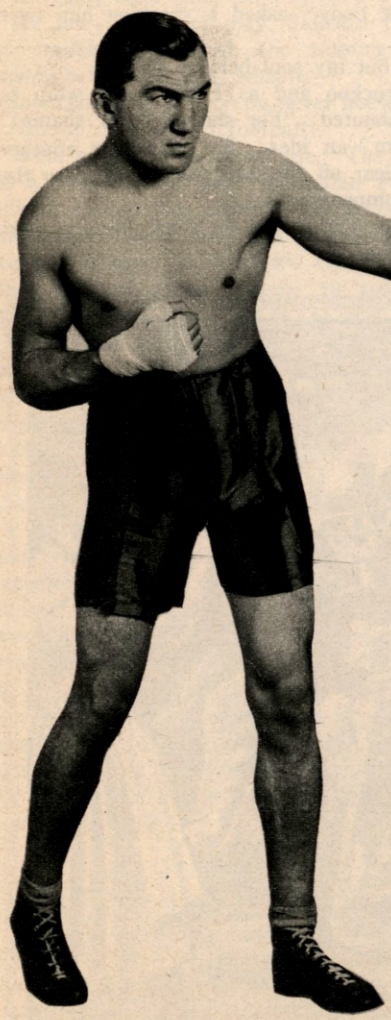


Jackie Brady, Syracuse's hard hitting and rugged welterweight

Nationally Known Top-notchers



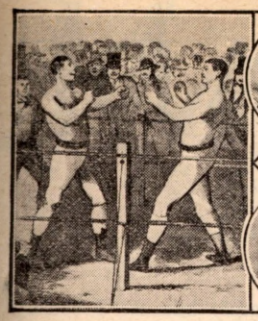
Joey Costa, Jersey City's featherweight attraction



Michele Bonaglia, European light-heavyweight champion, now in Boston

Lou Brouillard, Worcester's welterweight star

Haakon Hansen, Norwegian middleweight star, fighting around Chicago



FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

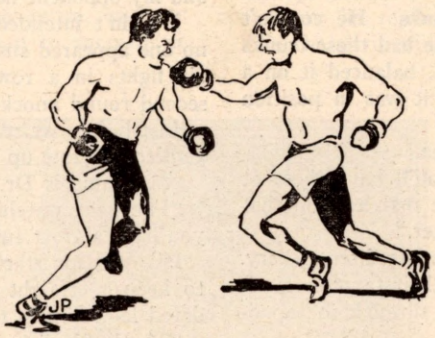
By A. D. PHILLIPS

BOXING through the ages has always had pairs of men noted for their bitter rivalry, but probably no team in modern pugilism were greater rivals for ring honors than were Kid Pantz, of Boston, and Arthur Cote, of Biddeford, Me. Neither was a star of the first water, but both were of the willing, hard working kind that gave the best that was in them every time they started, no matter how good their opponents.

Cote had won a fine reputation for himself in bouts through Maine, especially around Augusta, while Pantz was winning laurels in the vicinity of Boston.

"Get 'em together and we'll see a suit of clothes in action," suggested a fan. The idea seemed to make a hit with ring followers, the humor of the situation appealed to sports writers and the boys were started on their way. Their greatest rivalry was reached along about 1905, which was a banner year for Pantz, not in the number of bouts he won, but rather his great showings against men of class.

Early in the year he had tackled Matty Baldwin, then about at his best, in a bout at Haverhill, and while the battle was a pippin, Pantz was knocked out in the twelfth round. He wasn't satisfied, so about a month later they got together again, this time at Brockton, when Matty got the award, a sizzling affair that went to the seventh round, when a foul was declared against Pantz.



Then came Pantz' thriller against Dave Deshler, and to realize how good Deshler was at the time, one must recall his battle with Packy McFarland, whom he really outpointed, but which was declared a draw after twelve rounds up at the old Armory A. A., Boston. Deshler, as was expected, got the verdict over Pantz, but Dave, fast as he was, knew that he was not at any knitting bee at the old ladies' home. They went the full fifteen rounds.

In quick succession Pantz beat Harry Sears and Billy Ryan, then he hooked up again with Baldwin, this time at Augusta, Maine, the bout resulting in a draw after a "double six." He then won on a foul from that spit-fire, Georgie Murray of Lynn, and all these, too, were right where Cote was making his great ring name.

* * *

JEALOUS? There isn't any synonym, nor any adjective that would give even a faint idea of Cote's feelings. He was peeved that this Boston kid should have been brought into his bailiwick and that he should have made good. Boston fans took hold of the thing, worked both boys to a frazzle and it was nothing more than natural that they should eventually be matched.

The bout was scheduled for a few days after Christmas and the bout was widely advertised as the "Battle of a Suit of Clothes." The very name of the thing gave it big publicity—Cote vs. Pantz—but those who had watched both boys progress, knew that aside from the humorous names, the clash of this pair would be a worthwhile affair, with the result that the old hall was packed to suffocation on the night of the mill.

Before the bout there was the greatest kind of bantering over "The Suit of Clothes" idea. Everybody, it seemed, had a suggestion to offer regarding the affair, but the best was that United States Senator George Vest be secured as referee, Ovie Overhall, the Cub Pitcher, and Sam Frock, the Worcester twirler, as time keepers, with that sturdy German patriot, Carl Schurz, representing the club, "Stockings" Conroy as second for Cote and Kid Shuh in the same capacity for Pantz. There was evidently no "Hat" in sight, but that list will give an idea of how the meeting of Cote and Pantz hit everybody.

* * *

AND what a battle it was! Toss a wild cat into a pit with a sweet-tempered bull dog and let them go to it and you'll form an idea of how these two youngsters traveled from the drop of the hat until the ninth round when Pantz came through a decisive winner.

That battle was such a tough one that it took a lot out of each of the boys, and although Cote kept on going along meeting the toughest of his class, he never again showed the same bull-dog work, and he slipped back gradually, both in the ring and physically. He showed this in his bout with Jimmy Briggs, and though he was kept busy because of the publicity that accrued from the "Suit of Clothes" battle, he never really was the same tough fellow after that mill with Pantz.

But the fans of the period will hardly ever forget how the boys were "steamed up" and of the thousands of humorous quips that drew attention to them and which, indirectly, added to their box office value more than their ring ability really did.

Although fist fighting and other forms of combat were in evidence in Ireland long before Tom Figg, first English champion, there is no reference to professional boxing matches prior to 1721. In that year, we learn from the Dublin *Advertiser* and from Woodfill's Daily *Advertiser,* of two Irishmen "who are showing great aptitude with their mauleys," Felix O'Brien, the Dublin Butcher, and Felix Maguire.

Of the Dublin Butcher there is scarcely any report that would give an indication of his value as a fighter, other than "he accepted" an engagement with Figg, the English champion, at Figg's Booth, where the Hibernian compelled Tom to defend himself with great skill, to avoid being disgraced by this young 'un from across the channel."

But of Felix Maguire, fortunately, there is sufficient data available to prove that he was Ireland's first representative in the field of professional pugilism. In the Dublin *Advertiser* of 1720, we find the following:

"Felix Maguire, the 'First Master of The Fist in the Kingdom of Ireland' left for London with the good-will of his fellow men to seek combat with Tom Figg, the champion of England. Although the English champion is reputed to be a man of iron fists and strong constitution, our own son is not without his share of physical prowess. Felix's friends feel confident of his ability to keep Erin's flag on top."

And later Woodfill's Daily *Advertiser* says "the set-to between Tom Figg and Felix Maguire, called 'The First Master of The Fists in Ireland,' resulted in a grand mill in which both gladiators suffered severely. Only Figg's superior knowledge of the Manly Art, enabled him to gain mastery of the situation. Maguire is a bruiser whose fists cut deeply when they strike."

TRICKS *of the* TRADE

By NORMAN "KID" MCCOY SELBY
As told to DEAN S. JENNINGS

"Say what they will, I wasn't the unfair trickster they've painted me!" Norman Selby, the Kid McCoy of ring fame, made this remark recently at San Quentin Prison in California where he is serving a twenty-year term for manslaughter.

From it grew a series of interviews, in which McCoy recalled some of the fights he won with the "tricks" that are synonymous with his name. McCoy, who hopes to be a physical culture teacher, has applied for parole and has the recommendation of several influential persons on his application.—Editor's Note.

KID McCOY, the trickster!

That's what they called me.

And they said I couldn't win a fight unless I fooled my opponents with some unexpected trick.

But they were ninety per cent wrong. I knocked over the big fellows because I used my head. I won fights because I made a study of human weaknesses.

It all began years ago. One afternoon when I was a young fellow just learning to box, I wandered into a railroad station and sat down to wait for a train.

Just outside the door there was a pile of trunks as big as a house. They were heavy, unwieldy things and must have weighed two or three hundred pounds each.

And I thought to myself that I'd hate to be the baggage man who had to move them.

Just then I heard someone approaching. I looked up and saw a young fellow wrestling with the trunks. He couldn't have weighed more than 130 pounds. But he had those trunks hypnotized. He grabbed one of the largest, balanced it on a corner and spun it around like a top until it was in position near an open baggage car.

It looked easy and suddenly I got the idea.

"Keep the big fellows off balance and you'll have them at your mercy," I said to myself. "If a little man can do that to a trunk, I can do it to a heavyweight fighter."

That was the start of a career they say was based on trickery.

You never hear football fans complain if their favorite quarterback fakes a forward pass and then runs through the opposition for a touchdown.

So why should anyone object if a fighter does the same thing? That idea applies to any sport and I soon learned that nothing upsets the enemy quicker than the unexpected.

And surprises were my ace cards!

I still get a laugh when I think of a certain fight that I won by catching my opponent off-guard. It was a battle that kept the bettors' purses empty for some time afterward.

In 1896, while I was in New York City idling away time and waiting for something to happen, I heard that fortunes were being made by boxers in the cities and towns around the Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa.

I was young and I knew I could fight.

So I said to myself: "Kid, you're going to get a slice of that easy money."

A few days later a young fellow walked aboard a steamer for England. Giving the name of Charley Fitzgerald, he casually mentioned to fellow passengers that he was enroute to Africa to work in the mines.

If any of New York's sporting fraternity had been there when the boat pulled away they would have recognized Fitzgerald as Norman Selby, late of Broadway, better known as Kid McCoy.

On the way to England, I kept in condition by taking part in the athletic contests that were a part of the daily entertainment program.

I won the high jump, the broad jump and sailed through the boxing matches simply because I couldn't act awkward enough.

We reached London more than a week after leaving New York and I bought a ticket on a boat headed for Capetown.

In those days there were no passport difficulties and so it was no trouble to change my name again and become Harry Egan.

En route to the dark continent it was the same old story.

Harry Egan, watching the other passengers take part in the various sports aboard ship, was unable to resist the temptation to enter the boxing tournament. Against my own good judgment and previous plans, I signed up for the bouts.

The British entries thought they were the last word in boxing skill. And there I was, as Harry Egan, apparently just a raw-boned Yankee that didn't know one punch from another.

When the first bout was staged, I shuffled out of my corner as though bewildered. I pretended to be a right hander and tried to look as clumsy as possible.

We sparred around for a few minutes as though warming up. The Englishman had a faint, contemptuous smile on his lips and I could almost see the confidence oozing out of him.

Suddenly something happened. My right hand shot out, and my opponent flopped to the floor—out.

I hadn't intended to let that hook get away from me, but no one appeared suspicious and I felt relieved. I won the next six fights in a row. Five of them ended either in first or second round knockouts and the other two quit.

Just before we reached African shores, an elderly and affable gentleman came up to me as I leaned over the deck rail.

"My name is Dr. Summerfield, young fellow," he began.

"I've been watching you in the boxing matches and I think you have a great future. I'm willing to help you. How about it?"

His question startled me and I almost bit my tongue trying to keep a straight face and it was several minutes before I dared look him in the eyes and accept the proposition.

"That's fine," he beamed. "I'll give you a letter to James R. Cooper, one of South Africa's foremost fighters and he'll take care of you."

In the letter Cooper was asked to teach me the correct way of standing in the ring and how to acquire a little polish.

"Please tell Egan," the physician had written, "not to be so clumsy with his right."

That bit of advice nearly ruined my trip.

For when I went to Cooper's home and began "training," he began harping on my right hand.

"It's all wrong, Yankee," the South African fighter laughed, "you'll never get anywhere unless you learn to handle that paw!"

I lost my temper and when we stepped into the ring for a workout, I caught him on the chin with one that laid him out.

When he regained consciousness five minutes later he gave me a funny look.

"Say, Egan," he said, "come out to the house for dinner on Sunday and we'll talk over your future."

After the dinner, I was on the porch at his home, putting away a few cool drinks, when he suddenly appeared with a pile of pink "Police Gazettes" in his hands.

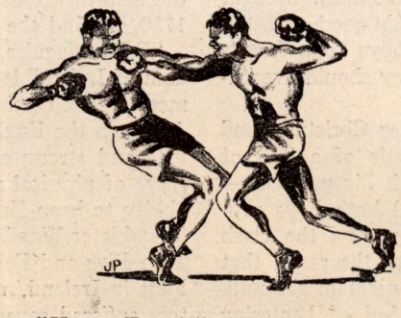
I stared at it as though paralyzed.

For on the cover of one I saw a picture of myself in fighting togs and underneath was the tell-tale caption:

"Kid McCoy—leading welterweight."

In that instant I saw my plans tottering!

(To be continued)



"Harry Egan's" right shot out. There was the sting of contact and his opponent flopped to the floor

Maher's Wallop

Peter Settled Championship Aspirations of Clever Steve O'Donnell

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

STEVE O'DONNELL, a native of Sydney, Australia, who landed in this land of opportunity in 1893, was a wonderfully clever boxer. Assuredly he never would have been asked to act as boxing instructor in dear Old Harvard, had he not possessed unusual versatility in the game of hit, stop and get away. He was particularly efficient in the "get away" feature of the pugilistic art, for not only had he given practical demonstrations of his ability, but in addition, had been informed by James J. Corbett, the world's master of defense, that he, O'Donnell, boxed like a champion.

Therefore Steve had visions of fame and fortune in the roped arena, and was encouraged by James J. Corbett. As a matter of fact, Corbett had admitted that Steve had outboxed him (the mighty Corbett) in gymnasium workouts. The time was 1895. Corbett having held the heavyweight title for three years and was becoming slightly wearied of the honor. James really made up his mind to retire, and he thought that O'Donnell would be just the man to succeed to the title. But wait. There was a condition attached to the transfer of the title.

Steve must whip an uncouth person named Peter Maher, who hailed from Erin's Isle. Maher was a rough individual, lacking special refinement, but of prodigious hitting powers, and O'Donnell snickered as he thought how he would smear Maher's Celtic countenance, at the same time neatly ducking or parrying all of the wild Irishman's shots. The night of November 11, 1895, was selected as the time for the ceremonies attending the transfer of title to O'Donnell, and the Empire A. C., Maspeth, L. I., the place for the event.

* * *

INTERESTING announcement was made that if O'Donnell defeated Maher, the winner would be crowned champion by Corbett, though no one was able to produce any evidence supporting the theory that a retiring champion had the slightest right to transfer a title to any one unless he, the champion, was defeated in the ring. Nevertheless, there was a goodly assemblage at the Maspeth arena, to see the mighty Maher attack the clever O'Donnell.

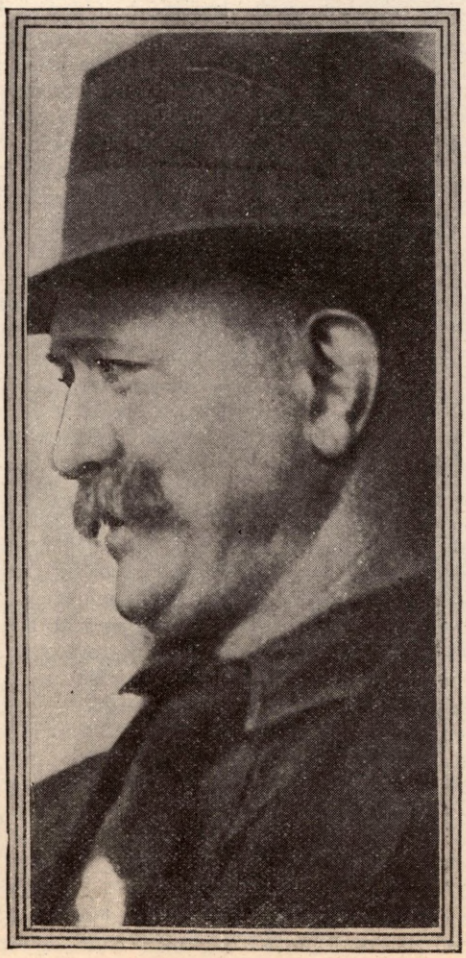
Champion Corbett was at the ringside ready to declare Steve the champion in the event that he defeated Maher. The opposing gladiators shaped up well, O'Donnell standing 6 feet 1-2 inch, and weighing 190 pounds, while Maher stood 5 feet 11 3-4 inches and also scaled 190 pounds.

For one minute of the first round, O'Donnell glided about the ring followed closely by Maher, shooting wicked lefts and rights at the heir apparent. The champion of Ireland, after taking a left hook on the molar region, shot a right to O'Donnell's chin. O'Donnell went to the resin like a poled steer and lay there some seconds after the referee had counted the usual ten.

The battle had lasted one minute and 3 seconds, and there was considerable curiosity as to whether Corbett would confer the title on Peter. They were not long left in doubt, for Corbett sprang nimbly into the ring and walking to where Maher stood wiping the perspiration of honest toil from his face, said: "Peter, you are a great fighter; I give you the title."

Maher was taken by surprise, but when he recovered his composure he replied:

"To the divil wid your title; I'll foight ye for it." With so crass a man as Maher before him, Corbett left the ring in disgust, and he never again tried to give his title away as a gift to anyone.



Peter Maher as he looks today

* * *

TO be sure things were different at Carson and Fitz took the honors without having them offered to him. After thinking the matter over for a year, Steve decided that the mistake he made was in fighting in so forlorn a place as Maspeth, and that under different conditions and surroundings he would be able to put up a much different fight. In addition, he felt that Corbett was entitled to a better effort than had characterized the loser at Maspeth.

After studying the map awhile, Steve decided that Coney Island would be the ideal battle ground for his next contest with the Irish champion. Perhaps Steve set the bout for December 25, 1896, in the hope that Santa might put the title in his sock after he had defeated Mr. Maher.

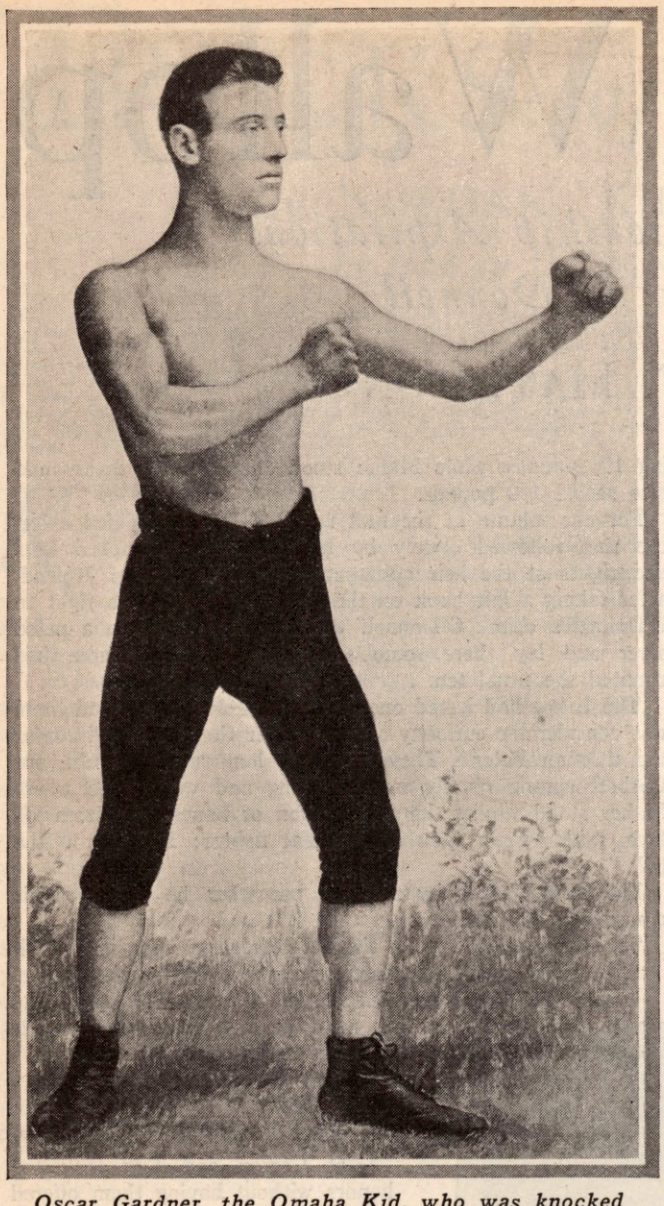
So they journeyed down to the seashore and in just half a minute from the time the bell clanged for the opening round, Steve was in a horizontal position due to a right hand crash on the chin. When Steve had arrayed himself in his street garments, he was asked by the writer for a few brief comments on the battle and his summary defeat.

"Oh," said he, "the divil didn't give me time to get started."

(*Continued on page* 43)

LONG *and*

By CHARLEY HARVEY



Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, who was knocked out by Terry McGovern after Terry had received a count of 20 after a second round knockdown.

A BOXER who meets defeat is grieved according to his status when he entered the ring. If he is young, and just starting his career as a ring fighter, he can attribute his defeat to lack of experience and comfort himself with the reflection that he will do better the next time he goes into battle. But if the boxer is an experienced fellow, with a reputation to sustain, a beating cuts deep into his self-esteem and worries him for months following the reverse.

Especially is this the case with a title holder, who considers himself beholden to the public for the retention of his honors. Yet, if he has reached the conclusion that the championship is more of a burden than an asset, and he decides to trade it for a large percentage of the club receipts, he watches the disappearance of the title without the shedding of tears.

There is still another angle to the subject and that is where a boxer fails to win a fight because the ring official exerts his influence in favor of the opposing boxer. This is the unkindest cut of all, and results in loud lamentation on the part of the victim.

I refer to the long count and the short count which recently have stirred up such a hornet's nest in boxing circles. When Jack Dempsey floored Gene Tunney in their Chicago battle for the world's heavyweight championship, friends of the Manassa Mauler were strong in their denunciation of Referee Dave Barry's action. And recently when Jack Dempsey counted Tom Heeney out on a short count, caused by the confusion of the official knock-down time keeper, the same fans came to Dempsey's rescue again, this time placing the entire blame on the shoulders of Arthur Donovan for failing to start the count when Max Baer pushed Heeney out of the ring.

These unfortunate occurrences, which in the first case prevented Dempsey from regaining the heavyweight championship and in the second, caused the Australian, Heeney, to lose a fight in which he had outclassed his younger opponent up to the time of the "knockout," will be argued pro and con for many years, because of the sensation the decisions caused.

Although every now and then we see or read of some such odd ring decision, it is a credit to the present day boxing commissioners to point to the few instances of such mix-ups. Not so forty years ago, when the referee had sole jurisdiction and was subject to the command of the politicians, the bettors and the gangsters. Many peculiar performances were recorded by the third man in the ring and the official timekeeper, both working under special orders. Two of the most flagrant of these miscarriages of ring justice took place in the Old Broadway A. C., situated in a structure that stood at Fourth Street and Broadway, New York City.

* * *

TERRY McGOVERN, then at the height of his featherweight form, and holder of the class title, which he had recently won from George Dixon, was the beneficiary in one of these bouts, and Kid McCoy, then a dangerous middleweight, escaped a merited beating at the hands of Joe Choynski, doubtless the best Jewish heavyweight in the history of the class.

McGovern's opponent in the ring was Oscar Gardner, known as the "Omaha Kid," a sturdy, desperate fighter, who had made an excellent record in the squared circle. The first round of the bout was devoted to sparring and feeling each other out, it apparently having been drilled into McGovern not to start his customary rush in the opening session. Therefore when the first round ended the verdict of the onlookers was "honors easy."

There was action aplenty in the second round, for McGovern started the offensive in his usually resistless manner. Terrible Terry plunged forward, shooting out both hands in the direction of Gardner. The latter, who apparently had been waiting for just such an onslaught, managed to keep his jaw out of the danger line, and then getting a clear view of the champion's jaw, he shot a right to the point with crashing effect. Down went Terry flat on his back, and seemingly unconscious.

At this point the referee began his peculiar performance. Instead of counting immediately over the fallen McGovern, the official walked over to the spot where McGovern lay and peered at the champion in an interrogatory manner, which took 5 or 6 seconds. After this leisurely exhibition, the referee began to count.

"One," he said, and then looked in a questioning manner at McGovern to see if he was not tired of lying on the floor. At last McGovern turned over on his face and opened his eyes, fully 12 seconds having elapsed from the time he hit the canvas. Slowly and with great effort McGovern came to a sitting position, and 20 seconds from the time he was knocked down he rose to a standing position. Thus we see that Tunney was not the first to have his title saved by a long count.

* * *

GARDNER, who had been dancing about the ring in a fever of anxiety, made a rush at the champion. Like a drowning man clutching at a straw, McGovern grabbed Gardner about the waist and held on with a vise like grip. Gardner, trying to free himself, danced around the ring, and the two

SHORT COUNTS

Practice of Chicanery Prevalent Among Famous Referees and Timekeepers of Forty Years Ago

(Third and last of series)

fighters careened about like two men doing a burlesque waltz. "Make him leggo!" screeched Gardner, as he tried to shake off McGovern. But the referee was not interested in separating the fighters or giving Gardner a chance to win the title from McGovern. In fact, the official stood near the ropes with a pleasant grin on his face and never made a move to break the battlers. Terry hung grimly to Gardner until the bell ended the second round fully 20 seconds previous to the expiration of the three minutes.

Terry went to his corner and with the assistance of his helpers soon recovered from the effects of the punch, and came out clear-eyed and determined for the third round. Gardner, thinking his opponent might still be suffering from the effects of the blow in the second round, rushed in with a savage attack, and the warriors exchanged thumps that would have brought heavyweights to the canvas.

McGovern's aim was the better, and a right to the chin sent Gardner down for the full count, in voicing which. the referee lost no time. That is how Terry's title was saved and Oscar Gardner prevented from winning a championship that he was richly entitled to. The bout took place at the Broadway A. C., March 9, 1900.

* * *

THE Choynski-McCoy affair took place at the Broadway A. C. on January 12, 1900, and the same referee who saved the bacon for McGovern, was in the ring. Choynski was at top form at this time and he easily outboxed McCoy in the three first rounds.

In the fourth round, after some sparring and sidestepping, Choynski nailed McCoy with a left to the body and followed with a right to the jaw that sent the Kid groveling in the ring dust. The referee took his leisure in counting over McCoy, and when the nimble Kid finally struggled to his feet, the bell opportunely sounded the end of the round, although the three minutes had not expired by some 25 seconds.

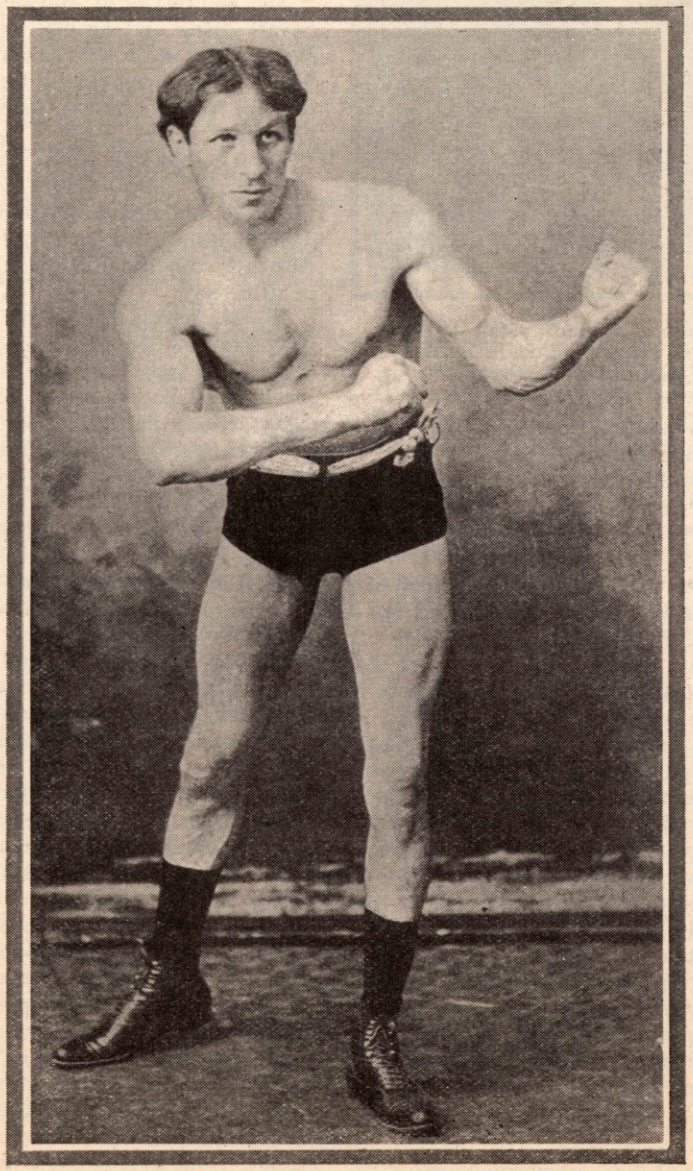
These peculiarities were due to the fact that it was not in the cards for McCoy to lose. The wise bettors saw to that for they had placed their greenbacks on him to win.

As soon as Choynski heard the bell, he dropped his hands and turned to go to his corner. Possibly McCoy did not hear the bell, but everybody else did. Therefore there was much surprise among the spectators when McCoy, instead of going to his corner, shot a right hander that landed behind Choynski's right ear.

The victim of this uncalled for and illegal attack fell like a struck ox, and was dragged to his corner by his seconds, who worked over him like Trojans in order to get him on his feet for the fifth round. However, when the bell sounded for the fifth session, and Choynski attempted to rise from his chair, his legs doubled under him and he fell back into his corner. As he lay helpless in his corner, the referee counted him out.

* * *

THERE have been many long and short counts in modern ring history, some caused by deliberate manipulation of the bell or through crookedness of a referee who was in league with the betting ring, but there is one on record in which an honest referee decided that the public had been milked and he did all within his power to make the faker go on and give the fans a run for their money.



Joe Choynski, who was the victim of a "raw" deal in his bout at the Broadway A. C. with Kid McCoy.

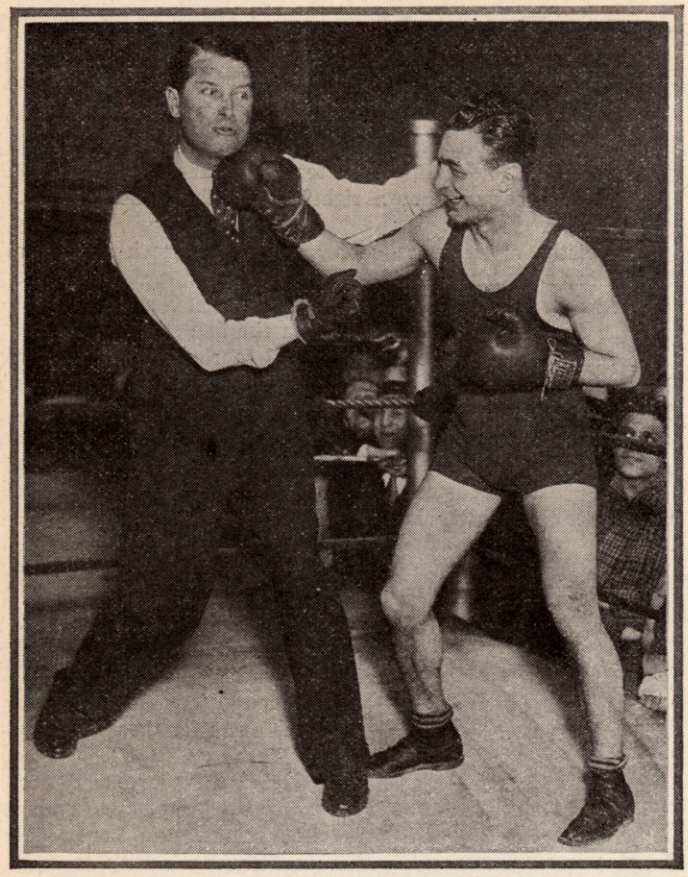
Morrissey, the so-called "Fighting Tip" from Tipperary proved to be a hoax when he appeared at the Lenox Club in New York City to fight Peter Maher for the title, on June 20, 1899. The "Tip" was advertised as the only real fighter ever turned out of Ireland since the days of Dan Donnelly and in consequence of this report and the well-known ability of Maher, the excitement was tense. But what the fans actually witnessed, is another story.

A feint, a pass with the left, a slight tap to the stomach and a glancing right swing to the jaw "sent Morrissey down," scared stiff. He was a truck driver masquerading as a fighter because of the money which had been promised him but when he took one peep at Maher, he was ready to quit.

The bout lasted just 35 seconds. When Morrissey went down, the referee, angry at this hoax, yelled at him to get up and fight. He counted and mixed his counts with orders, thereby giving Morrissey a count of at least twenty, but even that did not suffice, for the truck driver had made up his mind that he would not get up and stayed down until counted out.

KID FRANCIS

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN



Maurice Chevalier, great French comedian, an ardent follower of boxing, "taking it on the chin" in a tune-up with his favorite fighter, Kid Francis

MEET Francesco Buonagario. You never saw nor heard of him before!

Ever hear of Kid Francis, the great little featherweight whose battles in Europe and in this country have thrilled thousands of fight fans?

You have! Well then you've made the acquaintance of Francesco Buonagario, the game aggressive Italian who has only one superior in his division, Fidel La Barba.

Were it not for the unfortunate defeat Kid Francis met at the hands of La Barba in the Garden recently, he undoubtedly would have obtained a titular shot with Bat Battalino, the one fighter Kid Francis is positive he can whip. Our little hero has his heart set on winning the featherweight crown and he has thousands of admirers, among them the great French comedian, Maurice Chevalier, who feel confident that he will carry off the honors if he is matched with the champion.

After whipping Eddie Shea in a hectic contest in the Garden, Kid Francis accepted a return bout with La Barba to decide which of the two would get the titular shot with Battalino. The Italian had beaten La Barba in Paris a year previously and figured he could repeat but Fate ruled against him and with that defeat, went, temporarily at least, his one big chance, the bout with the champion. But Kid Francis is not discouraged. He has perseverence, courage, stamina and ability—four great fighting assets, and expects these to carry him to the top ere long.

* * *

FIGHT experts have remarked that he is the most highly geared fighting man chucking leather to-day. There is no stopping him. He may be outboxed, but he is never outgamed. A fighter of the boring-in, aggressive style, he is action personified.

He moves in only one direction—after the other fellow. He has an inexhaustible supply of energy and unless his opponent is fully prepared to meet his charge, as was La Barba, victory is assured for our hero. Francis, although born in Naples twenty-three years ago, was raised in Marseilles, France, where his folks moved immediately following the World War. He was only a lad of about ten years at the time, and was a frequent visitor at the American Officers' quarters where he would come daily to work, either as a bootblack or a waiter.

The American soldiers, always ready to offer help to a hustler, gave the boy many odd jobs, for one of which, they paid him off with a set of dilapidated boxing gloves which the boy fancied. It was the gift of these gloves that started Kid Francis on the road to boxing fame.

The bootblacks of Marseilles often engaged in friendly La Savate bouts and Francis, while watching one in the public square, received a kick under the chin that he didn't cherish. That kind of fighting did not appeal to him as much as did the glove contests in which the American doughboys engaged.

Francis took the gloves that were presented to him, went over to the camp where a boxing show was in progress, and there he watched every movement of the boys in action. The following day he asked one of the doughboys to spar with him and the Kid made a hit with the officer in charge of athletics.

He was encouraged in his work. At night he would spar with his brother and friends and in the afternoon while waiting for trade, he would spar with some of his rival bootblacks until he became so proficient that he decided to give boxing serious thought as a vocation. To-day, he ranks as one of the world's greatest featherweights.

* * *

BEFORE taking up the sport professionally, he joined a leather-pushing class conducted by an old fighter, Al Francis, who had fought in this country more than twenty years ago, and it was from him, that Francesco got the idea to call himself Kid Francis. Under Al, the Kid quickly learned the fundamentals and after a few preliminary bouts, he found that boxing was a far more profitable profession than shining muddy boots and he decided to give up the bootblacking business for the prize ring.

His brother, Nemos, with whom he first sparred, now owns a tailor shop in Naples. Another brother, Guy Buonagario, is one of Europe's leading bantamweights.

Kid Francis is a lover of art. His ambition is to become a great musician. He is a proficient violin and piano player and is a regular attendant of the Metropolitan Opera House. His favorite recreation at home is delving into the classics and listening to Caruso records.

He and Maurice Chevalier are bosom friends. He is always seen in company of Europe's most famous comedian who seldom misses a fight in which Kid Francis is a contestant. Maurice has seen every one of Kid Francis' mills in the Garden this year and after each fight, win or lose, he has planted kisses on the cheeks of the boy whose fighting spirit he admires.

When on the Coast, Kid Francis was the guest of Charley Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Fairbanks has seen the Kid in action in Paris rings frequently and is one of Francis' staunchest supporters.

EUROPE'S GREATEST FEATHERWEIGHT

Kid Francis, High-geared Fighting Man, Has Made Phenomenal Rise in Featherweight Class.

KID FRANCIS is of a serious demeanor. He likes boxing and both in training and when in the ring, he goes after his prey in relentless fashion. He is a soft-spoken, likeable fellow, stands five feet four inches, weighs 120 pounds, has dark olive skin and dark brown eyes.

He came to America three years ago in company of Al Francis. Although unheralded, he was matched to fight Archie Bell, at the time the leading contender for bantamweight honors, and hurled a bomb into the ranks of the experts who had made Archie an 8 to 1 favorite, by soundly thrashing Bell in the Garden. That bout gained a heap of friends for the visitor and from that time to the present, he has appeared only as a headliner.

Until last year it was expected that Kid Francis would carry off the bantam title, but he found that making weight was too harmful and he entered the higher division. As a bantam he was recognized in Europe as the champion and in this country, the National Boxing Association for a time likewise placed him on top of the list.

Despite the fact that he has fought eighty-six battles in six years with both fists flying, he has no marks to show other than a slight scar over the left eye. It was incurred in a joust with Pete Zivic. Puffed eye-brows are the only other marks that might designate his trade.

* * *

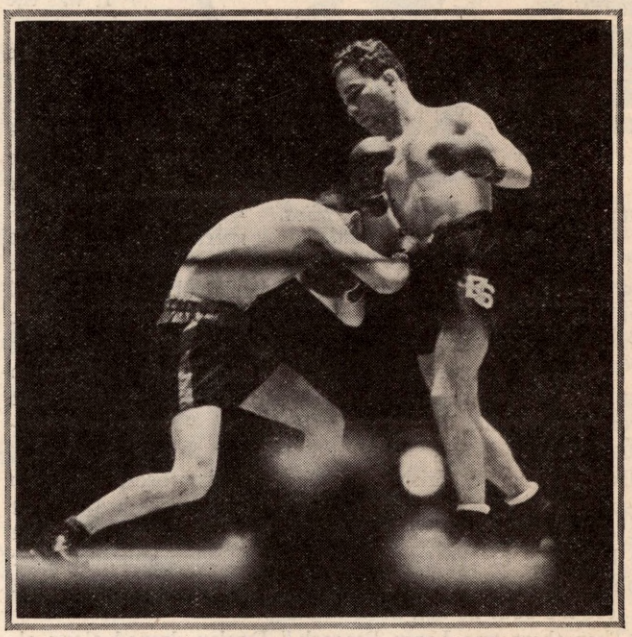
ALTHOUGH Kid Francis is only a featherweight, he possesses more energy than the average fighter twice his weight. And he doesn't spend that energy in wild swings. He has the knack of cornering his man and covering him in such a manner that his opponent cannot get out of range of the double-barrelled shots that are directed his way. Unlike La Barba, who represents the opposite type of fighter, the Kid does not depend on sharp-shooting to get his man. His is almost wholly a body attack.

Asked after the Shea fight, in which he astonished the critics by the manner in which he handled his strong opponent, a big favorite, how he came to adopt that boring-in style of battling, he remarked that he did so at the suggestion of Georges Carpentier, France's greatest fighter.

"Carpentier, you will recollect, fought that way," said Francis. "He would come toward an opponent, then when within range, he would shoot out his left and crash it against the chin of his opponent. Then when in close, he would rip in blows to the body at a rate that would soon have his man at his mercy. I liked that style, studied it, and then decided that if it was good enough for the greatest fighter that France ever produced, it was good enough for me."

And so Kid Francis has had as his instructors, the American doughboys, from whom he learned that aggressiveness which has played such havoc with his American rivals and from Carpentier, the art of infighting in which Gorgeous Georges was a master. No wonder Kid Francis has made such a hit in his American campaign, a campaign which he eventually hopes will lead him to the top rung of the ladder.

Now that Fidel La Barba has gained the titular shot with Bat Battalino as a result of his victory over Francis, it appears most likely that Francis and La Barba will resume their warfare outdoors this summer should the Coast phenom dethrone the featherweight king. Should that be the case, it is safe to predict that a huge gathering will see the mill as their last engagement in the Garden was of the cockle-of-the-heart sort.



When Kid Francis (left), eliminated Eddie Shea from championship match with Battalino in Madison Square Garden

Over in Paris, Jeff Dickson, under whose direction Kid Francis performed in many of his minor battles and later in his hectic contests with Al Brown for the European bantam championship, has made overtures to Francis. He is anxious to have the Kid meet the winner of Baldock-Brown battle in his new Paris sports arena, but Kid Francis is bent on winning the world's featherweight crown and it is doubtful if he will go back home until he gets the chance.

* * *

BEFORE coming back to this country after his first visit, he built a beautiful home for his parents in Marseilles. He has earned close to $100,000 and has saved most of it. He has dropped only five decisions—to Nino, a French athlete; Al Brown, Pete Nebo, Earl Mastro and Fidel La Barba.

It was on October 12, 1929 that he beat La Barba in a hectic contest in Paris and he followed that with a fifteen round victory over Andre Routis two years before Andre was awarded the disputed decision over Tony Canzoneri that carried with it the featherweight championship.

Since launching his latest American campaign last September, he has turned back Harry Forbes, Harry Ferro, Jimmy Slavin, Pete De Grasse, Eddie Shea and Georgie Nate, and then had his winning streak broken by La Barba, who, prior to that victory, had been beaten by Shea just before Shea lost to Kid Francis.

Watch this boy. Francesco Buonagario has made the grade through strict adherence to the training rules, clean living, a fine personality, and a desire to give the fight fan a good run for his dough. That he'll yet win the world's featherweight championship, is the hope of a horde of admirers.

The Hoodoo Corner

By Harold C. Burr

Carroll would swing and miss. Marty would jab and land.

"THE hoodoo corner, eh?" It was the afternoon before the great Marty Wells-Jacky Carroll fight, and Wells, with a party of friends and under the guidance of Promoter Denny Doolan, was inspecting the arena. The party had reached the ring itself in their rounds and Doolan had just remarked that the southwest corner was popularly supposed to be unlucky.

"Well, just the same I'll take it if the boxing commission hasn't any objections," said Wells slowly, standing with feet spread just beyond the angle of the ropes. "I'm not superstitious."

Doolan, who was Irish and believed in banshees, sought to dissuade him. "Neither was Buddy Gleason," dryly. "But one of his seconds forgot to pick his stool from under him at the beginning of the twentieth round. Buddy stumbled over it and twisted his ankle so badly his footwork became a joke. He lost the bout he had been winning.

"Then there was Larry Peacock," Doolan droned along almost monotonously. "What made Peacock's heavy bang fall down into his eyes just as Schmidt started that one from the floor? The Flying Dutchman had been a chopping block for Larry previous to the knockout."

"None of my seconds are going to forget my stool, and I'll have my head shaved to-night if it will make you any easier," said Wells carelessly.

"Don't say I didn't warn ye, lad—as I've already warned Carroll," said the promoter, sorrowful in the face of such flippant heresy.

* * *

MARTY WELLS jabbed the old fellow playfully in the ribs with one of his best blows, and the tour was continued. Wells was an Easterner, and he had never seen Doolan's famous Wooden Bowl before. But he was glad his manager, Billy Carter, had matched him to meet the British lightweight sensation in the Bowl or any other place. The winner was going to meet Teddy Delaney for the title.

The American contender slept like a baby that night. It was as he said—he wasn't superstitious. But there had been another reason for his wanting to be assigned to the hoodoo corner. The boy in the opposite corner was going to have the afternoon sun in his eyes all through the fight.

Wide a-grin, Wells heard that the boxing commission had doomed him to face the wrath of Doolan's banshees. When Carroll jumped through the ropes and realized what had been put over on him, he blinked to his British soul, but said nothing. Marty, dancing around, mitting the crowd, stretching his legs by pulling at the ropes, laughed at the doleful predictions of his handlers and winked broadly at Billy Carter.

A shedding of bathrobes, posing for the flashlights, a seemingly endless chain of bobbing bullet heads as the celebrities were introduced, instructions by the referee. Then everybody broke out of the huddle in mid-ring and at the tap of the gong Wells came running out of his corner. Carroll met him halfway.

DURING those first rounds Wells seemed to be daring the black jinx bird to fold its wings on the ring post behind him. Marty was reckless. He would lower his guard negligently, then jerk his blond head laughingly out of range when the Englishman, mistakenly optimistic, started to throw punches.

"Bly'me, I carn't touch the blighter, y'know!" gasped Carroll audibly, and the crowd laughed to see the sport.

Wells had the sixth sense of boxing that no hoodoo could destroy. It warned him of blows to come. He smothered his opponent's leads and piled up the points himself with his accurate fists. The crowd grew patriotically proud of him, and Doolan's faith in his banshees was badly shaken.

While the boys were milling around in the ninth round, a boy, perched high aloft on the rim of the great ampitheatre, stood up excitedly and pointed into the sky. Necks began to crane, exposing the latest things in Adam's Apples. The whirring of a motor was heard in the air, and a plane went flying overhead to get a bird's-eye view of the battle.

Too busy placing a quietus to the Briton's American ambitions, Wells didn't look up. Jacky Carroll was also too busy but from different reasons. The ringside death watch was sure the Eastern pugilist had the fight all sewed up and delivered. Wells and Carroll heard the diminishing roar of the motor, heard it again in the wait between the ninth and the tenth rounds. The curious aviator was coming back for another look.

* * *

THE boy in the last row was outlined against a background of declining sun like a sentry in a painting. Suddenly he was pointing again, crying out in a broken, falsetto voice. Wells had to squirm around on his stool to see him. Others took up the sounding of the boy's alarm. Wells looked around and up, knocking the ammonia bottle from the hands of one of his handlers.

Something had gone wrong with the plane. The great dun-colored pinions flapped crazily. The plane was right over the ring and flying low. Wells could see the aviator, working feverishly at his levers. Something had jammed. He looked, at that distance, too slender to cope with the situation. Of a sudden his leather helmet was irritably discarded. A golden shower fell, catching the sun in its strands.

"Holy haymakers!" gasped the fat referee, glued to the center of the ring. "It's—it's a woman!"

There wasn't time for anything more. The great, unruly machine turned turtle, and the woman—she seemed hardly more than a girl—lost her seat and hung, head down, after the manner of an unhorsed rider whose foot has caught in the stirrup. The big aluminum bird shot toward the ring with uncanny precision.

Bleating cries and scurrying figures announced the emptying of the ring and the first twenty rows of seats, the canvas flooring already darkened by those great, ominious, descending wings. But Wells didn't jump through the ropes. Not even an aeroplane, running wild, could make him do that. He fell flat on his stomach and waited. He had some crazy, instantaneous notion of being of benefit to the girl.

He heard a great rush of air in his ears, a vast threshing and grinding about him. Immediately he received all the sensations of being caught beneath a collapsing circus tent. Deafening his left eardrum was a churning motor. If he could throw off the clutch—

Marty Wells peeked out from under his crossed arms. A strong part of the plane's gear had caught on one of the ring posts, tethering the huge flyer. If the post held, he was safe

enough. There was even a little free space he could crawl around and look for the girl.

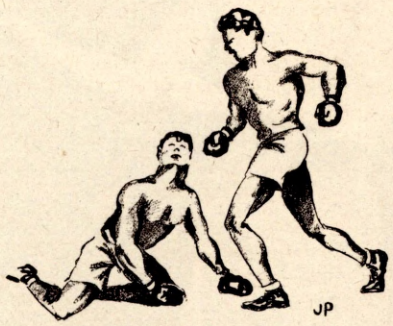
It was inky dark under the stranded plane, but still light enough for him to see a white face, crowned in yellow, swing toward him like a pendulum of tragedy. Then it swung away. The machine was continually slewing around, struggling like a live, prehistoric creature to free itself. Marty Wells tore off his clumsy boxing gloves.

Crowd, ushers, scribes, seconds, managers and Jacky Carroll had all retreated to a safe and sane distance. Promoter Doolan was going around with a cut on his forehead, cursing everyone within sight and hearing because they hadn't looked out for Wells. He was under that plane and probably dying. But chiefly he blamed the banshees. You couldn't mock a banshee and get away with it.

Unexpectedly the big captive lay still as if it had received its death blow. Wells, who knew the mechanics of flying, had reached the stick and turned off the juice. Now he came backing out from under one of the subsiding wings, leading a frightened girl by a trembling hand. The crowd pointed, cheered and came pouring back down the aisle to the ringside.

* * *

MARTY was surrounded. The ring was deluged with the curious. He turned to hand the girl over to the arena doctor, but she was gone. He told the newspapermen what he could, but the beautiful unknown was featured in their stories. Wells went to his dressing room to wait until the debris was cleared away. He told the anxious Carter and Doolan he would be ready to continue in half an hour. When the ring was cleared Wells and Carroll returned for action.



Marty took the impact of the blow squarely on the chin while slipping and was knocked out.

If the British lightweight expected Marty to be shaken by his adventure, he was mistaken. Wells was as debonair and confident as ever. The old order obtained. Carroll would swing and miss, Marty would jab and land. The American had the fight safely at the end of his gloves now.

At his feet in the hoodoo corner was a dark splotch, oil and grease from the broken plane. But Wells didn't look down, a man seldom does in his hour of triumph, and he didn't notice the smear on the canvas.

It would be about the middle of the eleventh round—the timekeeper's watch fixed the exact minutes and seconds afterward—that Wells was backed into his corner by the desperate Carroll, stung to fury by those pecking, hurtful blows. Marty attempted to duck a right swing, slipped in the grease and took the impact of the blow squarely on the chin. His nerves telegraphed the shock to his brain—and the reporters telegraphed their papers Wells had been knocked out after one minute and thirty-three seconds of milling.

* * *

"THE hoodoo corner, eh?" mumbled Wells drowsily, as his seconds brought him around. "Why, this has been a lucky day for me! Have any of those reporters found out her name?"

None of the newspapermen had learned the girl's identity. Mysterious unknown was a good enough name, anyway. And mysterious unknown she continued to be until one day when Wells received a letter and a telephone message. The telephone message was the least important in Marty's sight and will therefore be explained first. It was a message from his manager who told him he was to meet the champion, after all. Jacky Carroll had the mumps, and a boy with the mumps doesn't like to be hit in the face. The letter was from the aeroplane girl. She asked him to call.

"Flora Newcomb," Wells read the tall, angular signature a second, third and fourth time. "Newcomb's the name of Delaney's manager. Wonder if she's any relation."

She was a relation, a daughter, it seemed. She came rustling down a white staircase with cherry trimmings in a cottage nearly smothered in ivy. She was swinging a gold-mesh bag, which was a strange ornament for house wear. Wells just stood twisting his cap shapeless.

"You must think me dreadful, Mr. Wells," she said shyly. "But I really had to run away that day without thanking you. Daddy has forbidden me to fly. Now do you understand?"

"Why that's all right, kid," he gasped when he wanted to make his great clod of a tongue say something courtly.

But she secretly liked him better for his confusion. "I'm going to ask you to do something," she hurried on, and it was her turn to be confused. She took a roll of bills from the mesh bag and extended them to him. "Please take these. I'm going—"

At sight of the money Marty drew back suspiciously. "Say, I—I can't do that. What's it for?"

There was a rustle in the bushes outside the window, but neither paid any attention to the noise. The young pugilist and the girl were as solemn and stilted as if their whole future depended upon their next words. Maybe it did. Wells would have liked to have been another Lloyd George to cope with the delicate situation.

* * *

"IT'S for you," she continued slowly, weighing her words that she might not offend him. "Please don't imagine I'm trying to pay you for what you did at Wooden Bowl the other afternoon. But I—well, I want to commemorate the occasion. So I've ordered a watch made and inscribed. I'm going away on a visit to a school chum, and won't be back until the tenth of the month. The jeweler can't have the watch ready before I go. I thought you might get it."

The tension snapped and so did some twigs in the garden beyond the windows. All Mr. Wells could do was to stutter his thanks and stuff the bills in his pocket. Silence out of doors.

But there had been an eavesdropper outside and he hurried, whining, to Billy Carter. The manager didn't like his caller, ingratiating, pasty of complexion, a hanger on of fight camps, a small time gambler. The tin horn brought a tale of double-crossing, told out of the twisted corner of a weak mouth without disturbing the lolling cigarette.

"I seen the money pass, Billy," he concluded with a leer. "I was too far away to hear all she said to him, and the window was closed. But I did catch the word, 'tenth'. He's going to do a dive on you in the tenth round. I come to you, because I gotta protect my bets."

"You dirty, spying rat!" shouted Carter angrily, half rising. "Marty wouldn't do that to me."

"Oh, wouldn't he though?" jeered the frightened, blustering tin horn. "Then what's he doing taking Newcomb's money? The girl's just the paymaster. I'll go, but get wise to yourself, get wise."

* * *

BILLY CARTER had lived too long to dismiss the informer's story lightly. A young and provocative girl might make Marty forget temporarily he had always kept his gloves clean. He would have a talk with the boy. Pursuant of that decision he got the rusty old camp Ford out of the barn and went chugging away into the higher hills. The pugilist was taking the day off from his daily grind to go trout fishing.

His manager discovered him casting in a deep, cold stream, his big boots glistening wet to his thighs. "Marty," began Carter, plunging with the trout, "I've just heard that you're taking money from Newcomb's daughter. Of course, it may be all innocent, but it looks like hell. (*Continued on page* 43)

How Boston Got Its Start

The Third of a Series on the Rise of Pugilism in New England

By "DOC" ALMY

(Boston's leading fight critic)

WHEN on October 18, 1847, Orville (Awful) Gardner, a native of Maine, had a 33 rounds muss with Allan McFee, or M'Phee, as some spelled his name, near Spuyten Duyvel Creek, North river, New York, winning the fight and a side stake of $300, the happening gave the sports of Boston a bit of sweetmeat to roll the tongue against.

They made much of it though few had seen the mill and, when shortly after, Orville consented to visit the staid Hub and have a benefit or two, as was the custom, he lionized it so nicely that many were glad to stick around and claim intimate acquaintanceship.

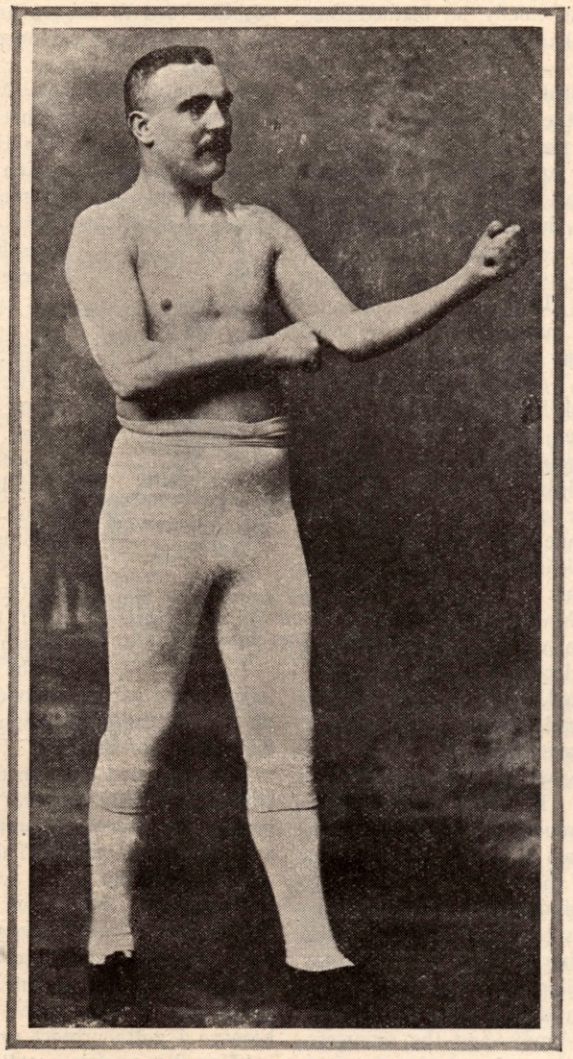
But this hero glamor was soon to be absorbed by the nation-wide affairs of Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrissey, George Thompson and other really big fellows of the day. As an oldtime writer put it—the way fight talk raged before and after the Hyer-Sullivan mill at Rock Point, Md., in 1849, was a caution to persons not acquainted with the orthodox canons of pugilism.

Gardner had a small part in the foregoing fray to the extent of sparring at a benefit tendered Sullivan in New York a couple months prior to the battle but following Orville's defeat by William Hastings, known as "Dublin Tricks," an affair of 30 minutes in a Gotham ring, Boston forgot him and turned over the page.

* * *

NEXT came the famous melee between Morrissey and Sullivan at Boston Four Corners, still to be found on the auto maps of upper New York State, on October 12, 1853. Morrissey, who later in life was to be the first and only ex-pugilist of any note ever sent to Congress, won the mill—an event which had the whole nation talking.

There were Bostonians at that ringside—plenty of them—as the attendance was large for the times and surrounding circumstances. Undoubtedly they contributed their share in the general doings of the day and some of the riotous incidents following the scrap. Probably also more than one later shared lodgings with Sullivan in the jail at Lenox, Mass., where the fallen idol was temporarily confined.



Edmund Enock (Ned) Price, famous English fighter of the bare-knuckle days who later gained fame in this country as a lawyer, theatrical manager, playright and author.

But that great fight and its story—the flight of the principals—the capture of Sullivan—the burning of haystacks and other mischief, essentially belongs to New York. The moral and pecuniarily pious of Massachusetts were merely in on "the pinch." So, we will skip along to the year 1855, when matters more purely Bostonese attracted the attention of the fistic fraternity of that city.

In that year Edmund Enoch Price, better known as "Ned Price," a native of London, England, and a real "he man" who was destined to win fame in the ring, fought gallantly in the American Civil War and eventually become an honored member of the bar, was conducting a saloon at 248 North street, Boston. Employed in his place was a young Irishman—Barney Ford—whose duties consisted in wearing the apron and handing out suds to thirsty customers.

The saloon was known as a "sporting drum." Its owner was a lively, well-educated, cleancut, athletic chap—a leader in matters strenuous in the North End section. His "drum" was one of the city's "places" and the Fancy flocked there in droves to eat, drink and talk sport—fistic stuff mostly.

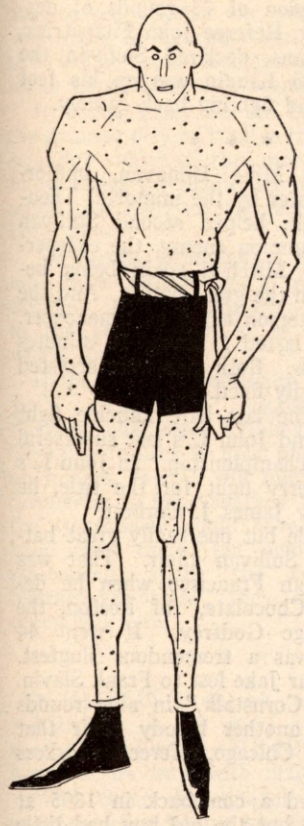
* * *

YOUNG Ford saw, heard, and absorbed—the fighting game looked good to him. He became an active disciple and a student of a "Professor." Price, strong for fisticuffs himself, encouraged him. Probably Ford had a few turn-ups here and there though the records are barren concerning such. In any event, one day in early October, 1855, a challenge from John E. Taylor, one of the fighting men of the town, and directed to Barney Ford, drifted into the Price saloon.

In all probability Price was at the bottom of it—Taylor was one of his admirers—and desired to see his barman given a real trying out. Ford was game and accepted the defy. There were a few weeks of off-and-on training, the same minus all publicity for various obvious reasons—a long term in jail for merely engaging to participate in a prize fight being one of the most prominent. On the afternoon of November 22, 1855, Ford and Taylor, each weighing in the (*Continued on page* 40)

"Ruby Robert," Joker

By Clarence Riordan



BEYONG doubt, more absurd stories were put into circulation in reference to Robert Fitzsimmons, known as "Lanky Bob," "Ruby Robert," and "Old Freckles," than of any other heavyweight in history. His small head, about the size of a cocoanut, set on his tremendous shoulders, his herculean arms, ornately freckled, and his small waist and spindly legs formed never-ending joy to the cartoonists, and a source of delight to the paragraphers or columnists. The only time I ever heard Fitz complain was when, in his opinion, an artist had made the freckles altogether too large.

Nevertheless, Fitz was not without a sense of humor. On several occasions the joke was not on him by any means. Such was the case in the terrific combats between Fitz and an English middleweight named Geoffrey Thorne, who arrived in New York during the life of the Horton Law.

Thorne was an average middleweight of the English type in those days. He had about as much chance against Fitz as a pullet against a hungry fox. Yet they were matched, despite the fact that they were known to be friendly enemies, and that Thorne knew Fitz was his master.

* * *

THE affair took place at Madison Square Garden, and was limited to three rounds. All the comedy was reserved for the third round, the first two sessions having been evenly boxed. The third round had just got under way when Thorne planted a thundering wallop on the jaw of the Cornishman and sent him floundering to the resin dust. Fitz rolled over and over in a vain attempt to reach his feet, and by a superhuman effort he managed to get on his pins at the count of nine.

Fitz now was cautious. He kept out of danger until his head cleared. But as soon as he got his bearings, he sent over a clout to Thorne's jaw that toppled the middleweight, who just managed to get to an erect position before ten could be counted.

By this time the spectators were in an uproar. They urged Thorne to go in and win. Thorne, ever ready to oblige, rapped Fitz on the jaw and had him down for a count of nine. Fitz struggled to his feet and hammered Thorne to the canvas, where he took eight. This made two sensational knockdowns apiece, and when Thorne again was on his feet, the excitement was terrific.

Some careful sparring was indulged in and then both lashed out with rights at the same time. Both landed flush on the jaw and the fighters crashed to the floor where both were counted out. As soon as the referee counted ten, the fighters jumped up with the greatest alacrity, shook hands and with cheerful grins walked off arm in arm. The onlookers, most of whom had been deceived, laughed heartily, even though they were the victims of a huge joke perpetrated by foxy Fitz.

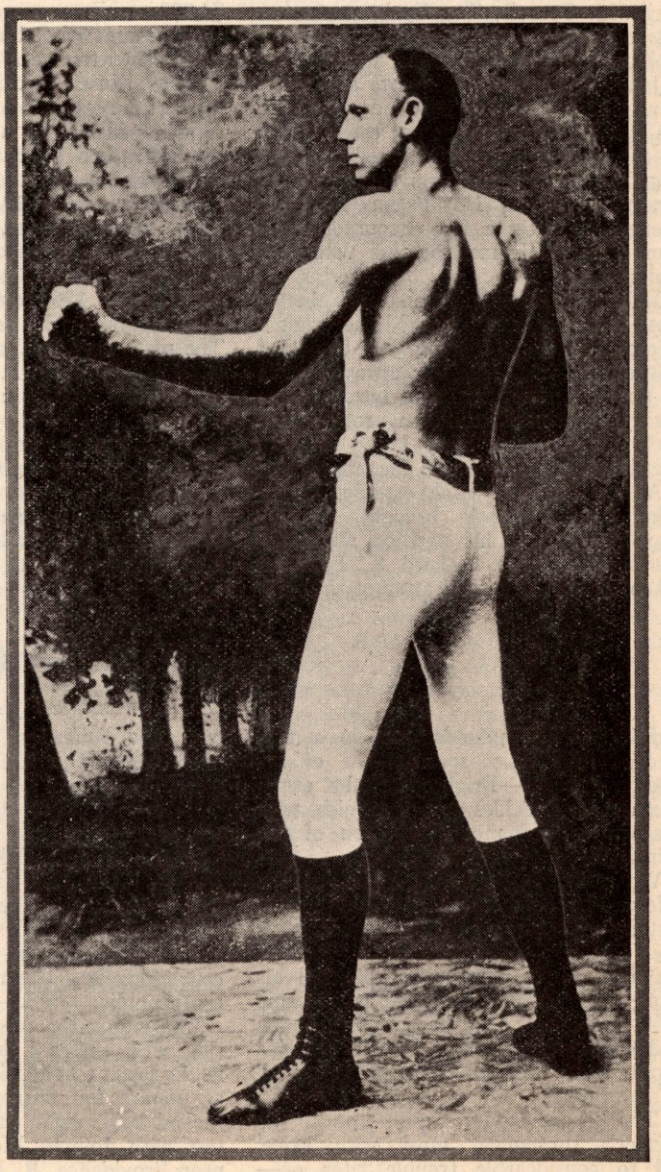
* * *

AS showing Thorne's real form, he was stopped in the third round by Kid McCoy on September 5, 1899. Then it was decided to see how Chicago would take a joke. It was an old pugilistic custom to try out boxing jokes on Chicago, and therefore Fitz and Thorne were matched for a combat in the Windy City on October 28, 1899.

This was a few months after Fitz had handed the heavyweight title to Jeff on a silver plate, and the ballyhoo was to the effect that Thorne was convinced Fitz had lost his punch, and would be an easy victim. The "fight" took place in Tattersall's Arena in Chicago, and one of the descriptions of it was to the effect that Fitz, while waiting for the gong for the opening round yelled at Thorne:

"Hi am going to knock your bloomin' 'ead hoff, you bounder."

The fact that Fitz never employed (*Continued on page* 41)



"Freckled Bob", as he appeared when in his prime

Jake Kilrain—A Going Concern at 72

(*Continued from page 22*)

and all else that goes with the business of handling important money?

Or will they be content and happy and still youthful, as is the good old Jake Kilrain, with enough to get along with and a spirited and well-spent life to look back upon—and tell the grandchildren about, if they have the patience to listen?

* * *

JAKE was born John Joseph Killion in that beautiful spot called Greenpoint, L. I., on February 9, 1859, and came of good, old hardy Irish stock. He didn't have any freakish height, being just a moderately sizable man of 5.10½ but possessed always of a powerful frame that scaled 195 pounds when he was at his best.

Strangely enough, Jake first came into fame as a single sculler. He came out of a day of tremendous scullers for at that time the inimitable Ned Hanlon, of Toronto, was for years unbeatable, and then there were Beach, of Australia; Jake Guadaur, of St. Louis; Fred Plaisted; Teemer, of Pittsburgh; Courtney, later so long with Cornell; Ten Eyck, a wonderful coach, and men of the ilk who were making international rowing a real sport.

Jake drifted into Baltimore and there it was he started his tremendous career. He was just 21 when he got the big idea of the ring and almost immediately his friends predicted all sorts for him as a scrapping man. He began modestly enough but after a few encounters with some pretty fair men he was voted the real material.

Indeed, Jake shaped up much better than the average. He boxed the original George Godfrey of Boston, Jem Goode of England, Charley Mitchell, always known as Great Britain's greatest boxer; Mike Cleary, a John L. Sullivan protege, and Jack Burke, the "Irish Lad," a truly dazzling ring performer of the late 80's.

A few years of such experience and Jake found himself brought forward sharply. Indeed, his position was most unusual. Because Richard K. Fox had taken him up, in a wild attempt to find a man to lick Sullivan, the latter, the big champion, actually challenged Kilrain to fight. That was one of the rare occasions on which a champion actually felt called upon to challenge a contender.

Fox had sought to have something of a monopoly in the business of giving belts and having them recognized in behalf of the Police Gazette for this and that. Fox put up a heavyweight belt but John L. scorned it, a stand that started a bitter feud that never was fully cleared up until after the death of Fox and Sullivan and others chiefly concerned.

* * *

THIS feud was at its peak in 1886 and a couple of years thereafter. Fox searched the world for a man to lick John L. and finally decided that Kilrain was the one for that seemingly impossible task. But John wouldn't fight for a Fox belt, that was absolutely out of the question, so Fox sought to discredit Sullivan's claims to the title by matching Kilrain with Jem Smith, then champion of England. It was for the Fox belt and $5,000 a side.

Fox went the limit, hiring Charley Mitchell to train and coach Kilrain, with Charley Rowell as chief assistant. Rowell at the time was one of the greatest of the six-day pedestrians, a type of sport then of tremendous international interest.

They met on the turf near Seine, France, December 19, 1887, London ring rules, bare knuckles, with all that the rules permitted, spiked shoes, wrestling and all the rest of it, and after a bitter struggle of 106 rounds, lasting nearly three hours, the battle was called a draw. The men were totally exhausted and for the final hour did little more than walk around the enclosure and glare at each other.

Leading authorities still considered that Sullivan was champion through his defeat of Paddy Ryan in that memorable Mississippi battle, so Fox, as backer of Kilrain, had to swallow his chagrin and match his man with the Boston Strong Boy.

That consummated on the morning of July 8, 1889, on the estate of the late Charley Rich, at Richburg, Miss., and at the conclusion of 75 rounds of desperate battling, Referee John Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans, declared Sullivan the winner, though Kilrain was on his feet at the time and fighting back gamely.

* * *

THE late Mike Donovan, immortalized later by the immortal Theodore Roosevelt, helped second Sullivan against the common enemy, the exasperating Charley Mitchell again being behind Kilrain in the great battle. And the late Bat Masterson acted as timekeeper.

The battle lasted 2 hours, 16 minutes and 23 seconds. Both men were arrested later and heavily fined.

That was the last bare knuckle fight for the title and John L.'s last successful stand for the championship. In John L.'s first Queensberry fight for the title, he was beaten by James J. Corbett.

Kilrain made but one really great battle after the Sullivan affair. That was in 1891 in San Francisco when he defeated "Old Chocolate," of Boston, the original George Godfrey. It went 44 rounds and was a tremendous slugfest. That same year Jake lost to Frank Slavin, the "Sydney Cornstalk," in nine rounds in Hoboken, another bloody affair that Jere Dunn, of Chicago, refereed, whiskers and all.

Jake essayed a comeback in 1895 at the age of 36 but the old boy had little left to recommend him but his gameness and he lost to Steve O'Donnell, the Australian that Jim Corbett once thought might make a champion. It took place at Coney Island, where they permitted 25 rounds under the old Horton law. O'Donnell won in 21 rounds.

Jake couldn't whip John L. Sullivan but as the English brummagems used to say: "He can bloody well lick more as can lick 'm," which gave Jake better than a .500 average and THAT'S SOMETHING, as the famous Amos and Andy often remark.

How Boston Got Its Start

(*Continued from page 38*)

vicinity of 135 pounds, met in a ring pitched in a quiet spot in one of the Boston suburbs—Brighton, to be exact. It was bare-knuckles and to a finish, with the hard-earned money of each of the principals—$200—on the side.

We rather suspect that Price was the referee—he being friendly to both contestants—but many of the details have been lost in the discard. Ford knocked his man out in 11 rounds, collected his money and from that time on became quite a fellow. Also, he got very cocky and finally had a turn-up with Price, his former boss, and was soundly trounced, off-hand style.

The Ford-Taylor mill, and the former's subsequent muss with Price, led to considearble trouble later on—indirectly to the famous bout between Price and Joe Coburn, the latter one time American heavyweight champion—a story in itself to be told in its place.

* * *

FORD'S next fight of any moment was with one James Lafferty in a Boston loft, the stakes being $200 a side. It ended in a wrangle. Both men claimed the victory and there was heap much talk concerning it. The real story never became public.

Continuing the career of Ford we find that with Lafferty, he seconded Coburn in the latter's fight with Price, then acted as umpire for Barney Aaron, America's second lightweight champion, in his contest with Johnny Moneghan of Boston, near Providence, R. I., in 1857 and also was present as umpire for Danny Kerrigan in his mill with James "Australian" Kelly at Island Pond, Vt., in 1860. He continued to bob into print now and then for several years.

In connection with his ring and general sporting activities Ford opened a barroom of his own in North street, Boston, not far from that where Price had formerly been located. Early in November, 1862, Barney and Mike Sullivan, his brother-in-law, who was tending bar for him, became involved in a fracas in the saloon. Ford was having the better of the melee when Sullivan, securing a knife, stabbed him.

Barney died from the effects of his wounds on November 22, thus ending his direct part in our story. Bars of iron rather than those of wood became Sullivan's immediate concern for some time afterward.

(*To be continued*)

Sharkey-Carnera Bout Most Attractive Card

(*Continued from page* 5)

in that bout, that I'm sure $500,000 worth of customers—new clients mind you—would be attracted to the shindig just to see whether the original quorum was right in figuring that Sharkey had shot his bolt and "Schmeling was coming on to knock Sharkey's brains out."

It was a honey on the face of it and the damned pity of it all is that all around stupidity blocked the match. I don't know where the blame lies though I must admit that there are rights and wrongs to both sides.

Joe Jacobs, if he HAS a fighter, should not have balked at a rematch with Sharkey. If Schmeling isn't the best man in the world, then he is carrying the wrong torch.

If the boxing commission had accepted Joe's compromise suggestion — "Let Sharkey challenge Stribling and if the Georgian refuses to fight him for runner-up honors, then I will immediately sign Schmeling to fight Sharkey for the title," the commission could have forced Joe's hand right there, but being a wee bit pig-headed about the edict, "Fight Sharkey-yes-or-no," they said "no" to everything else.

* * *

SCHMELING doesn't want to fight Sharkey, is my guess and the guess goes a little further—HE NEVER WILL, win, lose or draw with Stribling.

Well then, that makes the Sharkey and Schmeling bout a lost cause.

What then? Sharkey and Carnera. Plenty of rowing with the law is assured for this bout, since the Madison Square Garden Corporation of Illinois intends to take action in the Federal Court to protect its interests in the Carnera contract.

That won't do the fans any good. A match that has the arm of the Law Horrible hanging over it, won't be a big success. The fan won't pay out his dough if he thinks the sheriff is going to run up the steps just as the men are about to walk to the centre to receive instructions, polishing an old tin star on his coat sleeve.

You've got to drum up a big boxing spectacle with all flags ripping in the breeze. No half-baked, under-suspicion, doubt-if-it-is-coming-off bout is going to get anywhere, such as was the recent Maloney-Carnera mill at Miami.

So that, methinks, puts an awful crimp into the proposed Sharkey and Carnera fight. All covered with poison ivy before it has barely budded.

IF Stribling defeats Schmeling for the world's title at Cleveland, what then? Fight Sharkey in defense of his title? Don't make old Hypus laugh.

Billy wants no part of Jack. Got plenty eye and bellyful at Miami. Bill says he was sick and had a bad wing. Shouldn't have got into the ring on such an important assignment if he wasn't all O. K.

He went to London and all was forgotten and forgiven when he belted out Phil Scott in two rounds where it took Sharkey three to turn the same trick.

But he ducked a match with Sharkey before Schmeling's split with the New York boxing commission. I don't think he'll take Sharkey any more than will Schmeling, win, lose or draw at Cleveland. Therefore the poor ole fan can look his eyeballs out for THAT particular match.

Then what? Well don't laugh. It may turn out to be the big shot of the open air season. Jack Sharkey and Mickey Walker for the New York Milk Fund, the fund that has kept the heavyweights in silks and satins for many years. They think it has been their own importance that has brought big purses and big gates. Take the charity shows out of boxing and the bottom would drop away.

Next? There could be a Carnera bout with the winner of the Cleveland fight but who would run it? The boxing commission is out to punish Madison Square Garden for its alleged connection with the Cleveland fight. They can't horn in there under commission rules but any child knows that they have and Farley says he won't be fooled. Therefore, he is apt to suspend Madison Square Garden especially if the big corporation tries to block the Carnera and Sharkey bout, one which Farley is interested in since it is to be put on for "fifteen worthy charities," among which will not be the New York Milk Fund.

Farley has promised to give that fund a show all its own. I say it will be Walker and Sharkey, though General Phelan of the commission said recently that such a match was: "Too one-sided."

Little Mickey, the new giant killer goes right on about the business of busting the big 'uns on the chin and spilling them for keeps.

* * *

THEN there is Campolo, the giant Argentine. Who do they intend to dig up for him? He is Madison Square Garden property so far as he is concerned.

He refused to fight under the old agreement. Under the new contract, Campolo merely gives M. S. G. first call on his services. He can flop to Jimmy Johnston any time. I think that Johnston will win most of his arguments. He's clever and he knows on which side his bread is buttered, a bit of knowledge that isn't universally absorbed.

Campolo can fight Carnera. He can fight Sharkey. He can fight Schmeling and he can fight Stribling.

But where is the kick? The big pizan has never been a ball of fire and I'll tell you and I'll tell him why. He ought to beat the world but he never will unless he speeds up. His is a style that exasperates. He waits too long for tides to come in and when he wakes up, the tides have gone out.

* * *

WELL, I've wasted all my heavyweight material and I haven't picked out a single big match that figures to burn down the town. I've tried to explain why. What to do then? Turn to the little fellows of course.

There will be Justo Suarez, the Argentine lightweight champion. He against the world's champion, Canzoneri or whoever he may be, will be a great card. Jimmy McLarnin against Jack Thompson for the welterweight title, if Jimmy defeats Billy Petrolle. Mickey Walker, perhaps, in a battle in defense of his middleweight title, though I must say Mick is without customers in that division.

I don't blame Mickey for wanting to fight his way into the heavyweight ranks. I think he'd give Schmeling the devil's own time. I believe he'd outgame Max, despite the German's punch. They'll say a lot of things about Mickey when he's dead and gone but first of all it will be that he had plenty of intestines.

I've come to the end of this ditty without having broken out in a rash. I haven't dug up a hair raiser for the simple reason that there are no hair raisers on the horizon.

My vote is that Sharkey and Carnera, if it ever comes off, will be the most exciting. Held in a New York ball park instead of the Brooklyn ball park, it would outdraw Schmeling and Stribling, the one big shot of the season.

How we need the old magician and his stars!

Tex Rickard, Dempsey, Tunney, Firpo, Carpentier—I wonder where you are?

Oh, how we need you tonight—any night!

"Ruby Robert," Joker

(*Continued from page* 39)

threats or abuse to an opponent, seems to have been overlooked by the Tattersalls historian, who proceeded to relate that on the bell for the first round, Thorne, cursing and growling, rushed at Fitz, shooting rights and lefts.

But Fitz and Thorne, having no intention of repeating the Madison Square Garden comedy, boxed carefully for a time and then Fitz, at the proper time, loosed a left uppercut that reached the point of Thorne's chin, and knocked him on his shoulders. But Fitz and Thorne did not grin and walk off arm in arm. At that time Chicago took its boxing quite seriously and the comedians did not feel like checking the thrill following the one round knockout.

Fitz, at the time he lived in Bensonhurst, was wont to promenade on Captain's Pier on Sunday afternoons. An acquaintance with whom Fitz was accustomed to exchange practical jokes, had once been sprayed by a garden hose and made up his mind to retaliate.

Therefore the next Sunday, when Fitz, wearing a high hat, Prince Albert coat, and other trimmings to match, was treading the pier in grandeur, the conspirator suddenly appeared behind him and with a mighty push sent Fitz and all his ornamental attire into the swirling waters of Gravesend Bay.

Romeo Resurgent!

(*Continued from page 9*)

morning," Drexel promised Cahill.

Dr. Spurgeon's examination showed that the eye trouble was becoming aggravated. But a delicate operation perhaps would turn the trick. It hadn't been entirely the fault of that bad liquor. A condition which had been developing for several years had been hastened, and now something had to be done.

It cost $1,000, but it was worth a million. It was ultra-delicate—that operation on Kathleen's eyes. For weeks she lay in a darkened room, her face covered with bandages. For weeks life was just a hell for Willie Cahill. His determination to whip Droogan grew in its intensity until it became an obsession with him.

"Cases of this sort take time," Dr. Spurgeon told him. "Miss Forrester will have to get out into the country, rest her eyes for months and months while they return to their normal strength and functions."

So they removed the bandages, and Kathleen went to an aunt in the Berkshires, to sit under the trees and watch the beautiful Housatonic on its way to the Sound.

* * *

THEY hatched the plot in Forrester's apartment. "Listen, Charley, Mr. Drexel—there are just two things in life that I want to do," Cahill told them. "One is to marry Kathleen. I guess I was just a slow sap. I never should have let Droogan get the break on me there. The other thing I've got to do is to give this Droogan the beating of his life.

"I went to school with the Kid. He hated me then. Always the class stool pigeon, the trouble maker. He hates me now. But anything in the hate line which Mr. Droogan may be able to work up is just a friendly feeling compared to the attitude I have toward him.

"I have seen Mr. Terry, of our construction company, and he has given me a leave of absence for six months. I've got to do it or fail in that time."

And so it came about that the next day Willie Cahill, four times winner of the national amateur middleweight title, winner of the Golden Gloves on three occasions, prospective Olympic champion—Cahill turned professional.

Forrester put the soft pedal on the publicity in so far as he was concerned, but it was a corking story—Willie Cahill leaving the construction gang for the ring. The greatest of the amateurs gone professional.

His first bout as a "pro" was at the little Seminole Club, in Harlem. Six rounds, with Tony Concettio, a trial horse. Well, it didn't go six. They carried Tony out in the third.

And so it went for several months, while Droogan was busy with his beer racket, softening up, and the New York fistic circles rang with the praises of Willie Cahill. Even the old campaigners in the Garden—Johnny Jimson, Billy McCardell and the rest, got quite excited over the new phenomenon.

It wasn't all soft, by any means. Tommy Dorget had Willie down for a count of nine and almost had him out in the next round, but Cahill finally nailed his man in the ninth. "One Round" Horgan sent Willie down in the second round, but Willie managed to get that one on points, in ten.

Cahill was learning things, learning that there was a tremendous gulf between the amateur and the professional in boxing technique and fighting style. But Cahill was learning. That was the important thing.

* * *

DROOGAN laughed. "That punk! Listen, I'm not starting to fight novices, not at my time of life. Besides, who wants to fight? I've got enough dough, and I like the championship."

Tiernan of the Garden cut in. "The Boxing Commission insists you get busy, Droogan. You can't hold the title forever, without doing any fighting. If you don't get busy soon they'll order you to take on Jimmy Colling, and let me tell you, that kid is tough.

"Now Cahill, he's different! He's new in the game. The fans are steamed up about Willie around here. But he's no Colling. A fight with Cahill would stop activity at the Commission, and let you rest for another year, maybe. Better take it now."

Droogan mused. "I owe that bird a sound beating. I ought to get a fight under my belt anyway, and Colling is tough."

He turned to Tiernan. "I'll take that punk. Give me about two months to get into shape."

And so it came about that Willie Cahill, former amateur champion, was matched with Kid Droogan, in the big Garden, for the world's middle-weight title, fifteen rounds, "or less," as Joe Humphreys put it.

Droogan trained as hard as he could in the circumstances. But with him beer was the thing. And cabarets, where he used gay colored balloons for punching bags and played handball with highballs.

As for Willie, no man ever trained with the intensity which he put into his work. He just had to do it!

* * *

THE big night came. The big Garden was jammed. Boxing for some time had languished, but here was a match that roused jaded fistic appetites. Cahill was the pride of the big clientele which amateur boxing had developed in New York. And the newspapers had hinted at a romance.

"Droogan is four to one, and no Cahill dough in sight," moaned Johnny Latter, betting commissioner. "This Drexel swell bets ten grand on Cahill, and I think he's crazy."

The customary preliminaries were over. The usual introductions had been made. Droogan and Cahill, still wearing their bath robes, stood at the ring centre with Dominick Terhune, the referee. "Remember, when I say 'break', I mean it, and that goes for the champion as well as for the other guy," said Terhune.

"You won't be at this long tonight, Nick," laughed Droogan. "I've got a date at eleven, and I don't want to be rushing for it."

Cahill had been warned to disregard anything said by the flip Kid. Willie just smiled, and said nothing.

It was just an ordinary fight for five rounds. Cahill was cagy, just feeling his way, rather astonished that Droogan had slipped so far. He had seen the Kid two years before, in his great fight with "Doc" Mayber, and he was surprised to find Droogan missing so often.

All the while Droogan kept up a running fire of wise cracks, but Cahill paid no attention to him.

In the sixth Droogan decided that the time had come to keep that date. He rushed from his corner with a fusillade of rights. Two of them found their mark on Willie's chin, but they hurt Willie little. He slipped in and hammered two rights under the heart. A left to the wind, another right to the heart. Soon the bell.

* * *

"DON'T worry about his head. Keep at his heart and wind," Forrester whispered to Willie before the eighth.

In that round the Kid tired. His comment ceased. He needed his wind for a better purpose. Droogan called on every wile, every trick he knew. He began to dig low blows toward the groin, and Terhune warned him.

"Droogan, none of that!" Dominick said, loud enough to be heard by the writers in the press rows. "I'll throw you out of the ring, disqualified, as quickly as I'd do it with this kid. Fight fair and clean, or you'll find me a tough customer."

"They've got that lousy Terhune lined up with them," Droogan whimpered to his handlers before the ninth.

Cahill kept right on for the heart, he kept punching that stomach of Droogan's. The Kid's legs began to weaken. No road work.

In the tenth Cahill crashed another right to the heart, and Droogan went down. He disdained the count of nine. Up at five, he lunged with a left, only to fall again, and be saved by the bell.

"Charley, I've got him," said Cahill as Forrester massaged his legs. "His blows have lost their sting, his wind is gone. I think I could finish him if I cut loose. But I won't do it yet. I want to punish that dog."

* * *

"DROOGAN called on his last reserves in the thirteenth. He saw that he was beaten. Cahill only picked off his blows, and waded in, always for the heart. Droogan tried to hold, but the younger, stronger man hurled him off and kept sending in those rights and lefts.

In the fourteenth Droogan hit low, twice. Terhune warned him sternly. The crowd hooted and hissed. Few friends for the falling champion. Now Cahill crashed cutting blows to the face. He closed the left eye, ripped Droogan's lower lip until it spurted a red stream.

"Put him away, Willie," the fans kept shouting. But Cahill still was unhurried. He hadn't quite finished his job.

In the fifteenth Droogan came out like a maniac. They must have given him a shot of something. There was an ugly gleam in his eye, a synthetic freshness in his movements. They sparred and Droogan shot a left to the jaw, which put Cahill down.

He rested on one knee, waiting for Terhune to give him "Nine." Well, he had learned his lesson. Almost lost his chance. He came up steady and held. Then Cahill cut loose—gave everything he had. That false spryness of Droogan's was gone. His legs trembled under him.

That last minute was a ring epic. Youth, Cahill, hurled everything into the ring. Dissipation, Droogan, called on tricks and waning strength. Left, right, to the jaw and to head. Shouting thousands, fired by the Berserk drama that had achieved such a smashing climax.

And, as the final bell rang, Droogan was at the ring centre, holding on for dear life.

Another minute, and the title would have changed hands on a knockout. As it was, the judges gave it to Cahill. Terhune smiled approbation. In his chair Droogan sat a sad mess.

"Punk," he said to his trainer. "Punk, I'm through with the ring. When a novice like Cahill can give me that sort of pasting, well, I've got a lot of reasons for moving out of town. I'm off to Paris, Punk, and I don't know when I will be back."

* * *

THEY were married up by the picturesque Housatonic, Willie and Kathleen. He has defended the title twice, and he seems to have no adequate competition in sight. That construction company thinks Willie ought to come back, become the boss, in fact. He's thinking it over.

In the meantime Charley Forrester is looking around for another prospect. "My luck. No sooner do I make a fighter than something happens," he laughed to Willie and his bride as they sat under the elms.

"Okeh, Grandpa, suppose you call it a career and settle down here?" Willie asked.

So Willie is considering it, and Charley is thinking it over, and they never tire of talking about that fifteenth round, the downfall of Kid Droogan, and the crown that fell with him.

The Hoodoo Corner

(*Continued from page* 37)

All you got to do is to deny the dirty gossip."

But Wells couldn't deny it. He lost his fish and nearly his rod in the surprise of the accusation. He started to speak, hesitated, stammered, bogged down damningly. The reader knows why he couldn't explain—he had to keep the gift of that watch a secret or it might get back to Newcomb's ears. Naturally the father would want to know why his daughter went around giving strange young pugilists watches. But Carter didn't know, and his heart did a sick flip-flop.

"I can't tell you, Billy," said Marty, wading ashore, the water running off his boots like diamonds. "If you can't trust me any more, why that's all right, too. I don't have to account for every time I call on a girl, do I?"

The whole world was just a paste jewel to Billy Carter then. Marty was suspiciously quick to take offense, and the manager stumbled back to his coughing bus, a mite angry himself. Thereafter the fighter and his manager didn't speak when they met socially and exchanged the briefest of monosyllables in business matters. It was tentatively understood their partnership would end after the coming unpleasantness to decide the lightweight championship.

* * *

YET there were compensations for Wells. The night before his meeting with Delaney he called at the little house of the white staircase with the cherry trimmings. He placed his big paw over her little hand and plunged to the heart of the world's greatest riddle. Flora just nodded speechlessly, and Marty went back to camp, walking toward the stars.

She had promised him their engagement would be announced after the fight. This would clear up that matter that stood between him and his manager. When Flora was his wife, old man Newcomb couldn't object to his daughter flying. That would be up to Marty.

Again the boxing commission decreed that Marty Wells, challenger, sit in the hoodoo corner at the Wooden Bowl. The big open air arena was all gay and gaudy in its new coat of blue and red paint. So recent was the decoration the workmen had left their pots and brushes under the ring floor.

That championship fight was an exact replica of the Wells-Carroll go for nine rounds except that no aeroplane fell. The flying girl was come to roost in a ringside seat, trying to look neutral for the sake of her father. Marty jabbed away at Teddy Delaney with scant respect for the lightweight champion. At the beginning of the tenth round, Billy Carter suddenly quit his boy's corner.

Carter, therefore, didn't know what had happened during the last seconds of the ninth round. Promoter Doolan didn't know it, either. He would have come around, croaking you couldn't fight a banshee. It was just a shadow. Marty Wells had broken his right hand against the ring post in a mix up with Delaney in the hoodoo corner.

Wells leaned back, cradled in the ropes, and tried to dissemble. He must hide that broken hand, keep the pucker of pain from showing on his forehead. Most important of all, he mustn't let Delaney's corner see it. He wished that Carter was standing over him to buck him up. Still, he wouldn't throw in the sponge.

* * *

THE bell rang for the tenth. Wells left his corner. He saw the champion's face, disfigured, blue and swollen, beefsteak red, coming toward him grotesquely. But before a blow could be struck there was a diversion. The police climbed into the ring and summarily stopped the fight on the grounds of Wells' inhumanity to Delaney.

Sometime thereafter the new lightweight champion, his right hand in splints, and his fiancée stood before Billy Carter and told the story of the gift watch. Billy's jaw kept falling and falling, a sparkle of relief shone in his eye, and he looked a little ashamed, too. And to cover his shame he broke into loud laughter.

"What a gag on Delaney and Newcomb!" he wheezed in delight. "Wait—wait until you hear about it. My report had it, Marty, you were going to throw the fight in the tenth round. To forestall you, I told your seconds, in the eighth round, to get some red and blue paint from under the ring and smear your gloves with it. It kind of made Delaney's face look grewsome, and fooled the cops."

Marty and the girl looked as if they didn't quite see the joke, and Marty spoke up quietly and said he would have to give Teddy Delaney a return bout. Carter, sobered, nodded.

Maher's Wallop

(*Continued from page* 31)

With this second one round K. O. chalked up against him, Steve began to doubt the existence of a Santa Claus, but he still hankered to get another shot at the hard punching Maher. So he decided to try his luck against Peter in the City of Brotherly Love, the bout taking place in Philadelphia, April 26, 1897.

All contests were limited to six rounds, with no decisions, in Quakertown in those days. To the astonishment of Steve and the onlookers, O'Donnell was still on his feet at the end of the sixth round, although he had weathered some heavy blows.

DETERMINED that he would have another bout with his foe on the soil of Pennsylvania, Steve signed for a battle with Maher on March 16, 1898. It was close enough to St. Patrick's Day to mean woe for Steve, but he went into combat quite cheerfully. He managed to last the opening round, but early in the second, he was floored and was unable to resume the battle.

Not completely discouraged, Steve waited until 1900, when with the recollection that Fitzsimmons had stopped Maher in the first round of their battle in Mexico, he challenged Maher to combat for a fifth time. The bout took place in New York and again Steve went out in the first round. It then occurred to Steve that had he challenged Corbett he might have had better success.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 17)

at the training quarters. Hack had retired for the night but Roller met me.

"What's wrong with Hack?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Roller, with a sneer. "but the big hound thinks there is. He decided to do a little work this afternoon and got me to wrestle with him. He wrenched his left knee and he's been crying about it ever since but there isn't anything wrong with it and I have tried to tell him so."

* * *

THE sound of our voices had awakened Hack and he called me to his room and asked me to shut the door.

"Oh, Jack!" he said. "I'm finished! Roller has ruined me. He wrenched my knee and we will have to call off the match!"

He was in a highly agitated state and I will confess that I didn't feel so good myself. However, I was used to meeting crises and my thought was to calm him, let the matter rest as it was for the night and then take it up in the morning.

"If your knee is so badly hurt," I said, "of course we will call off the match but we must not make any hasty decision. Let us find out first how badly you are hurt. Meanwhile, go to sleep and we will have a doctor look at you in the morning."

The next morning I called in a Dr. McNamara, a physician well-known in Chicago and an enthusiastic follower of all forms of sport but particularly of boxing and wrestling. I had known him for a long while and had unlimited faith in him.

He examined Hack's injury and pronounced it trifling but, to satisfy both Hack and myself that his diagnosis was correct, had X-ray photos taken of the knee. They bore out his diagnosis absolutely. The extent of the injury was a bruised tendon. That satisfied me but it did not satisfy Hack. He began to worry about himself and refused to wrestle during the week of training that followed.

Still, I supposed that once he found himself on the mat with Gotch he would forget about the injury. My experience with fighters had taught me that few of them, including the greatest, are free of worries about their condition when they enter the ring but as soon as the bell sounds they forget their troubles and concentrate their thoughts on beating down their opponents.

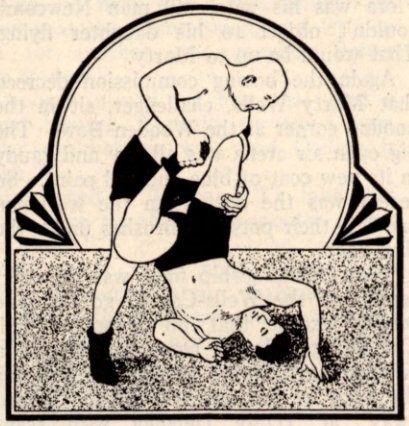
* * *

MEANWHILE, the newspapermen covering the camp were beginning to ask why Hack didn't do any wrestling. We carefully explained to them that he had done enough wrestling and, which wasn't very far from the truth, needed only the lightest kind of exercise to keep him on edge. Naturally, we said nothing about the injured knee. The purpose of our secrecy was not, as has been charged, to lure the crowd through the turnstiles and then flim flam it with a match featuring one disabled wrestler. If we had had any thought that Hack wouldn't be in condition to wrestle there would have been no match.

In the first place, Hack hated Gotch so intensely that he wouldn't have stepped on the mat unless he were certain he would win. In the second place—and this was the more vital phase of the situation—I had to consider myself.

I had made the match and, by a word, could have broken it—and broken it I would have if I had thought there was a possibility of a fiasco. After all, I had made my reputation in Chicago, and lived there for a good part of my life, and made a comfortable living there. Born in San Francisco though I was, I was so closely identified with Chicago in all my dealings in sport that I was known as Jack Curley, of Chicago.

It stands to reason, then, that I was looking to protect myself and my reputation in this match, just as I was in everything I did. I already have said that for me to have touched a penny of the advance sale—even if it were available, which it was not—would have been the act of an insane man. How shall I describe the act of a man who deliberately would put in jeopardy the fruit of years of hard work simply to reap a haul of not more than $15,000, which was all I



figured to make even if the receipts met my fondest expectations?

The purpose of the secrecy thrown around Hack's injury was to keep a knowledge of it from Gotch. Granted that the injury was not severe, it easily could be aggravated by pressure applied to it by a foeman who knew of it and we were not going to send Hack into the ring rigged out for slaughter. Gotch might find out about the injury in some fashion, of course, but he most certainly was not going to hear of it from us.

So Hack went through with his light training for a week. Then, with the injured spot apparently healed and his mind no longer burdened with fear of it, he wrestled with his partners every day during the final week of his training. This appeased the newspaper men, who hadn't known what was up but were beginning to suspect something. It also strengthened my belief that the knee would not trouble the big fellow once the bell rang to start him on his way against the champion.

* * *

COMISKEY PARK was an inspiring sight on the day of the match. I pride myself that I know how to dress up a show and I dressed this one to the best of my ability. The ring was pitched on the diamond half way between home plate and the pitcher's box and around it were constructed the press seats. Save for some field boxes, which were not close to the ring, these were the only seats on the turf, so that almost the entire crowd was in the grand stand and bleachers.

Everything had been arranged carefully and the details incidental to the match were clicking smoothly. There was only one mild flurry and that was caused by Hack. Gotch sat quietly in his dressing room talking with his handlers and friends while the preliminary matches were being run off. But Hack, as temperamental as opera stars are supposed to be, sent for me and I had to drop half a dozen things I was looking after to see what he wanted. He wanted his money.

"But, George," I said, "I will give you a certified check as soon as we have counted up the receipts."

"I want my money now and in cash," he insisted.

I saw he was all worked up. There was only one thing to do. That was to get the money.

I rushed out and got the man in charge of the ticket salesmen and the two of us went from booth to booth with a basket, collecting money and giving the ticket sellers receipts. Finally, we had $11,000 in change and currency ranging from one to twenty-dollar bills and, taking it to Hack's dressing room, I laid it out on a table before him.

"There," I said, "is your money."

"Yes," he said. "Please wrap it up and keep it for me, Jack."

He turned his back on me and walked to a window as though he had forgotten my existence. I couldn't tell him what I thought of him. I had to humor him. So I wrapped the money up in newspapers and carried it down to the office, where I had to put it in the safe for him.

* * *

AT last the men got into the ring and, with small delay went to grips. Gotch scored a fall with a crotch hold in sixteen minutes and the men retired to their dressing rooms. Hack, though fairly thrown, had made a great showing. Apparently, he had forgotten about his knee injury.

When they came out again, Gotch went to work on Hack savagely and managed, after some minutes of struggling, to fasten a toe hold on him—on his left foot! The sweat popped out on Hack's brow. I knew what he was thinking of then. He writhed for two minutes but it was hopeless.

He realized the security of the grip. He felt the knee weakening—and he knew Gotch.

In Gotch's eyes he could read all the hatred that Frank had stored up in his brain for him. He knew that in another minute, his torture would be climaxed with a broken leg.

He looked up at Referee Ed Smith appealingly. He had been schooled in the European tradition. To resign would be better than to suffer a broken leg.

"I resign!" he said.

Smith, crouching over the men and waiting for the finish he knew inevitably must come within a minute, felt that he had to protect himself.

"Make it a fall, then!" he growled.

Hack's shoulders were perhaps six inches from the mat and his weight rested on one elbow. At Smith's command, the elbow was withdrawn and his shoulders sagged to the canvas. Smith tapped Gotch on the back and the match was over.

Now, there were some in the crowd who, unable to hear the conversation between Hack and Smith and seeing Hack's shoulders suddenly go down, hooted the Russian. But the great majority of the crowd, satisfied with what they had seen and delighted at Gotch's victory, set up a great cheer.

The American had won, the championship remained in this country—and all was right with the world.

* * *

DISAPPOINTED as I was at Hack's defeat, I was pleased with the way the match had been conducted. I could see no fault with it. I had thought Hack would win but I had been wrong. The better man had won. The gate was $96,000. I would clear $15,000.

I was in excellent humor as I walked around the ring talking with the newspapermen. There was no word of complaint from the most observing, the cleverest, the hardest-boiled newspapermen there. Then I came to a former wrestler from Indianapolis who was "experting" the match for a St. Louis newspaper. The fellow was a very ordinary wrestler and I felt that the was a bit anxious to show off. He just hired out but I was bound, in the circumstances, to be polite to him.

"Hello, there," I said. "How did you like it?"

"It was a rotten fake," he sneered, "and you know it."

I shouldn't have done so but I flew into a rage. I took the word "fake" from him and laid it right in his lap. I called him everything I could think of and, knowing him well, I thought of a lot of things.

When I was out of breath I walked

on. Later I was disposed to regret having lost my temper. I felt that I could have afforded to laugh off the only jarring note of the day, especially in view of its source. Still later I was not disposed to regret anything I had said.

The back fire began a few days later and it was sent off by none other than my friend Dr. McNamara. At a luncheon I gave the day after the match, the Doctor was among the guests and I asked him if he would send Hackenschmidt a bill for the services he had rendered. He waved off my request and assured me we owed him nothing.

A month or so later I received a letter from him, written in a sarcastic vein, wanting to know if I was so swelled up on myself that I had forgotten what he had done for me and intimating he felt he was entitled to a generous share of the receipts of the match. Angered by this letter, I answered it immediately and dealt with him not too gently. The gist of my letter was that I was prepared to pay his bill as soon as it was presented. There were, however, trimmings.

His reaction was to broadcast his opinion that the match wasn't on the level. The cry was taken up by the wrestler from St. Louis with whom I had had words; by a prominent wine agent whose friendship I had alienated on the day of the match, when I insisted that he take down a sign advertising his wares which he had plastered on his field box; and by gamblers who, having wagered on Gotch, were outraged because, at my request, Chief Herman Schuetler of the Chicago Police Department, before the match, had declared all bets off.

I had made that request because I do not like betting on any event which I am promoting. I like to see some one win money but when some one wins, another person must lose and the loser frequently squawks. The squawk hurts the sport and I always have aimed to please the real supporters of sport and not the bettors. It was bruited about, however, that I had bet heavily on Hack and then, having been convinced he couldn't win, had all bets declared off to protect my money.

So the uproar began and mounted. They said I was a faker. Hack was a faker. The match was a fake. Hack had a broken leg. Hack wanted the money and would have wrestled with two broken legs and other infamous charges.

The uproar mounted and spread and there are echoes of it even to-day from persons who do not like me and deliberately distort the facts or who do not know what they are talking about.

And now, after all these years, you have my account, a true, unbiased one, of what happened. It may not jibe with other accounts you have read but it has this merit which the others lack—THE MERIT OF TRUTH.

(To be continued)

Factories of the Sock Market

(Continued from page 7)

SOME time when you have nothing else to do spend a day—or rather an afternoon in a boxing gymnasium, because the fighters seldom do their stuff until after the noon hour. You will be well repaid for your time and the nominal admission collected from spectators.

In some of the larger gymnasiums as many as two hundred boxers work out during the course of an afternoon. And sometimes you will see training bouts that are more of a treat than the fights you pay twenty times as much to watch in an arena.

On the floor, some boxers will be skipping the rope, shadow boxing, punching the light or heavy bag or, having done their stunt in the ring, will be engaged in calisthenics calculated to toughen their stomach muscles.

In the rings others will be boxing. If a boy is getting ready for a fight, he tries to find a sparring partner who approximates the style of the boxer he is to meet, so as to work out a suitable attack and defense.

Boxers of all sizes, nationalities and color mix indiscriminately. A French or Italian boy, newly arrived from the other side, will be boxing, perhaps, with a colored lad. Neither knows the other nor understands the language he speaks; yet the language of the boxing glove is the same in all countries.

Some of them radiate class, even in the gymnasium. Some are neatly garbed; others wear the sloppiest of outfits. Some are gay and debonair; others grim and humorless.

* * *

Some youths, with natural ability, learn almost too fast, master the fundamentals so speedily that they come to believe they can shirk their work. That sort does not get far. The gymnasiums are cluttered up with them.

All sorts of "nuts" come into the gymnasiums, demanding to be tried out. Lou Stillman, proprietor of New York's leading fistic gym, can spin yarns by the hour about the queer characters who have drifted into his place, laboring under the delusion that they can become fighters.

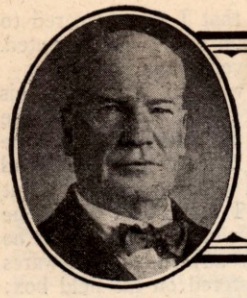
One of these "bugs" came in one day and insisted on boxing. He obviously was unfit even for a bout with big gloves, but he insisted on having a tryout. A boxer was sent in with him, under orders not to hit him. As they were sparring, Whitey Bimstein, well known second, wadded up a wet towel and hurled it at the "nut," hitting him on the cheek. He went down like a flash. That was his finish as a boxer.

* * *

The gymnasiums are the factories of the sock market. It is there in the sweat and grime and multitudinous odors that champions are made.

If you have the time pay a visit to some gymnasium and see the show for yourself. You'll find it interesting.

Stillman's records show that he has had as high as 2,000 paid attendance in his gymnasium when some famous fighter is working out there. The best attraction of them all, he says, is Primo Carnera, the Italian giant. Lou had to close the doors when Primo worked out at his place when the Ambling Alp first came to this country.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Eleazer Thomkins, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—Would you consider the late Tiger Flowers a great fighter?

A—Not exactly great but a very good fighter.

Q.—Does THE RING Book Shop send books C. O. D.?

A.—No. Money order or cash must accompany an order.

Q.—I understand from a friend of mine who has a large billiard academy here, that he purchased from THE RING Photo Department 46 pictures of present-day fighters including all of the champions in every division and all of the present-day wrestlers. What do these pictures cost? Can you furnish me with the wrestlers of the past and the champions in other divisions than the heavyweight class?

A.—Yes. If you buy six or more, you can have them at $1.00 each, size 8 by 10 inches on very glossy hard paper, ready for framing. We sell a lot of these to billiard rooms, pool rooms, clubs and for a fellow's den. They are the best on the market. We can furnish wrestlers of the past.

Johnny Stalin, Healy Fork, Alaska.

Q.—Did John L. Sullivan ever fight in Alaska?

A.—No. In all parts of the United States, but not in Alaska. He also gave exhibitions in other countries.

Frank Hotaling, Long Beach, Cal.

Q.—How many Irish fighters were there who won championships? Who were they, what titles did they hold, what divisions were they in?

A.—I'm sorry, Frank, but if I answer your question, I'd have to devote the entire book to it, as the greatest fighters were the Irish and for a time, almost every fighter of note in every division was an Irishman. I'll suggest that you wait a little while, for Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of THE RING, after seven months' research, is now engaged in writing what should be the greatest book on boxing ever published. He will call it, "The Fighting Irish." He has already completed 650 typewritten pages and still has about 400 more before he finishes. That will give you an idea of how big your answer will be. Fleischer's book, when published, will contain the complete history of every Irish-born fighter or fighter of Irish ancestry from the beginning of the sport to the present day and will contain more than 100 photographs.

Marie Jenkins, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Q.—How many times did Gene Tunney fight Harry Greb?

A.—Lost in 15 rounds to Greb in 1922, light-heavyweight title; won the title from Greb in 1923 in 15 rounds; won twice again that same year in 15-round contests. Fought 8 rounds, no decision, 1924, and 10 rounds, no decision bout, in 1925.

Milwaukee Reader.

Q.—How old should one be to be able to manage a boxer properly?

A.—Not a question of age, but one of ability. It stands to reason that age and experience from the best combination for success as a manager. Get "How to Second a Fighter" from THE RING. Price $1.00 Read How to Train.

Q.—Do you need a license to second a boxer?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Where could I learn to be a trainer?

A.—By studying closely at gymnasiums the duties of a trainer and then studying carefully so that you know the contents almost by heart, Nat Fleischer's great book on the subject, "How to Second a Boxer." Get it from THE RING, Price $1.00.

Q.—Where can I get a license to manage a fighter?

A.—From Walter H. Liginger, Secretary Wisconsin Commission, 123 Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee.

Q.—Where can I get a photo of King Tut?

A.—From THE RING Photo Shop, 11 West 42nd St., N. Y. City. Price $1.00.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

J. C. Wrangell, Alaska RING Reader.

Q.—How many times have Carnera and Stribling fought and what were the results?

A.—Twice. Once in Paris, Stribling winning on a foul, and once in London, England, Carnera winning on a foul.

Trumble Esseltine, Sherwood, Mich.

Q.—Do light-heavyweight champions receive belts? What do the champions in other divisions get?

A.—No champion receives a belt for winning the title unless it is given to him by some private individual or a club. THE RING Publisher, Nat Fleischer, usually gives a belt to each new champion. He gave a beautiful belt to Max Schmeling recently.

A. B. Mackenzie, Williams Lake, British Columbia, Canada.

Q.—Was Jem Driscoll ever knocked out?

A.—No.

William H. Cook, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—What are the nationalities of the following: Ernie Schaaf, Young Stribling, Tuffy Griffiths, Max Baer, Charley Retzlaff.

A.—German - American; American; Irish - American; German - American; German-American.

Q.—What are the chances of Schmeling retaining his crown this year?

A.—Good.

Q.—How would you compare Stribling and Schmeling regarding speed and punch and courage?

A.—About even. Each is strong, young, and fast, but in courage, I think Young Stribling has it on the German lad.

Al Daly, New York.

Q.—My age is seventeen. I am five feet, four inches and weigh 120 pounds. I have been training two years and have had eleven professional fights. What will my weight and height be when I am 21 years old?

A.—130 pounds and five feet 6½ inches.

Alfred Knapp, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—I find it most difficut to do any good work at infighting. What would you suggest to correct this?

A.—Get from THE RING Book Shop a copy of "The Art of Infighting," by Frank Klaud, a great fighter in his day. His advice is well worth while for any boxer, beginner or veteran.

Harry Jamison, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Q.—I have studied carefully "How to Train" and "How to Box," two great books by Nat Fleischer which were first recommended to me by my cousin, a member of the Naval Academy at Annapolis where they are used as text books. I have learned considerably from these and a few weeks ago I won the championship of my school in the welterweight division. However, I can't use a straight left with effect. What remedy would you suggest?

A.—The best thing is to study Jimmy Wilde's fine book, "The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It." Get it from The Ring Book Shop.

Matthew Hambinger, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—I like wrestling and take it up at school. What books would you advise me to buy from your book shop that would teach me, first, the rudiments and next, the scientific portion of the sport?

A.—For the rudiments I would advise, Gruehn's Wrestling, Gotch's Wrestling and Bothner's Wrestling. For the science, I would get Hackenschmidt's Science of Wrestling, the best on the market, and Liederman's Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu.

Eleanor Hampden, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Did the Sullivan-Mitchell and Sullivan-Corbett fights take place in this city. If so, when and what were the results?

A.—No. Sullivan fought Mitchell twice, once in New York, in Madison Square Garden in 1883, at which time Sullivan won in three rounds and then they fought again a 39-round draw at Chantilly, France, March 10, 1888. Sullivan fought Corbett at New Orleans, September 7, 1892, Corbett winning in the 21st round by a knockout.

The big Jacksonville fight was between Mitchell and Corbett, January 25, 1894, Mitchell being knocked out in the third.

Myron Thisleton, London, Ont.

Q.—Was Tommy Burns a Canadian or an American? Was he ever given international recognition as the heavyweight champion?

A.—Canadian born. By all means. He certainly was the champion.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of April saw one world's champion go down to defeat through a technical knockout when Tommy Freeman was forced to stop in the twelfth round due to a badly cut eye with Young Jack Thompson; Jack Kid Berg defended his junior-welterweight crown against Billy Wallace in Detroit while Maxey Rosenbloom was beaten by Billy Jones in an overweight match and Benny Bass lost to Young Firpo in the same manner but came back to turn the tables on his conquerer a few weeks later.

Tommy Loughran came through with a meritorious victory over Tuffy Griffiths and Fidel La Barba surprised by his clean-cut victory over Kid Francis. Those were about the most outstanding events of the month which saw plenty of excitement in all the divisions, with the possible exception of the flyweight, which needs enlivening.

Tommy Loughran leads the list in the most important heavyweight victories with his triumph over Tuffy Griffiths. Ernie Schaaf scored over Paul Pantaleo. Johnny Risko was beaten by John Schwake and Stanley Poreda came back to score victories over Tom Heeney and King Levinsky. Levinsky bested Con O'Kelly. Larry Johnson outpointed Paul Cavalier. Jack Dorval disposed of Dick Daniels in four rounds while Pierre Charles whipped Frankie Simms.

Jimmy Braddock triumphed over Jack Kelly. Max Baer kayoed Ernie Owens in the second round. Arthur De Kuh whipped Babe Hunt. Hein Mueller scored over Maurice Griselle in Germany. Joe Doctor kayoed Jimmy Dorsey in two rounds but was beaten by Frank Cawley. Marty Fox kayoed Vinka Jakassa in the first session. Joe Sekyra knocked out Gene Stanton in two rounds and defeated Benny Touchstone. Stanton drew with Dave Knost.

Dewey Kimrey kayoed Dick Bain in four rounds and scored over Frankie Wine. Wine kayoed Jeff Carroll in seven rounds. Paul Swiderski disposed of Chuck Burns in three rounds and Pietro Corri six. Corri was also beaten by Ted Sandwina. Frank Morris defeated Red Boyette for the National Guard heavyweight title. Armand Emmanuel whipped Bad News Johnson. Add Warren kayoed John Parker in the eighth. Jack Renault whipped Pat Redmond who scored over Benny Edell. Walter Pickard kayoed Jack Kracken in three and Bud Doran in two rounds.

Billy Jones' defeat of Maxey Rosenbloom was the high spot of the month in the light-heavyweight ranks. Jimmy Slattery turned in a one-sided victory over Tom Heeney. Battling Bozo whipped Frankie Wine but was beaten by Lew Scozza. Joe Banovic defeated Bob Olin and Willard Dix. Dix stopped Willie Feldman in two rounds.

George Manley kayoed K. O. Christner and defeated Charley Belanger. Belanger whipped Art Weigand and drew with Rosy Rosales. Willie Oster kayoed Tait Littman in two rounds. Roy Wallace disposed of Cyclone Smith in one round. Paul Berlenbach is going through the process of another comeback. He disposed of Billy Henderson in one round and Eddie Clark in three heats.

Pete Latzo whipped Rattle Kitchline. Edgar Norman kayoed Harry Dillon in three rounds, drew and knocked out Harry Robarts in eight rounds. Tony Cancels outpointed Harols Scarney. Sam Weiss bested Doc Conrad. Matt Adgie kayoed Al Swelp in the first round.

Mickey Walker, middleweight leader, is still cha[illegible]ng the heavyweights. He scored over Bearcat Wright while Wright whipped Seal Harris. Ben Jeby kayoed Laddie Lee in five rounds. Tiger Thomas disposed of Johnny Pilc in three rounds. Dave Shade scored over Leo Larrivee while Leo defeated Jimmy Sullivan. Harry Smith kayoed Chief Wilbur in seven and Fred Lenhart in one round.

Gorilla Jones whipped Paul Pirrone and fought a no decision bout with Bucky Lawless which was too close to select a winner. Joe La Grey defeated Young Terry and Larry Marinucci. Roy Williams bested Chuck Burns. Jack McVey kayoed Nick Venore but was beaten by Indian Tiger West. Haakon Hansen was beaten by Frank Battaglia and Pete Suskey.

The welterweight title went crashing when Tommy Freeman was forced to call a halt in his bout with Young Jack Thompson. Johnny Indrisano scored over Tommy Rios. Leo Brouillard won from Canada Lee. Jackie Brady outpointed Young Harry Wills. Billy Townsend kayoed Mickey O'Neill in six rounds and defeated Joe Glick. Bucky Lawless won from Pete Suskey.

Johnny De Marco was kayoed by Charley Cobb in two rounds and Andy Di Vodi one. Di Vodi kayoed Sammy Jackson in the tenth round and was beaten by Paulie Walker. Walker was beaten by Battling Dozier who drew with Meyer Grace. Hans Mueller kayoed Artie De Luca in one round and Madison Dix in six.

Jack Berg defended the junior welterweight title against Billy Wallace and came through a clear winner. Manuel Quintero has been removed because he cannot make the 140 pounds limit. Tony Herrera defeated Hector McDonald. Steve Haliako kayoed Carmen Cook in one round. Sammy Mandell defeated Jose Estrada. Joey Goodman scored over Tommy Grogan. Ralph Lenny won over Jimmy McNamara, Pat Igo and kayoed Eddie Lord. Igo defeated Tony Loftus. McNamara scored over Eddie Elkins.

Solly Schwartz drew and defeated Andy Saviola. Eddie Guida outpointed Eddie Shapiro. Joe Trabon kayoed Roy Stevens in the fifth round.

Battling Battalino came through with a victory over Andy Martin but over the featherweight limit. Martin outpointed Benny Brostoff. Fidel La Barba took Kid Francis' position as ranking featherweight contender through his victory over the Kid. Freddy Miller scored over Johnny Farr and Tommy Paul. Paul turned in victories over Phil Zwick and Maurice Holtzer.

Bushy Graham disposed of Johnny Farr in eight rounds. Hymie Wiseman scored over Paul Dazzo. Johnny McMillan defeated and drew with Joe Scalfaro. Jackie Rodgers won over Johnny Datto but was beaten by Chico Cisneros. Pete Sarron kayoed Tony Peto in four rounds. Tracey Cox disposed of Kid Woods in one round. Pete De Grasse defeated Jimmy Batchelor, and Johnny Vacca twice.

Lew Feldman outpointed Fred Monte, Tony Morgano stopped Mike Mason and Johnny Erickson. Erickson scored over Johnny Brennan. Nel Tarleton defeated Ginger Jones. Teddy Baldock kayoed Gideon Potteau in two rounds. Sammy Gelber whipped Eddie Reed and Babe Manuel. Vernon Cormier outpointed Ralph McNaughton.

Al Brown is still travelling through Europe with the bantamweight title. During the month he defeated Jack Garland and scored knockouts over Simonde in three rounds and Douglas Parker

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

The following are my ratings for the month ending April 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Young Jack Thompson	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Billy Jones	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	Tony Herrera
2—Young Stribling	Jimmy Slattery	Ben Jeby	Jimmy McLarnin	Steve Haliako
3—Primo Carnera	Lew Scozza	Tiger Thomas	Jackie Fields	Sammy Mandell
4—Tommy Loughran	Harry Ebbets	Dave Shade	Johnny Indrisano	Joey Goodman
5—Ernie Schaaf	Joe Banovic	Harry Smith	Leo Brouillard	Ralph Lenny
6—Tuffy Griffiths	Bob Olin	Gorilla Jones	Baby Joe Gans	Mickey Cohen
7—Paulino Uzcudun	George Manley	Leo Larrivee	Billy Townsend	Tommy Grogan
8—Charley Retzlaff	Rosey Rosales	Joe La Grey	Jackie Brady	Eddie Kid Wolfe
9—Stanley Poreda	Charley Belanger	Young Terry	Bucky Lawless	Joe Glick
10—Larry Johnson	Pete Latzo	Roy Williams	Paul Pirrone	Solly Schwartz

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Roger Bernard	Fidel La Barba	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Harry Blitman	Kid Francis	Pete Sanstol	Frankie Genaro
3—Sammy Fuller	Al Foreman	Eddie Shea	Newsboy Brown	Victor Ferrand
4—Justo Suarez	Lew Massey	Kid Chocolate	Vidal Gregario	Art Giroux
5—Louis Kid Kaplan	Johnny Farr	Earl Mastro	Archie Bell	Steve Rocco
6—Andy Callahan	Santiago Zorilla	Freddy Miller	Willie Davies	Phil Tobias
7—Wesley Ramey	Mike Dundee	Tommy Paul	Domencio Bernasconi	Speedy Dado
8—Ray Miller	Maurice Holtzer	Bushy Graham	Harry Fierro	Marty Gold
9—Johnny Jadick	Davey Abad	Hymie Wiseman	Judy Zuniga	Ruby Bradley
10—Sammy Dorfman	Pete Nebo	Johnny McMillan	Johnny Pena	Johnny Sili

Danny Delmont bested Jimmy Lundy while Lundy won from Joe Lyss. Gaston Le Cadre drew with Fay Kosky and Art Feeser kayoed Billy Kennedy in the eighth.

Tony Canzoneri scored over Tommy Grogan in an overweight bout in Philadelphia. Billy Petrolle won over Lope Tenorio. Louis Kid Kaplan defeated Ralph Lenny and Eddie Lord. Wesley Ramey won from Maxie Strub and Herman Perlick. Andy Callahan scored two victories over Mickey Cohen in Denver.

Johnny Jadick and Davey Abad staged a no decision scrap in St. Louis with opinion divided as to the winner. Tod Morgan outpointed Ramon Ortega and Goldie Hess. Phil Rafferty scored twice over Harry Carlton. Eddie Anderson defeated Joe Rivers and Steve Smith. Billy McMahon outpointed Matt Brock.

Benny Bass staged two thrilling scraps with Young Firpo but the junior lightweight title was not exposed. Bass lost the first and won the second engagement. Roger Bernard defeated Harry Dublinsky and Barney Ross. Dublinsky kayoed Benny Duke in five rounds. Harry Blitman kayoed Calvin Reed in three rounds.

Lew Massey defeated Ray Miller. Santiago Zorilla knocked out Claude Varner in eight rounds. Mike Dundee won over Billy Vaughn and Ritchie Mack. Leo Dazzo stopped Lud Abella in four and Young Johnny Brown in five rounds. Koli Kolo was beaten by Al Santora and Ray Meyers. Cannonball Eddie Martin won over Jackie Cohen. Rocco Vigna defeated Sid Silas. Johnny Gaito won from Jimmy Slavin. Battling Bulahan defeated Eddie Koppy and Frankie Lazzeri outpointed Eddie Palmer.

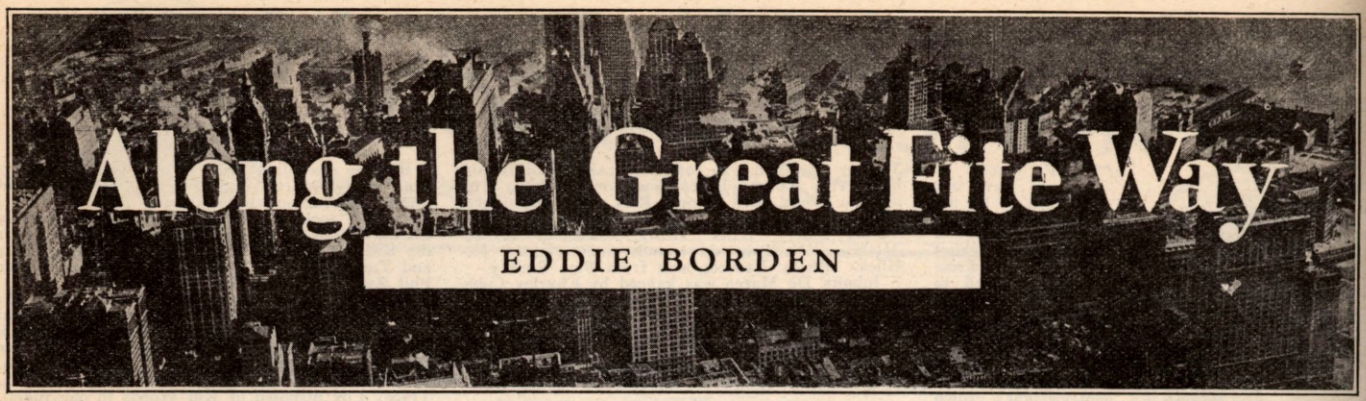
in eleven. Pete Sanstol defeated Bobby Leitham. Newsboy Brown won over Raymond Montoya. Johnny Peters scored over Pee Wee Wilson but was beaten by Vidal Gregario.

Judy Zuniga defeated Speedy Dado on the Coast. Johnny Pena scored over Art Chapdelaine, Bobby Bonnetti and Pete Herman. Solly Schuman won over Juan Cruz while Cruz whipped Bill Carpinelli. George Nate and Pee Wee Gale fought a draw. Mickey Cohen won over Joey Ross while Ross whipped Ollie Bartlett. Peter Jackson won over Petey Hayes. Frankie Jarr defeated Franklyn Young. Mose Butch won over Frisco Grande while Heinie Hart defeated Benny Tressito and drew with Lew Franklin.

Not much activity in the flyweight class. Midget Wolgast went out of his class and defeated Archie Bell. Frankie Genaro and Victor Ferrand battled to a draw. Speedy Dado whipped Chato Loredo and kayoed Salvatore Luavano in the first round. Ruby Bradley defeated Jackie Harmon. Antol Kocsis whipped Freddy Lattanzio and Frankie McPoland.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Harry Liebowitz, Montreal, Canada.
Bantamweight—Kid Farlo, London, England.
Featherweight—Louis Di Santis, Cleveland, Ohio.
Junior-lightweight—Ernie Ratner, Newark, N. J.
Lightweight, Johnny Toye, Bayonne, N. J.
Junior-welterweight—Bobby Ruffalo, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Welterweight—Millio Militti, Omaha, Nebr.
Middleweight, Bob O'Signac, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Light-heavyweight—Bob Godwin, Moultrie, Ga.
Heavyweight—Dewey Kimrey, Norwood, N. C.



Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

ANOTHER championship was returned to its former owner when Young Jack Thompson stopped Tommy Freeman in the eleventh round of their fifteen-round bout at the Public Auditorium of Cleveland. Freeman was unable to come up for the twelfth session after suffering a badly cut eye and his seconds refused to allow him to come out of his corner. Freeman suffered the same fate in his bout with Joe Dundee several years ago when both were headline contenders for the welterweight crown at that time held by Walker. Tommy received a badly damaged lip and could not come out for the fifth.

Freeman had a very short reign as a titleholder. He suffered an attack of influenza immediately after winning the title from Thompson and remained on the sidelines for several months. He engaged in a bout of minor consequence and the return go with Thompson was his first major engagement.

Thompson will have plenty of competition facing him. There is Young Corbett, Jackie Fields and Jimmy McLarnin as the most serious rivals for his crown and if Jack gets busy and keeps his title open for competition he would help to revive the waning interest in boxing.

Al Singer's contract was purchased from Hymie Caplin for the reputed sum of $15,000 after both Singer and Caplin engaged in an impromptu battle in Tom McArdle's office for which no admission was charged.

Max Boo Boo Hoff, who claims to have managed twelve southpaws during his career as manager, has another worthy portsider who looks like a worthy successor to Lew Tendler, as a southpaw, par excellence. Tony Morgano is the youngster in question, is 18 years of age and appears to have every requisite for future greatness. He can punch with either hand and knows how to box equally well.

William Carey, President of the Garden Corporation, made an excellent move when he selected a junior matchmaker to stage cheap shows in the Garden for the summer months. Prices to range from fifty cents to dollar and a half for the ringside cheaps. Hugh Martin, of Miami, was brought here for the purpose of developing new talent through the medium of the Garden and if Mr. Martin has the ability of carrying out the object of Mr. Carey's plans, it will aid considerably in bringing about some new faces for the edification of the boxing fan.

Plans have been made to bring to New York every new prospect that appears on the horizon regardless of his location and if that system can be regulated fairly it will be a big boom for boxing.

Tommy Loughran once again gave a superb exhibition of boxing when he outpointed Tuffy Griffiths at the Chicago Stadium. Loughran gives every indication of being finished but has extraordinary courage and a keen fighting brain that carries him through to victory over rivals who seemingly have all possible advantages over him.

Pierre Charles, plucky Belgian, was dropped in the first round of his bout with Frankie Simms in Cleveland and the count of seven was finished when the bell rang. Gus Wilson revived him with consummate skill and carried him through to a victory, although Charles injured his right hand in the sixth round.

Something to marvel at is how Bushy Graham was able to floor Johnny Farr eight times and eventually stop him in their bout at Columbus. Farr is rugged enough to assimilate punishment from heavyweights and it's a complete mystery how Bushy ever turned the seemingly impossible task of stopping Johnny Farr.

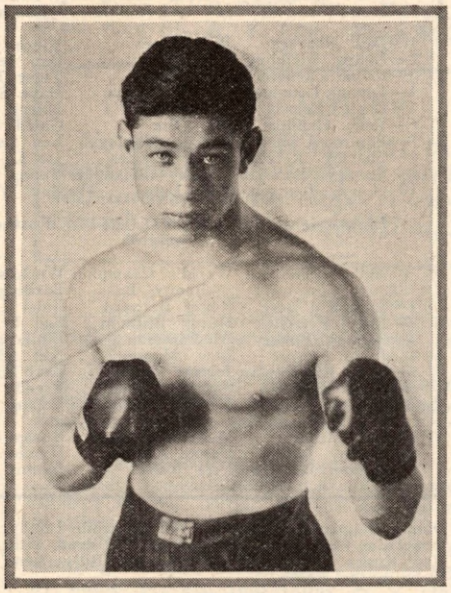
Justo Suarez is coming back to New York very shortly and wants to renew his campaign for a crack at the lightweight crown. Suarez has an abundance of color and will be a valuable asset around here this summer.

Tom McHugh of Kansas City sends along a lengthy letter disputing the claims of Fred Sady that Milwaukee had the best amateur boxing team turned out of any city. The Kansas City Heart of America boxers has beaten the Milwaukee team three times in succession and this year's victory was scored with five victories to one defeat. Jack Daniels, heavyweight, Jess Freeman, lightweight, and Johnny Franks, bantam, are the outstanding boys who made the victory possible.

Henny Andrews claims a victory for Bucky Lawless over Gorilla Jones when they clashed in Akron a short time ago in a no decision bout. The bout was called a draw in the Akron papers but Henny is modest enough to claim that that was sufficient proof of a moral victory for Lawless.

Jerry Pelton, who left New York some time with a dilapidated fliver and some good intentions, has settled on the Pacific Coast and appears to have a splendid youngster in Judy Zuniga who came through with a victory over Speedy Dado a few weeks ago. Zuniga scored a knockdown and won the praise of the Coast critics who see in him one of the best Mexican boys to have flashed along in recent years. Jerry sends greetings to his eastern friends and promises to have a champion soon.

Joe Sanders handled Al Rowe to five straight victories and one draw in Miami this past winter and would like to get him started around the North. Rowe made several appearances in the Garden and never turned in a bad fight, in spite of his enormous height and frail appearance. Rowe is a lightweight.



Sid Silas, young promising East Side lightweight, of New York

The most astonishing upset recorded in many years was the clean cut manner in which Tony Canzoneri successfully defended his lightweight crown against the onslaughts of Jack Kid Berg, British aspirant. It seemed a foregone conclusion in many quarters that Berg would be returned the winner but Canzoneri brought out the most brilliant display of fighting wizardry at his command and handled Berg easily from the beginning until he put over the finishing punch—a sharp right hook that landed with crashing force. It was a stunning surprise and one that will not be forgotten for some time to come.

An odd ruling in Pennsylvania which gives the referee more power in his vote than that of the judges deprived Phil Zwick of a draw with Tommy Paul in Philly. One Judge awarded the bout to Zwick, another called it even but the referee's choice went to Paul and Tommy won the official award.

Lew Raymond has altered his plans about stepping into the St. Nicholas Rink and at present is making matches for the Columbus Sporting Club of Yonkers with Harry Bloomfield acting as the bankroll man . . . Joe McKenna has left the Lenox Sport Club to make matches or the Bronx Coliseum . . . Hans Mueller, German welterweight, is packing them in at the Ridgewood Grove . . . Mueller has flattened his last two opponents . . Pat Redmond, Irish Giant, is another huge attraction for the Grove patrons—Tony Martello and Jess McMahon are combined in running Prospect Hall and the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn . . . Izzy Caplin, brother of Hymie, runs the St. Nicks . . . John Jennings and Sam Cohen are running rival shows in Jersey City . . . Jennings at the Oakland A. A. and Cohen at the Hollywood Arena.

Jeff Dickson, American boxing impresario in Europe, has opened up an elaborate bar in Paris which outranks all other rival institutions there . . . "Society" Kid Hogan wired Damon Runyon to come to Chicago as his guest for the dinner tendered in honor of Nate Lewis and sent the wire "collect." . . . Frank Flournoy, originally identified with the promotion of the Willard-Dempsey tilt in Toledo, is now managing Stanley Poreda . . . "Boston" Tony Polozola is handling Eddie Guida, Harlem lightweight . . . Ned Brown, formerly of the Morning World, conducts a boxing column in the Sunday Enquirer . . . Frank Casale is once again managing Johnny Felucci—Dominick Petrone . . . is making Pittsburgh his home.

Cleveland is over-run with a group of small clubs staging weekly shows and the town is over-flooded with boxing contests . . . Eddie Mead has the best location in Gray's Armory and is planning some excellent shows . . . Charley Bennett has a corking prospect in Packy Lynch, West Side lightweight . . . Plenty of New Yorkers motored to Chicago to witness the Berg-Canzoneri scrap . . . They were well rewarded for their efforts . . . That Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids is sure to make his mark in the lightweight class. He is only a youngster and has an abundance of class.

Freddy Amann, brother of the Ring's Cincinnati representative, is a corking cartoonist. He makes a specialty of drawing action photos of boxers . . . Barney Wheatman handled Phil Zwick for his bout in Philly with Tommy Paul . . . There is a strong possibility of Eddie Mead hooking up with Paul Hamilton as partners around Cleveland . . . Mose Donley and Barney Wheatman are strong boosters of Johnny Datto, hard socking Philipino from Cleveland . . . Young Johnny Brown of England is keeping busy around New York and fighting every other week.

Luis Gutierrez has taken over the management of Vittorio Campolo and expects to bring the lanky South American right in the midst of the heavyweight muddle . . . John Buckley, while on the Coast with Dick Daniels, brought back Al Morro, who started as Jim Jeffries' protege . . .

Louis Di Santis, former National amateur champion, has turned in thirteen straight kayo victories around Cleveland in the pro ranks . . . Stillman's Gymnasium will be moved over to 57th St. in the building formerly occupied by the Y. M. C. A. Improvements have been made that will make it stand out as one of the most thoroughly equipped gyms in the country.

Harry Blitman turned in another kayo when he stopped Calvin Reed in three rounds at Atlantic City . . . Luis Gutierrez claims to have the greatest stable of boxers under his management . . . Nick Florio is assisting Gutierrez with his duties . . . They are handling Campolo, Chocolate, Baby Joe Gans, Canada Lee, Ignacio Ara, Vidal Gregario, Black Bill and Mateo Osa.

Phil Glassman has a likely looking prospect in Lew Hardcastle, classy Atlantic City featherweight . . . Billy Wallace has moved to Cleveland and in the future his bouts will be booked from that vicinity . . . Lew Stillman, owner of Stillman's Gym, in spite of his apparent hardness, is like an angel when his two babies are mentioned in general conversation . . . Buck Fleming, former Philly featherweight, is handling Lou Kaplan, crack Philly middleweight prospect . . . Joe Glick and Mack Green, his shadow, have returned from the Coast.

"Peanuts" Schieberl is now making his headquarters in Davenport, Iowa, and has his Paddy Jaaske going very good again after an appendicitis operation . . . Sonny Barry is still around in the role of Maxey Rosenbloom's secretary . . . Eddie Harvey is now managing Lew Farber, New York bantam, relieving Nat Rogers of that duty.

Jack Lewis is around booming the stock of Frankie Puccio, former amateur star from Connecticut . . . Paulino Uzcudun has deserted the Pacific Coast and is scheduled to tackle Jim Maloney in the Garden . . . Joe Glaser wired Tom McArdle that Eddie Shea would fight Battling Battalino for expenses only in the Garden . . . In spite of the magnanimous offer, it will probably be refused . . . Johnny Gaito, former amateur star from Yonkers, added considerably to his prestige when he banged out a victory over Jimmy Slavin

. . . Ray Alvis is handling over fifty boys and is a rival to Heinz and his 58 varieties.

Anthony Petronella, Providence Ring correspondent, has been appointed Sports Editor of the Providence Telegram . . . Doc Snell is now promoting boxing and wrestling shows at Wenatchee, Wash. . . . Joe Waterman claims that there is no such thing as depression in Seattle where boxing is enjoying a great run of prosperity . . . Tom Gallery, Hollywood matchmaker, was a week's visitor around New York, and expects to run some big shows this summer in L. A.

HUDSON CO. AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

JOHNNY GAITO, of Yonkers, gave Jimmy Slavin, popular featherweight of New York, a nice surprise in handing him a ten-round beating at the Oakland Arena, in Jersey City. Slavin, entering the ring a favorite, could not fathom Gaito's attack until the ninth round, which was to late to overcome the early lead piled up by the Yonkers youngster.

In one of the most thrilling encounters ever seen in the local rings, Frankie Carltin, of Jersey City, eked out a ten-round decision over Joie Caprino, also of Jersey City. Both boys slugged the entire route.

Johnny Toye, socking southpaw of Bayonne, beat Harry Mosco, of Silver Lake, in ten rounds at the Hollywood Sporting Club, in Bayonne. Toye floored his opponent twice, and also proved that he is ready to give any of the local lightweights a battle. A lot will be heard of this youngster.

In the six-round semi-final, Buckey Keyes, of Jersey City, got the nod over Mickey Kelleher, of Bayonne, while Johnny Pompey, of Jersey City, decisioned Meyer Rowan, of Bayonne, in another six-rounder.

Freddie Polo, of Belleville, knocked out Emi Giusto, of Brooklyn, in the second round at the Laurel Garden, in Newark. Giusto, a substitute for Paul Gallotta, was down four times.

Pete August, of Newark, knocked out Cannon Cote, of Brooklyn, in the sixth round, while Mickey Marino, of New York, won over Babe Marshall, of Newark, in an "eight", and Bob Lavery, former amateur star, halted Augustine Santano, of Newark in the first round.

Nicky Williams, of Jersey City, pounded out a six-round decision over Humberto Curi, of South America, at Moose Hall, in Elizabeth. Williams was the aggressor throughout.

Benny Gualano, of Patterson, battled six sizzling rounds to a draw with Len Harmon, of Belleville, and Joe Cook, of Newark defeated Adam Ransky, of Bayonne, in a four-rounder.

Frankie Stetson, of California, who scored wins over such stars as Joie Glick, and Tod Morgan, crashed into the local limelight by outscoring Tony Lambert, of Newark, in ten hectic rounds at the Laurel Garden in Newark.

Moe Fischer, classy lightweight of Newark, scored a clean-cut victory over Tony Petronzio, of Newark, in the ten-round semi-final. Fighting the first time in seven months, Petronzio was in no shape to take Fischer's two fisted body attack.

Willie Eason, of Harrison, was knocked out in the first round by Vic Burrone, of Newark, of a scheduled six-rounder, while Johnny Litt scored three knockdowns in winning over Mickey Moran.

Phil Rafferty, of West New York, made a fast finish to nose out Harry Carlton, of Jersey City, in the feature contest at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City.

Allie Todscio, of Jersey City, scored a sensational knockout over Charlie Roberts, of Newark, in the third round. Allie had things his own way until the third round when he send over a crashing right hander to the pit of the stomach sending Roberts down for the full count.

Freddie Caruso, of Hoboken, lost a six-round decision to Don Rizzo, of Bayonne.

Joie Costa, of Jersey City, fought ten furious rounds to a draw with Herman Follins, of Newark, before a record crowd at the Hollywood Arena, in Bayonne. Both boys staged a whirlwind finish slugging toe to toe until the final bell. It was one of the best fights staged locally.

In the eight-round semi-final, Al Santora, of Jersey City, scored a great win in scoring over Koli Kolo, clever Porto Rican. Santora had the colored lad set for the cleaners in the second round when he staggered him with well timed rights to the chin, but failed to press his advantage.

Al Ridgway, popular lightweight from Union City, will soon be on the war path again now that he has made up with his manager, Harry Lenny. Both manager and fighter had a misunderstanding after the Kid Chocolate fight, and both have decided to let bygones be bygones, and start anew.

Frankie Sullivan, of Bayonne disposed of Charlie Edwards, of Newark in the first round. Edwards was down twice for no-counts before taking the final rap.

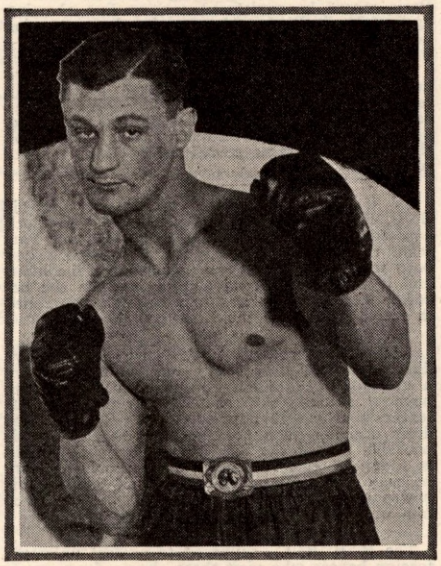
Al Diamond, of Paterson was awarded the referee's decision over Alf Ross, of Spain, at the Paterson Armory.

Charley Krauchi, of Switzerland, scored a technical knockout over Nick Williams of Jersey City. Williams was way in front when he could not answer the bell for the sixth round due to a nose injury.

Harry Carlton, subbing for his brother Frankie, scored an easy win over Teddy Watson, pugnacious Pole from Jersey City, in the steller attraction at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Harry carried too many guns for Watson.

Al Paladino, of New York, won from Nic Williams, in the ten-round semi-final, both boys came out in strictly business-like fashion at the opening gong and thereafter kept throwing punches, almost all of which landed. How they stood up under the mutual bombardment was mystifying for neither bothered much about defensive tactics, the idea being to hit or get hit. After every round, the fans cheered wildly.

Freddie Polo, of Belleville, went down to defeat before the clever boxing of Pete August, formerly of Bridgeport, but now of Newark, at the Laurel Garden in Newark. August was too clever for Polo.



Al Diamond, Paterson's rugged welterweight

Would you like to know that: Johnny Toye from Bayonne is a great socking prospect in the lightweight division. . . . Joey Costa has had his tonsils removed, and will spend the next few weeks in Lakewood. . . . Harry Carlton can sure scrap when he is in the proper shape. . . . Jack Jennings will soon start the outdoor season at the open air Oakland. . . . And Sam Cohen at the Bayonne Stadium. . . . Joey Costa is going to get his first "shot" at the Garden. . . . Tony Melore has quit the "racket". . . . Lew Brown, popular manager from New York sure took Frankie Carlton along swell, from a preliminary fighter to a star bout fighter in a year's time. . . . Al Bonacarti has a fine stable of scrappers; all great club fighters, and all out of town fighters, should look him up if they are looking for work. . . . Stanley Poreda will soon be back in action after a much-needed rest. . . . Frankie Sullivan, heavyweight from Bayonne can sure punch. . . . A match that would draw a record house is one between James J. Braddock and Stanley Poreda, what a fight and what a house.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY, Trenton's contender for middleweight honors, stepped one notch nearer that goal when he decisively defeated Vincent Sireci, the Yorkville slugger in ten rounds in Madison Square Garden only to be whipped in the next fight by Joey LaGrey, middleweight champion of New York Armories. In that bout Terry lost the decision but gained more prestige due to his willingness to make a fight. Terry will do, is the verdict of New York critics.

Joe Sharkey, of Benton Harbor, scored his second victory since his stay in Trenton. This time the victim was Joey Kuhns of Reading. Sharkey won by a technical knockout in the ninth round when Referee Joe Reno stopped the bout to save Kuhns.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welterweight contender, won a bitter grudge fight from Andy Divodi, of New York, in a ten-round rematch at Los Angeles. Referee Abe Roth gave Walker the decision on the strength of four knockdowns. The question of fouls, which terminated the previous match in the fourth round in Divodi's favor cropped up repeatedly. Referee Roth stated that the blows in question were right in the pit of the stomach.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton bantamweight contender, is going like a house afire. Brennan has developed a knockout punch. His last three opponents were put to sleep in short order. He stopped Willie LaMorte in five heats at Trenton, Mickey Barren in two at Syracuse, and Buster Nadeau in five at Holyoke. In this bout with Nadeau, Brennan received a cut over the eye, the first in his five years of fighting.

Frankie Fratto, of Trenton, stepped out in faster company than he has been accustomed to and was doing quite well when Eddie Marks, of Perth Amboy, landed a vicious left hook to the eye. This happened in the sixth round, and in the seventh the optic closed tighter than a drum. Reno then awarded the bout to Marks.

George Levy won over Meyer Goss in a six-round bout. Levy's cleaner and harder blows won for him.

Young Harry Wills took a punch in the mouth in the second and went down in a heap and was counted out. Tommy Girard did the punching. Both boys are of Trenton.

Fritz Schmeling, of Princeton, and Young Skike, of Trenton, put on a great slugging bee for six rounds. Both boys scored two knockdowns and the bout was a draw.

Joe Reno, boxing instructor at Bucknell University, was back home for holidays. He was sitting with yours truly at the arena waiting for the show to start when Promoter Cliff Smith came up to him and asked him if he would act as referee as the referee that was booked did not make his appearance. Reno consented and did a very good job.

SOUTH JERSEY NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

HARRY BLITMAN knocked out Calvin Reed at the Northside in Atlantic City in three rounds. Pete Pantaleo knocked out Hughey Civatte in seven rounds in the semi-final before a soldout house. Blitman seems to sell out every time he shows in Atlantic City.

Midget Fox defeated Danny Fitzerald in Millville for the second time. He also defeated Rosey Stoy at the Broadway in Philadelphia.

Big Boy Perry, light-heavy, defeated Jim Tunney in Millville. Eddie Provost drew with Tony Fedele. Vince Giudici stopped Byddy Burke in the seventh round on the same show, due to a cut eye.

Al Trainor defeated Gene Buffalo in Atlantic City and knocked out Pete Shedrick at the Arena in Philadelphia.

The Open Air Season will soon be under way in South Jersey—Atlantic City, Millville, Egg Harbor and Hammonton have already announced their intention to run.

Harry Blitman and Midget Fox would be a sure sellout at Joe Miller's Atlantic City arena. Fox gave Blitman a great fight last summer and licked Rosey Stoy in his last start.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

BOXING experienced another dull month in Western Rhode Island during April. Throughout the state there was a lull in the game, and Providence, the center of the state's fistic activities, had only one show.

Although they are doing no battling, the local scrappers are keeping in fine shape and most of them have been working out daily. The local outdoor season is expected to get under way sometime this month, with Westerly boys featuring in the initial show.

Young Comforte, who boxed a little during the past winter, is turning his attention to baseball. Despite the fact the youngster weighs but 118 pounds, he is one of the best outfielders and batters in southern Rhode Island.

The St. Michaels K. of C., which built an outdoor arena and has been staging fights there for the past four years, plans to rent the boxing plant this summer.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

JOHNNY PETERS, Battersea's 'Bonny Battling Bantam,' does not appear to have been working any 'overtime' since he set foot on America's shores. Up to the time of writing he has engaged in only three contests but he has succeeded in trouncing each of his opponents, and in doing so he has clearly shown the quality of the 'bricks and mortar' from which he is built. Are the American boys shy or merely tactful? It looks as if they believe that Peters 'pays all.'

It looks as if the dream that Len Harvey once had of sitting in the opposite corner to Mickey Walker within the hempen square, has been badly shattered and perhaps it is as well, because if the pair did oppose each other, Michael could not help being very 'rude' to our Leonard. For Harvey's third 'try' an unknown to us, was selected for 'slaughter' but Len appears to have got the shock of his life because this Ben Jeby turned out to be a 'rose with thorns'. Well, it's an ill-wind that blows somebody some good and Jeby should now be able to get into the big money.

Johnny Best of Liverpool picked up on a rare treat for his patrons on the eve of the Grand National Steeplechase when he paired Nel Tarleton and Ginger Jones, the Welsh feather champion, as his top-liner at his temporary home at New Brighton. From the moment the boys set off on their 15-round journey there was only one in it, and that was not the Welsh title holder. Tarleton boxed and fought as he had never done before and to the delight of a packed house, he ran out the easiest of easy winners, and so another champion of the principality met his Waterloo.

Many of the B. B. B. C. officials were in attendance at the Thorpe Street Drill Hall, Birmingham, to witness a couple of elimination bouts, for two of the British titles. In the bantams, Bill Lewis outpointed George Wallins over 15 rounds, and in the Fly-weight division Boy Edge, who some time ago soundly thrashed Bert Kirby, received the decision over Harry Connolly in another 15-round bout, but personally I thought Connolly won it.

Harry Corbett, the one and only legitimate contender for the British lightweight title, again demonstrated his superiority over Alf Howard, the Liverpool 'thunderbolt'. When the pair met some months ago, Howard was the official European lightweight champion and he suffered a K. O. at the hands of Corbett. Since that time Howard has gone up into the welter class and the pair met in a return. Corbett, lighter by 10 pounds galloped his way to a ridiculously easy victory on points. When in the featherweight division, Corbet invariably had to fight lightweights to keep his hand in, and since he moved up into the lightweight division he has had to oppose welters to keep the 'wolf' from his door. Any rate class will always tell and Harry keeps on 'telling'.

The eagerly anticipated fight for the Scottish middleweight championship was pulled off at Dundee, when Steve McCall, the holder, successfully retained his hold on the title by outpointing Sandy McKenzie over the 15-round journey. The chief supporting item on the programme was intended to be a 10-round 'dispute' between Jim McHarg, the clever little Scottish flyweight champion and Minty Rose, but this came to a summary conclusion in round three, when McHarg scored a technical K. O.

Gypsy Daniels, former cruiserweight champion, further emphasised the good form he showed when beating Don Shortland, by outpointing Jack Humbeck, the Belgian heavyweight champion, over 15 rounds at Hull.

Several of the Welsh title holders have been going through the 'hoop' recently. The latest to fall from his high estate was Jerry Daley, the Middles Champ of the Principality who suffered a points defeat at the hands of Jack Griffiths of Hastings at The Greenwich Baths, London.

Alf Mancini 'stuck' up another good win by scoring a K. O. over Bill Hood, of Plymouth, in round 6. The pair were meeting in Fred Austin's topliner at Paddington Baths, London.

Gordon Cook, Welsh lightweight champion, has suffered a severe set-back during the present month. At Smethwick he was K. O.'d in the 5th round by Len (Tiger) Smith, and at Birmingham, he was outpointed by Jim Learoyd in a 15-round contest.

Champions who lose titles do not often regain them, but Fred Morgan who lost his Welsh fly-weight title over a year ago, succeeded in regaining it by easily outpointing Len Beynon over 15 rounds at the latter's home town, Swansea, before a crowded audience.

Don Shortland, the young Sheffield heavy, must have extinguished any chance he may have had of participating in a title bout, after his latest showing against the veteran cruiser, Gipsy Daniels; the latter was the much lighter man when the pair appeared in the ring at Hull, and after clearly outpointing his opponent for the scheduled 15 rounds, Daniels was awarded the referee's verdict.

Dom Volante added another notch to his extensive list of victories when, after outpointing Harold Rotchford for a dozen rounds, he scored a K. O. in the following round.

At a charity performance at the Aston Hippodrome, Birmingham, Johnny Quill, the rising young London boxer stopped Peter Nolan, a recent 'Ring' Competition and Belt winner, in the seventh. At the same time, Harry Corbett outclassed Harry White over a dozen rounds.

At Pontypridd, Stan Jehu easily retained his hold on the Welsh bantam title by comfortably outpointing Cuthbert Taylor over 15 rounds. The loser has lately been showing excellent form in Paris where he registered a very fine showing against Emile Pladner, but on the above occasion he ran up against his master in Jehu.

The eagerly awaited return between the two heavies, Larry Gains and Charlie Smith duly took place at Leicester before a crowd that was estimated at 14,000. Gains put up what was probably his best performance since settling on these shores. Gains scored a K. O. in the 9th round.

As if to celebrate the taking out of his B. B. B. C. license for this year, Teddy Baldock succeeded in scoring a K. O. over Gideon Potteau, the Belgian bantam, in the second. They both weighed in at several pounds over the limit, and it was their second meeting. Upon the occasion nearly two years ago Baldock triumphed in round eleven by the K. O. route.

Johnny Cuthbert, whom the scribes are always dubbing as the ever ready and 'willing to have a go' battler, does not appear at all anxious to have a second 'cut' at Nel Tarleton for the feather's title. Johnny was lucky to get that draw decision upon the first meeting, and it is probable that if the Sheffielder 'hangs the latch' in fixing up this return with Liverpool's Nelson, he may wake up one morning and read in his newspaper that the B. B. B. C. has deprived him of his title.

The B. B. B. C., supposed to protect unknown foreign boxers who visit these shores, from meeting British boxers who would prove too much for them, rushed in hot-foot to get a permit for Al Brown to 'crucify' Billy Farrell. Farrell was recently defeated by 'old' Kid Socks and easily outpointed by George Wallins. The game is in a feeble state here just now, without staging these 'one horse' races and they serve no useful purpose. I would like to see the Panama boxer in opposition to say, Johnny Guthbert, Nel Tarleton, Dom Volante, Seaman Watson or Ginger Jones—any one of this nap hand would show the 'cullod gemmen' that victories must be fought for and not cake-walked.

Subsequent to his mill with Billy Farrell, Al Brown was opposed by Douglas Parker over what was supposed to be a 15-round bout. Parker succeeded in keeping him busy until the 11th round when the Negro connected with a K. O.

At Pontypridd a contest was staged for the Welsh middleweight championship, the contestants being Jerry Daley, the holder, and Glen Moody, the local man. The bout went the scheduled 15-rounds with Moody winning the title.

Jim Winters, Scottish welter champion, scored a comfortable points victory over Pat O'Connor at the St. Mary Street Hall in Edinburgh.

Fred Austin in conjunction with his clever matchmaker, Jack King, staged a hectic bout at the Vale Hall Kilburn, with George Rose facing Billy Bird, two welters who figure high in the ratings over here. The bout went the scheduled 15-rounds and resulted in a points verdict being awarded to Rose.

LONDON

At The Ring—Fred Bebbington beat Bud Walley on points over 15 rounds. Jack Donn stopped Fred Green in six rounds. Ted Mason outpointed Jack Taylor in 15 rounds. Tommy Little and Joe Bull boxed a very good 15-round draw. Joe Blake beat Harry Johnson in 12 rounds. Jack Connell defeated Fred Bebbington in 15 rounds, and Jerry Delaney drew with Harry Vaughan in a dozen round bout.

At Edmonton—Haydn Williams just managed to 'limp' home in a 15-round bout with Henri Ferrett, (France). Lucien Le Long, (France), scored a surprising victory over Archie Sexton in 15 rounds. Haydn Williams stopped Eugene Mercia in the eighth.

At The N. S. C.—Jack Delaney comfortably outpointed Red Pullen in a dozen round bout. Bert Taylor cleverly beat Selwyn Davies in 12 rounds. Harry Jennings defeated Jerry Delaney in a hard 15-round bout.

At Holborn Stadium—Seaman Read outpointed Jack Delaney over a dozen rounds. Billy Reynolds stopped Arthur Lloyd in the ninth round and Billy Jones beat Buck Dryden in a very exciting 12-round contest.

At Paddington Baths—Fred Webster, the ex-lightweight champion, comfortably outpointed Camile Desmet over 15 rounds. Joe Blake K. O.'d Pat Cassidy in the sixth. Alf Mancini K. O.'d Bill Hood in the sixth, and Alan Perry beat Fred Green on points in 12 rounds.

At Kilburn—Billy Bird stopped Alec Thake in the 14th. Billy Reynolds stopped Tommy Parrish in the ninth. Fred Chandler stopped Jack Wright in the fifth. Fred Webster beat Harry Fenn in 15 rounds.

At Plumstead—Charlie Chew won a hard points decision over Dick Stubbings. Joe Davis stopped Sid Amer in the eighth. Teddy Walsh and Curley Merritt boxed a draw.

At Greenwich Baths—Fred Bullions K. O.'d Aine Gyde in the ninth. Jack Griffiths outpointed Jerry Daley, the middleweight champion of Wales, in a 12-rounder.

At New Brighton—Promoter Johnny Best—Dick Burke stopped Marcel Pethier in the ninth. Cyclone Over stopped Jimmy Taylor in the sixth. Alan Perry stopped Frank Price in the fifth. Jack Mallon stopped Benny McGhee in the third. Alan Perry stopped Charlie Tonner in the fifth round.

At Manchester—Douglas Parker outpointed Kid Nicholson in the fifth. Bob Rimmer outpointed Al Miller in a 15-rounder. Jack Hudson stopped George Buckley in the fifth.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne—Jack Casey stopped George Willis in the 10th. Danny Veitch outpointed Stanley Booth. George Rose stopped George Willis in nine rounds. Charlie Parker outpointed Norman Dale. Benny Sharkey beat Tom Cowley.

At Leeds—Eddie Donoghue outpointed Nipper Cooper. Harry Pye K. O.'d Nick Melia in the 5th. Jack Casey K. O.'d Jack O'Brien in the third. Jim Learoyd stopped Al Kenny in the ninth.

At West Bromwich—Ashton Jones stopped Albert Law in three rounds. George Williams outpointed Jerry Delaney in 10 rounds. Tom Cartwright K. O.'d Ashton Jones in the fifth. Alby John K. O.'d George Hadley in the third. Boy Edge easily outpointed Nipper McFarlane.

At Birmingham—Jim Learoyd outpointed Gordon Cook in 15 rounds. Tommy Marren beat Ernie Plant and Billy Besson and Bert Sales boxed a 10-round draw.

At Smethwick—Dom Volante outpointed Harold Ratchford. George Aziz stopped Jim Jones in the ninth. Archie Woodbine clearly outpointed Terence Morgan and Jack Haynes scored over Ted Robinson.

At Plymouth—Jack Alder outpointed Bill Hood. Tommy O'Neill beat Harry Frolik in a 15-rounder on points and Jack Alder defeated Seaman Fraggott on points in a 15-round bout.

At Southampton—Roy Berrisford stopped Billy Jones in nine rounds. Dod Oldfield K. O.'d Tiger Ison in the second round. Albert Pipe stopped Fred Watts in eight rounds.

WELSH BOXING RESULTS

At Aberavon—Tom Benjamin and Bandy Jones boxed a 12-round draw. Charlie Hazel outpointed Wyndham Lewis in another 12 rounds.

At Bargoed—Kid Parr beat Jack Powell over the 12-round route on points.

At Blackwood—Young Jim Driscoll did well to win a points decision over the useful Ivor Jones in a dozen round contest.

At Toyrefail—Gwyn Thomas K. O.'d Idris Pugh in three rounds, and Haydn Rees stopped Harold Cooper in the second round of a 10-round bout.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

WORK on the remodelling of the Velodrome d'Hiver, which Jeff Dickson will open up as the Palace of Sport, in Paris, is going along in great shape, and all work on the reconstruction should be completed by the first of October. The main arena will seat over 20,000, but Dickson has plans made whereby if he only wishes a seating capacity for an entertainment calling for a crowd of four to five thousand, he can do so by having drop curtains descend from the roof of the building to space of such a sized hall.

Welterweight Wieser, of Germany defeated Vigneron, of France, in eight rounds on points. The bout was a very interesting affair. Both battlers fought hard and cleanly from start to finish.

Gene Alonzo, ex-champion light-heavyweight of France, went to a draw with the champion of Belgium, Gustava Limousin, at the Paris Ring. The bout attracted a good-sized audience.

One of the best of the European lightweights is Pietro Locatella, of Italy. In a recent bout held at the Salle Wagram, Paris, he received a point decision over the French champion, Henri Vuillamy, after twelve rounds of battling, which by the way was good, bad, and indifferent.

Locatella, if he had schooling in the American style of fighting, would develop into a great fighter. He is an extremely clever boxer and is game but he still lacks the aggressiveness required to make him a toup notcher. There is a great future for Locatella, if schooled properly.

The supporting bout to the Locatella-Vuillamy contest was between Alex Sandy, lightweight champion of Hungary, and M. Looten, who hails from the north of France. After ten rounds of hard, rapid fighting, the referee called the bout a draw, which means no decision. There is no such a thing as a draw, as we all know, or should know.

Seven French amateur champions sailed for the United States on April 29th, to meet the best of the simon-pure battlers of Chicago, after which they will perform in New York. The Chicago Tribune is financing the trip. All profits will go to charity.

At Copenhagen, the champion middleweight of Denmark, Hans Holdt, won over Leone Jacovacci, alias Jack Walker, by a knockout in the fourth.

The French heavyweight, Bouquillon, won a point victory over Baiguerra, of Italy, in a bout held at Gennes.

Gustave Roth, of Belgium, is the best welterweight in Europe. He holds the European championship. He is a real champion. Several offers have been made for him to go to the United States, but he has not given any of same much consideration.

The European welterweights of the present time are a fine lot. Taken as a class can hold their own with the best in the world.

Another good welterweight of Europe is Franta Nekolony, of Techeco-Slovaque. He is a natural born fighter, one of the fastest I have seen in the ring at any weight so far as Europe is concerned. He is one of the boring-in kind of battlers, on a style much like that of the English boy, Kid Berg.

Nekolony is considering an offer to box in the United States. He would sure make good. He needs a little trimming up yet in boxing skill. He is there with the gameness. He reminds me of Terry McGovern.

The greatest fight staged in Paris this season was a bantamweight contest between Eugene Huat, who is well known in New York, and the young French-Italian, Guy Bonaugure. The latter is a brother to Kid Francis who is now boxing in the States. The referee called the bout a draw.

The supporting bout to the Huat-Bonaugure contest had light-heavyweight Gandon and West-Moret. After ten hard-fought rounds the decision went to Gandon.

General Descamps, the former trainer of Georges Carpentier, keeps his heavyweight, Maurice Griselle, quite busy. Griselle has developed into a very good boxer good enough to face any of the present bunch of heavyweights.

The Belgium middleweight, Jack Etienne, defeated the British negro, Len Johnson, on points in fifteen-round contest in a bout held in Johnson's home town of Manchester. It was a big surprise to the English fans.

Young Perez, of France, an eighteen-year-old youngster, defeated the European bantamweight champion, Carlos Flix, of Spain, on points over the ten-round journey in a contest held at the Paris Ring, Paris.

Frankie Genaro is to become a jockey. Owing to the difficulty of his getting opponents, Frankie arranged to ride for a French stable. It might not be generally known, but before Frankie took to the boxing game, he had decided to take up riding for a profession.

The Central Sporting Club of Paris which is run by Philip Roth, keeps playing to big business. The club is known as the nursery of French boxers.

Benny Valgar, the French flash, fought an interesting ten-round contest at the Paris Ring against a youngster named Deckmyn. The decision given was a draw.

Innocenti Baiguerra, who is billed as the heavyweight champion of Italy, knocked out a French heavyweight by the name of Tricotteaux, in the second round at The Paris Ring.

At the same entertainment Miki Gelb, Hungarian featherweight, received a decision on points over Leo Hermal, of France.

Heavyweight Hurricane Herzo, the Russian-French boxer, defeated the Belgian, Fernand Delarge, in a ten-round contest held at the Salle Wagram.

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK

By TERRY J. BATTLES

FOR the first time in close to a year, Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo fistic idol, was seen in action by the home town folks. As Slattery's opponent, Charley Murray, Buffalo matchmaker, selected Tom Heeney. Heeney was made to order for the Bison speed merchant, who hooked, jabbed, and danced in and out of Tom's way. Slattery weighed 168½ lbs; Heeney, 207.

Joe Doctor, of Buffalo, was given an unpopular decision over Primo Ubaldo of Italy, in six rounds. Pete George, Harry McCoy's lightheavy who looks better and better with every bout, fought a great battle to win the verdict over Willie Lavin, in a rough and exciting six-rounder.

Ray Kellar, 186, Buffalo, stopped Nelson Atasanoff, 185, of Speculator, in the second round. Johnny Ciccione, 147½, of Schenectady, defeated Charley Spagnolo, 151, of Buffalo, six rounds. Heinie Pietsch, 150, Buffalo, defeated Charlie Harling, 142½, Buffalo, six rounds.

At Rochester, Paul Swidersky, of Syracuse, scored a technical knockout over Chuck Burns, of Akron, in the third round. Frisco Grande, Buffalo bantamweight won a six-round decision over Willie DeRenzo, of Albany. Mike Rago, 146, Rochester, defeated Johnny Baker, 146, of Rochester, 8 rounds. Joey Colbaugh, 149, Scranton, defeated Tommy Glennon, 150, Rochester, 8 rounds.

Tommy Timlin, who manages Tony Sciolino, seems rather downhearted these days. Sciolino, who was looked upon as a real find, was defeated in his last two starts, Danny Dempsey winning a six-round decision over Tony in Scranton, and a couple of weeks later, Sciolino dropped a close six-round bout to Jimmy Dean, Erie negro at Erie.

Bushy Graham, Utica jumping jack, put a stop to Yammie Katz's winning streak by stopping him in the sixth round at Rochester. In the eight-round semi-final, Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls puncher and Dominick Angelo, of Rochester, fought a hot draw.

Dan Rogers has taken over the management of Art Weigand, who is staging a comeback. As a starter Dan took Weigand to Toronto, and sent the Buffalo southpaw against Eddie Pavlick. Art proved that he is far from being all washed up, by handing Pavlick a neat licking.

At Rochester, a week after they had fought a furious, disputed eight-round draw, Harry Fuller and Dominick Angelo were rematched for a return fight. Harry hit Angelo's chin with one of his haymakers and Angelo was counted out.

TERRY BITS—Matchmaker Anse Carroll is still trying to bring back Larry Johnson to Buffalo for a return bout with Lou Scozza—Art Donovan is the newest fight manager in Buffalo—Bud Christiano and Al Rogers, former boxers who fought the best in their classes are now owners of a fruit stand in one of Buffalo's markets—Grant Quale offers $35,000 to Bat Battalino for a 15-round title bout with Tommy Paul—Jimmy Slattery looked like a million dollars against the slow moving Tom Heeney—Bert Hillier is promoting fights in St. Catharines.

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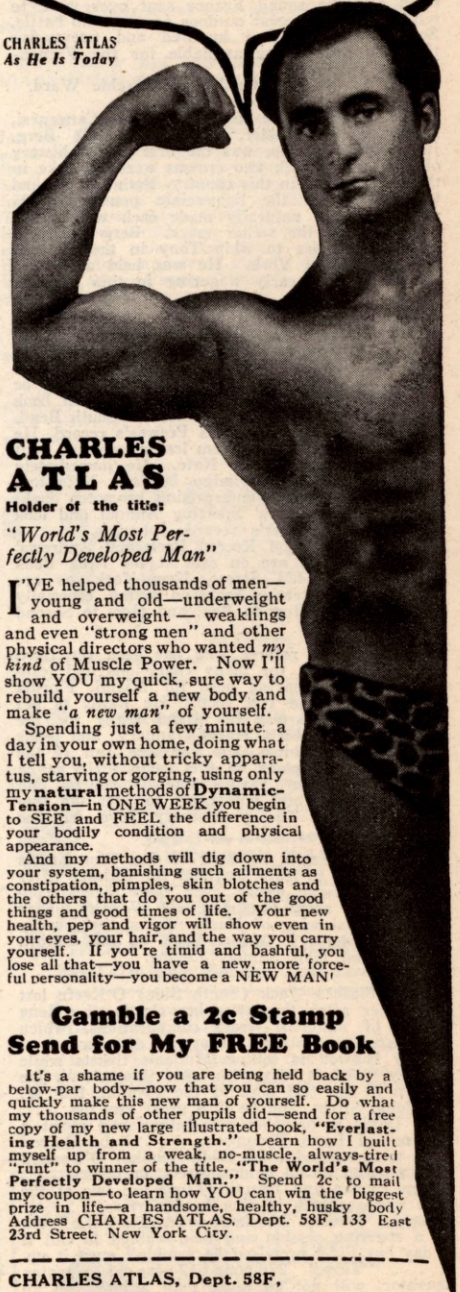

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In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

ARCHIE WARD and Paul Gallico, sports editors of the Chicago Tribune and New York Daily News, respectively, and their corps of assistants, have made the Golden Gloves competition the biggest amateur boxing exhibition ever held anywhere.

Twice this year Chicago's army of ringworms filled the Stadium for Golden Gloves bouts. Twenty-three thousand saw the finals of the local tournament while the same number looked on when the Chicago team easily defeated New York in the inter-city bouts. Thousands were unable to obtain tickets on both occasions.

The largest indoor arena was too small for the Golden Gloves matches, so the matches between the eight members of the American team and the squad France sent over were to move into the largest outdoor arena to do battle, Soldiers' Field. One hundred and twenty-five thousand seats were available for the French-Yankee encounters.

Hats off to Paul Gallico and Archie Ward.

The combat here between Tony Canzoneri, lightweight title-holder, and Jack (Kid) Berg, junior-welter champ, was the first in the history of boxing in which two crowns were at stake in the same contest in this country. Both battlers had to come in at the lightweight poundage, 135 notches, which naturally made each weight five pounds below the welter mark. Berg was held a 2 to 1 choice to whip Tony in the advance betting in New York. He was held a 7 to 5 favorite in the early wagering in this vicinity.

The Everlast Record Book is responsible for getting Peewee Gale his chance at topnotch competition. Promoter Mike Harrison was staging a fight show on a Monday night and three nights before found his scheduled main event had to be cancelled. He looked through the Everlast book for a good foe for Georgie Nate, the South Bend, Ind., crack and came across Peewee's record. He saw that Peewee, aside from losing only one bout in 25, held a win over Nate. He immediately made the ten-round windup between Nate and Peewee. Now some enterprising promoter ought to get Tom Andrews' Sporting Annual and look up Peewee's brother's record, Johnny's.

Both the Everlast Record Book and Andrews' Sporting Annual are on sale at the Ring Book Shop, 11 W. 42d Street, New York, as are many other interesting books on boxing, especially How to Train, How to Box, and How to Second a Fighter.

Ed Purdy, a referee who has been the third man in the ring for many champions and leading boxers, is leaving here for Miami, Florida and his Sunshine Inn soon. He wants to get his training quarters in Miami ready for the 1932 season, which starts January and ends April. Purdy thinks his Sunshine Inn is the most wonderful place on this earth. He has a ring, a solarium yard, handball courts and eleven cottages and will cater to just the top-notch boxers. The preliminary boys will be barred.

Sidney Goodman, manager of Gus Worman, is getting ready to leave England for Chicago after spending several weeks over there honeymooning. While away Goodman left Worman under the mangerial wing of Harry Weiss, the jewelry salesman who left Marks Bros. to sell Bulova watches and pilot Sammy Levine.

Ring Flashes—Jack (South Side) O'Keefe lost his father after the latter bravely faced a long period of suffering from complications, which terminated in death at the age of 69 years. . . . Jimmy Bidwell is selling Mullen's tickets while Barney Smith is busy with other things. . . . Joe Brown is the real boss of the gym at 180 W. Randolph Street, and he is a great guy too. . . . Don Davis is probably over-enthusiastic about a lad named Lynn Thompson. . . . Babe Barron likes to be around when Eddie (Spike) O'Donnell gets warmed up on fight subjects, or others. . . . Helen Lyman and Dorothy Lurie are two of the best stenographers in ring headquarters.

Bobby Stewart knocked down Fidel LaBarba in a sparring session and then wanted to call it a day but Fidel promised he wouldn't even it up. . . . "Tiny," 230-pound-17-year-old elevator operator, will not go more than a block on an errand in wet weather because he's afraid he'll catch a cold. . . . Grant Poole, gym porter, was one of the many with world war veterans' bonus papers and he hoped to collect some money with them. . . .

Benny (Kid) Stanley is making a living with a flock of amateurs. . . . Bill Capitano is taking lessons from Howard Carr in the matter of introducing ringsters before they spar in rings at the Arcade gym. And Willie's getting good at it too. . . . Tommy Hanley is kept busy selling The Ring and a lot of other boxing books besides the gym admittance tickets, during the pro hours. . . . Mike Harrison, Dick Axman, Eddie Stanton and a host of other fisticuffing gentlemen use Howard's private typewriter. And his private 'phone. . . . Billy Cepak makes the W. Madison Street swat foundry his rendezvous every afternoon.

Frankie (Freddy Fasano) Boyle handles novice glove-wielders, boxes professionally, spars with the topnotchers for a little remuneration and trains ringmen to make a living. . . . Scott Marriner is interested in Leo Raneiri since his boy, Les, has been on the sidelines. . . . William (Pep) Kerwin, the Californian, has taken over the Rainbo (Jai-Alai) Fronton on the North Side and will run boxing shows there on Friday nights as well as at his Western Stadium on Monday evenings. . . . Sammy Abruscato will continue making "Pep's" matches. . . . It will be good news to Sammy's wife who was vacationing with her folks in Milwaukee. . . . Mickey Lennon handled LaBarba when Fidel worked out here on his way to New York to mix it with Kid Francis. . . . Jerry Hayes is making a pretty good wage conditioning portly business men when his boxers are idle. . . .

Barney Abel, Harry Mueller, "Silent Jack" Tierney, Jack (West Side) O'Keefe and Ray C. Alvis are regulars at Howard's place. . . . Jack Fitzgerald and Willie Pellegrini are reported missing along the boxing rialto. At one time "Fitz" thought Pellegrini would make up for Jack McCarthy but after a winning streak of about ten straight Willie lost to Georgie Nate, Ernie Peters and Peewee Gale in quick succession. . . . Johnny Gale is boasting of being southern bantamweight champ following his decisive win over Quina Lee, who claimed that honor. . . .

The three greatest books on boxing are "How to Second a Boxer," "How to Box" and "Training for Boxers" and all three can be secured at The Ring Book Shop, 11 W. 42d Street, New York. Every boxer and manager should have a copy. . . . Jim Tighe of the Northwestern Monument Works is a rabid boxing follower. . . . Commissioner Fred Gardner was laid up for some days with an infection of the arm and leg. . . . Brown of Levy Circulating is the longest winded telephone conversationist I know. . . . Warren Brown, Chicago *Herald* and *Examiner* Sports Editor, said in his "So They Tell Me"; "Legalized boxing seems to have slid into our neighboring state, Indiana, without much circusing."

Eddie McCabe, who promoted boxing shows at the Chicago Coliseum, helped elect A. J. Cermak mayor by dispatching Cermak for Mayor letters to boxing boosters.

We don't know what McCabe's position was in the Cermak for Mayor athletic division department but Gen. John V. Clinnin was chairman and Dr. David Jones was vice-chairman. Other honorable places were given to the following:

Tom Ford, chairman, amateur boxing; Pep Kerwin, vice-chairman; Mike Malloy, chairman, pro boxing; Dave Barry, vice-chairman; Joe Coffey, chairman, wrestling; John (Doc) Krone, vice-chairman.

George F. Cone is branching out as a full-fleged fight manager. He has the following boys under his management:

Jack Molnar, Steve Selgrat, Jackie Lazar and Armand Morrell.

The Nate Lewis banquet was a big success, the boxing fraternity turning out in large numbers. Bob Sweitzer was the toastmaster and sitting at the speakers' table were Eddie Geiger, Sidney Strotz, Lewis, Harry Green and Alderman Dorsey Crowe.

From Larry Amadee's "Boxing Talk"—K. O. White fought the tough Canadian puncher, Del Fontaine, in a ten-round no-decision bout at Davenport, Iowa. . . . Tom Jones can be seen at the Arcade gym boxing with Ed Stevenson's fighter, Baxter Calmes. . . . Bobby Stewart is some puncher and an excellent battler. Stewart is a lightweight and hails from Birmingham, Ala.

Sammy Wolff prefers running a Kentucky Derby special to promoting boxing shows. He was the first outsider to promote in the Chicago Stadium and put over a successful show with Earl Mastro and Fidel La Barba as the headliners. Then he stepped out of the picture because his friends with star fighters were willing to box for him provided they named the opponents. Sammy is not that kind of a promoter.

Eddie Long and Bud Taylor still are raking in the coin. Taylor is a card from coast to coast and will be until he retires. Bud always delivers and Long has no trouble booking him. Chances are Eddie will never find another Taylor. Neither will any other manager.

Jack Hurley is doing right well in piloting Charlie Retzlaff, the Duluth Dynamiter, towards the top. That win over Johnny Risko helped a whole lot and Charlie was a cinch to paste around Tom Heeney when they collided in Detroit. After that Retzlaff will fight any heavy Hurley can entice into the ring for him. Charlie may be champion some day. He has a fine chance on merit but other things are needed nowadays to get that precious heavyweight title.

Joey Burman, local bantamweight championship timber a number of years ago, is in the tailoring business. He opened a large custom tailoring store at 37 S. Wabash avenue, in the Loop, and is going great guns. He boasts fourteen tailors. Babe Barron was one of the first to buy a Burman suit and topcoat.

Some of this and a little of that—Salesman Friedman of Hartman's is a fight enthusiast of the first water. . . . Slanz Gambino, the Proposition Kid, moved across the street from his old tonsorial parlors. And glad of it. He is doing twice as much business. . . . Joe Glaser has a part of Midget Wolgast. . . . Kaufman and Fabry took pictures of the Nate Lewis banquet. . . . Barney Smith's name can be added to the celebrated list of those who smoke Ball Big Pipe Store tobacco. He bought some of Professor Merriman's own brand. Among those who smoke tobacco made by the B. B. P. S. are Irvin S. Cobb, Grantland Rice and Rex Beach. . . .

Earl Mastro, the Chicago featherweight challenger, is slowly but surely rounding back into the pink of condition and soon will be ready for LaBarba and Battalino. He hasn't shown in his home town of Chicago since last October and the local ringworms miss his brand of fighting. That was shown and heard when Bat Battalino, 126-pound boss, met Eddie Shea.

A few fistic chips—Billy Gladstone is a student surveyor when he isn't boxing. And he gets paid for learning. . . . Battling Bozo was asked how he felt by "South Side" O'Keefe in between rounds of a fight and Bozo said "Fine, How do you feel? . . . Jack Jackson, the sportswriter on the West Town News, is Jeanne Rak and "he" is a girl. . . . Jackie Davis knocked down the highly touted Harry Devine in their six-round scrap in Cicero. . . .

Both the Arcade and Mullen gyms in the Loop are doing a good business. Although Kid Howard's swat foundry still has the edge on the Mullen place in the matter of topnotch gladiators, the latter gym is rapidly coming into its own. Earl Mastro, Tony Canzoneri, Levinsky, Barney Ross, Mickey Walker and Danny Gasparo are some of the better known boxers who workout at Mullen's place. The Arcade houses such ringmen as Jack (Kid) Berg, Tuffy Griffiths, Young Jack Thompson, Jackie Fields, Eddie Shea, and Kola Kwariani. Both are well patronized and popular. Both Howard and Mullen take good care of their patrons.

Hot off the griddle—Pep Justo is back here after a three-month vacation at Madison, Wis. . . . Frankie Jummati is an orphan subsequent to losing both parents within the last year. He saved some of that money he made with Pal Moore, Midget Smith and such and isn't worrying. . . . Mullen's boy is a smart race horse player. . . . Mickey McFarland will be back in the Loop next month from Pueblo, Colo.

Maybe I'm wrong—Eddie Kline was pairing the boxers six years ago at Madison and Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Sioux City, Iowa. . . . Jack (West Side) O'Keefe is a 50-year-old bachelor. . . . Dighey's name is Dave Halper. . . . Joey Freeman knocked out Benny Ray of Detroit on the South Side to continue his long winning streak. . . . Roger Bernard is Italian and his right monicker is Bernardi. . . . Jack Farrell is an Irishman but looks like a Hebrew. . . . Ed Jacobson of Deerfield, Ill. has dug up Jimmy Hackley and is trying to get him matches on his record. . . . Jimmy Eliopoulos and Lynn Thompson are amateurs but give the pros good workouts. . . .

Jabber Young's home is in Appleton, Wis., but he does all his work here. . . . Stevenson predicted that Willie Oster would knockout Tait Littman. . . . One of the best 118-pounders ever turned out of Chicago was Jimmy McVickers and he fought among others Clarence and Harry Forbes. He is a state representative now. . . . Ashton Stevens, who is the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* drama critic covered the Dempsey-Willard heavyweight title fight at Shelby, Mont. Sam Hall was "Chi. H. & E." Sports Editor at the time. Stevens is from Frisco. . . . Dempsey lost to one Jack Downey. . . . Dublinsky was born in Milwaukee. . . . Leach is an American.

Hank Bruder, former Northwestern football captain, wants to meet Joe Savoldi, the ex-Notre Dame fullback star, in a finish wrestling match.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

FT. SCOTT, Kan.—Perry Rhine, matchmaker of the American Legion, assisted by Johnny Wagner and Walter Dunham, staged a successful 3-day Amateur Boxing Tournament. The winners follow: H—Babe Lewis, Pittsburg, Kans. L-H—Bud Schildknecht, Pittsburg, Kans. M—F. E. Craig, Ft. Scott, Kans. W. Benny Pierce, Pittsburg, Kans. L—Johnny and Billy Hemphill, brothers of Chanute, Kans, divided the honors. F—Jesse Parker, Ft. Scott, Kans. B—Orville Allison, Chanute, Kans. Fly—Max Capps, Girard, Kans. Colored featherweight champ—George Bradley, Chanute, Kans. Col-Middle.—Arthur Rench, Ft. Scott, Kans.

Wichita, Kans.—Babe Hunt and Arthur DeKuh, heavyweights, fought 10 rounds with newspaper sport writers at odds as to who won. Wilson Dunn beat Les McDaniels in 6. Max Brown won from Chester Paasch in 6. Eddie Zonkers won a close decision over Fritz Forceman in 6. Kenny Hill beat Speck Friend in 6. Walter Davis defeated Russ Sanders in the opening 4-round bout.

Okla. City, Okla.—Eddie Murdock knocked out Frankie Smirl in 2 rounds. Kid Granite knocked out Tommy Smirl in 7. Thurman Murdock beat Johnny Hunter in 6 rounds.

Les Showers, premier amateur boxing promoter, staged a successful 3-day A. A. U. tournament at Dodge City, and they hung out the S. O. S. sign the last night. He moved on to LaMar, Colorado, and completed another great tournament there that played to packed houses every night.

Sedalia, Mo.—Luther Ashford of Ft. Scott, Kansas, avenged an old score with Larry Cappo of K. C. by knocking him out in the fourth round.

Tulsa, Okla.—Howard Scott knocked out Kid Pancho in 3 rounds. Wildcat Monte beat Kid Burnett in 10. Wilson Dunn beat Johnny Farrell in 10. Tommy Scott knocked out Tommy Knopp in one round. Sid Young refereed all bouts.

Emil Aronis, manager of the Olympic Athletic Club of Wichita, has also established one of the best equipped gyms in Kansas at Salina, known as the Salina Athletic Club. Aronis has a large stable of pro and amateur boxers. He has a great find in his heavyweight, Jack Leslie.

Mike Curran has opened in Tulsa, the Magic City of the southwest, at Skelly Stadium.

Okla. City—Earl Mason won on a foul from Mickey Dunavan in 7 rounds. Glen Dowell knocked out Clarence LeFevers in 3. Floyd Herrington drew with Bert Smith in 6. Kid Granite beat Al Derose in 6. Fenton Taylor won from Rough House Houser in 8. Max Schmeling boxed 3 exhibition rounds with sparring partners before a poor crowd.

Salina, Kans.—Despite inclement weather, a fair house witnessed what fans contend was one of the greatest one-night amateur shows ever staged in the city. Seven of the nine events were won by local talent. The congenial Johnny Apt, matchmaker for the Legion states he will continue to stage inter-city bouts in the future.

Topeka, Kans—Bearcat Wright defeated Seal Harris in 10 rounds. They are colored heavyweights. Fred Ott won from Milt Schooley in 6. Bus Hall knocked out Gorilla Banks in one Bobby Raymond knocked out Billy Proctor in 2 rounds. Johnny Husong of Wichita refereed.

Tulsa, Okla.—Howard Scott defeated Paul Wangley in 10 hard-fought rounds. Tommy Scott knocked out Hamp McNannly in 2. Leo Selby knocked out Billy Watson in 3. Eskimo Garcia and Jesse Sada drew in 6. Chink Piatt beat Eddie Gleason in 4. Don Paschall and Bud Roberson fought 4 rounds to a draw. Sid Young refereed all bouts.

Loose and Drifting—Max Schmeling, heavyweight champion, failed to make an impression on fans in this territory in his barn-storming exhibitions. Billy Hemphill, amateur lightweight of Chanute, made a great hit in the amateur tournaments at Wichita, Independence and Ft. Scott with his colorful style of fighting. Karl Applegate, boxing promoter of Joplin, is going to give the wrestlers a try for awhile. Joe Stephens of San Antonio, Texas, wires he will invade Oklahoma and Kansas next month with a strong stable of boxers. Johnny Wagner and Walter Dunham, two good middleweights of Ft. Scott, Kansas, are itching to get in action. Benny Pierce, lightweight amateur boxer, went out of his weight division and took the welter championship in the Ft. Scott tournament. Ira Krueger of Noedesha claims to have the best amateur welter in the state in Chink Chancey. Jack Slattery of Wichita says he will bet two dinners at "Grandma's" that Krueger will have to prove it in the next tournament.

Beloit, Kans.—Kid Worley knocked out Billy Proctor in 4 rounds. George Sanders knocked out Bob Harmen in 3. Ed Boughen beat Muddy Rhodes in 4. Russ Sanders defeated Walt Wettengal in 8 rounds. Bob Sanders promoted the show.

St. Louis, Mo.—Billy Petrolle defeated Lope Tenorio in 10 fast rounds. This was one of the best bouts witnessed in many moons here.

Joplin, Mo.—Joe Trabon won a T. K. O. over Roy Stevens in 5 rounds. Ol Bray beat Karl Lautin in 6. Bobby Carter and Denver Kid drew in 6. George Windham beat Bat Drummond in 6. Al Collins knocked out Fred Wilson in 4. Max Schmeling worked 3 exhibition rounds with stable mates.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LICHTIG

ROGER BERNARD, ranked high by THE RING in the junior-lightweight class, came through with a pleasing 10-round victory over Harry Dublinsky. Bernard is a two-fisted fighter who punches 'em from all angles and bears watching.

Frankie Battaglia pounded out a ten-round decision over the veteran Haakon Hansen.

In one of the best fourth-round rallies ever seen in these parts, Sailor Near lost a close decision to Joey Sutter. Sailor Near is at present middleweight champion of the Navy and is a very pleasing little fighter.

Welcome Rice led all managers in town in the number of bouts secured for their fighters by booking his fighters for thirteen engagements in three weeks.

Gus De Salvo who was out with an injured hand, is back in training again after a long lay off.

Matty Dahlman won a 4-round decision over Betzo Miller.

Oscar Angele, late of Germany, now residing in Milwaukee, has placed himself under the management of "The Great" Ash and will be ready for any middleweight in the country.

Joe Azzarella looked fine in his work-outs with Roger Bernard. Joe stood toe to toe and slugged it out with the hard-hitting Bernard.

George Black looks better and better with every start. Black, although an amateur, can lick any professional around these parts.

Johnny Lombardo continued his winning ways by giving Bobby Calmes a neat pasting in 8 rounds.

Eddie Oster came back nicely to K.O. the hard-hitting Ernie Kath in 2 rounds.

Freddie Tompins, a Jr. lightweight, fought Jimmy Murphy, a welter-weight, and gave a good account of himself.

Eddie Black lost an 8-round decision to Jackie Davis after a hard fight.

Managers having first class fighters and wishing to book them in Milwaukee, send pictures and posters to Larry Lichtig, care of Morgenroth's Gym, 756 N. Plankinton Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

The wrestlers are going over big in Milwaukee.

George Muzzy seems to be improving with every start.

Dave Maier has purchased his contract from Charlie Metrie and will now be his own manager.

I hear that—Joe Ornstine is now matchmaker for the Elks—"The Great" Ash is looking for a good heavyweight—Curtis Brown is using boys from all over the state on his Eagles card—Sal Serio is going great at Sheboygan—Julius Fidler has been given a new name by Mike McNulty—Tommy Walsh claims Willie Oster is the hardest hitting middleweight since Ketchell—George Black is graduating from High School in June—Fred Saddy has been appointed athletic director for the Rockne Camp—Jimmy O'Shea is going to get in shape and make a come back—

Attention! Izzy Grove get in touch with me at once.

Amateur or professional fighters without a manager wishing to box in Wisconsin get in touch with the writer at 722 W. Lloyd St. Heavyweights especially.

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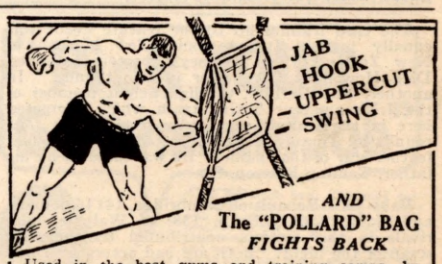

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Greater Boston and New England

By DOC ALMY

THE future of the Boston Garden as a purveyor of boxing is becoming a bit problematical. It is a toss-up with many sport fans whether by this time another year the glove game will be featured there at all—that is, directly by the Garden management. Manager Dick Dunn says that it will, but the signs are not all pointing that way.

Barring the Garden's first year, when sheer curiosity brought many to its boxing tourneys, fisticuffs have hardly been a paying investment except in spots. Since last December but two boxing tourneys of the Garden's own creation have been staged there, and now the place, insofar as boxing is concerned, is again dark. There will be nothing doing until another month. "Other attractions," is the explanation for this, and, it is true, there have been, and will be, other attractions. As a whole these events have proved, also will prove, paying propositions.

It is to be questioned if occasional boxing events—a sort of hot and cold process—tend in the end to build up a paying clientele for any organization. This seems to be the policy at the Boston Garden, however, and it will be interesting to see how it eventually works out. It is a tough thing to see this big arena, the best in New England, minus the glove game week after week, yet, at the same time, if boxing fails box office expectations there is small argument left for staging such.

Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A. is the lone promoter now carrying on in Boston with his shows at the Boston Arena the one oasis for the followers of the sport. The city with its suburbs has a population of about three million, yet, even Mack, working by his lonesome, is reaping but doubtful harvests. The red ink is often closer to his elbow than the black.

Lack of available talent—talent with pulling powers—cooling off of enthusiasm, and, to some extent, shortage of sport money, seem to be the outstanding causes for the general apathy. Then again, with amateur tourney after tourney, two and three sometimes crowded into one week, the public has become pretty well fed up. Willy or nilly, there has been too much of it.

To the mind of the writer, and he has seen many years of boxing, the entire system is due for an overhauling—a revamping. It may never come, but it can stand it. Many of the old principles of the sport have got to be put back into it, with as much as possible of the disagreeable features left out.

The last tourney at the Boston Garden saw Bat Battalino of Hartford, holder of the world's feather title, but boxing at 132½ pounds at 3 o'clock, lose to Andy Callahan of Lawrence, N. E. lightweight champion, who came in at 135. The only title at stake was that held by the local boy. It went the route of 10 rounds. Owing to the styles of the ringsters, as a great fight the bout fell short of expectations. As Callahan had pulled off about 15 pounds in two weeks, while Bat was fighting at his natural weight, the champion of the feathers looked none too good.

Jake Zeramby of Lynn, the former feather star, but now a lightweight, was on the same card, his first appearance in a Boston ring for more than a year. He was pitted against Lud Abella, the Filipino, and they fought seven redhot rounds. The ruling went to Zeramby. In another bout, Tommy King of Fall River, a very good performer, after being floored in the first round by Frank Herlihy of Lynn, came back and won the decision.

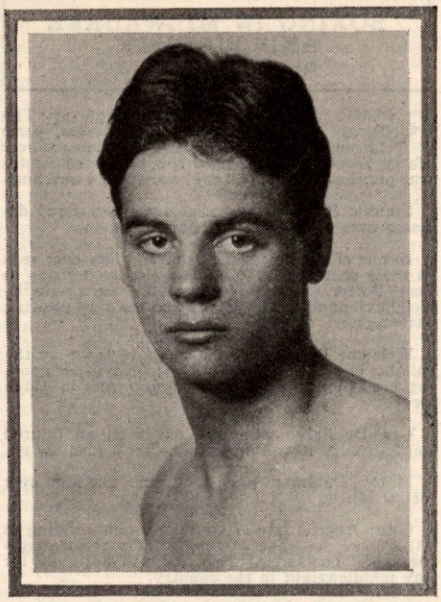
Harry Kingfish Levinsky of Chicago, who became a card here through his quick knockout of Jack Gagnon a cuple of months ago, paid Boston another visit on March 31. His opponent was Con O'Kelley, slated as the heavyweight champion of Ireland, and they put up a very good fight of 10 rounds for the Argonne A. A. O'Kelley, though he boxed very well, was a bit over-cautious, and the decision went to Levinsky. It was booed by some though was absolutely correct.

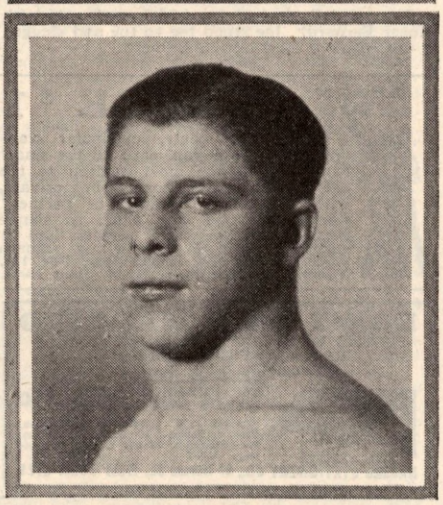
The card leading up to the feature event was equally peppy. In one bout Ted Morgan of New Zealand, Tom Heeney's protege, stopped Dick Howell of Dorchester in two rounds. In another, Bob Herlihy, the lightweight member of the Irish amateur boxing team which competed here in the winter, was badly punished in four rounds by Tommy Rawson, Jr., son of the former feather star of that name. He was handled by his father, Tommy Rawson, Sr.

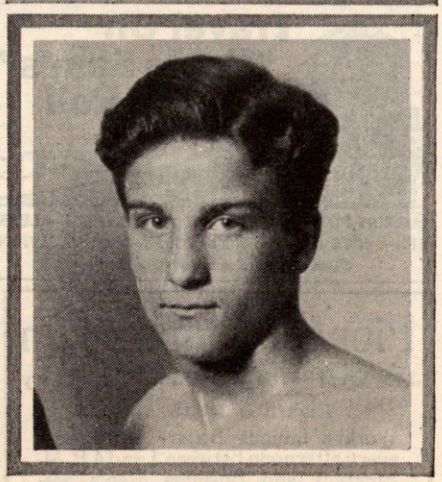
Baby Jack Renault of Cambridge, 141½ pounds, and Eddie Kid Sullivan, 138, of Walpole, long rivals in this section, contributed the buzzsaw scrap of the night. Both are bad actors who had been hungering for the chance to meet. It went the eight rounds distance and had the fans in their chairs all the way. Renault was declared the victor.

The veteran Dave Shade of California, who for years and years has annually dropped into Boston for a professional call, had little trouble taking Leo Larivee of Waterbury, Conn., into camp at the Boston Arena.

THREE GOOD AMATEURS







Lester Ryder, 137 pounds.
Albert Sarto, 108 pounds.
Young Sharkey, 134 pounds.
These boys are members of Father Hogan's Physical Culture Club of Ballston Lake, New York. Father Hogan has a club of eighteen boys who give performances at entertainments throughout New York.

The semi-windup bout, another 10, gave Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, his first chance for the year 1931 to show his wares in a Boston ring. A great ringster—one of the world's best welters—this boy gets few openings for the sole reason that worthy opponents simply will not fight him. His opponent here was Tommy Rios, introduced as the champion welter of Mexico, a tough, willing mixer. He was outclassed practically all the way by Indrisano. In one of the prelims, Unknown Winston of Waterbury, a mate in the Larivee stable, stopped Steve Gorman of South Boston, in four rounds. Battling Archie, another of the same stable, was not so lucky. In the third round he plugged two under the beltline of Patsy Reno of Brockton and was shunted to the showers.

As for the amateurs, we had two long evenings with them—April 7 and 8—the occasion being the Junior National Championships. A total of 53 contests were boxed with a majority of the bouts full of fire and fists though not particularly classy. The outstanding performer was Dick Madden of Dorchester, Mass., the eventual winner in the 175-pound division. A big surprise was the defeat of Joe Ferrante of Boston, New England champion in the 118-pound class, by Flavio DeBonis of Fitchburg, Mass., who came through a victor in the finals. The entire tourney attracted but 5784 cash customers who paid in a total of $7745.50. Two years ago the Senior Championships drew a gate of $27,000.

The winners of the tourney, now junior national champions for 1931-32 were as follows: 112-pound class, Joseph Ricci, Somerville; 118, Flavio DeBonis, Fitchburg; 126, Joseph Pacino, Boston; 135, William Hogan, New York; 147, Joe Delmont, Boston; 160, Haywood Store, Chicago; 175, Dick Madden, Dorchester; heavyweight, Henry Surette, Leominster.

Phil Schlossberg, former manager of Schaaf, has acquired a new heavy in Arthur DeKuh, the elongated Italian, whom he is seeking to push into the local picture with Schaaf his main objective. The reason for the same is obvious. DeKuh fought Jack Sharkey here about two years ago, going the 10 rounds route but losing the decision. He has since been doing very well and is liked by Schlossberg as the chap who can put dents in the New England heavyweight brigade.

Michele Crisalfi, better known as Mike Criss, died suddenly at his home, 440 Huntington Avenue, this city. For several years he traveled with Al Delmont when the former N. E. bantam and feather champion was in his prime. Johnny Dundee, the miracle man of the ring, always had Mike in his corner when he came this way. Criss managed Tony Mandell and Sailor Byron of Worcester, also had cared for a string of lesser known ringsters.

While boxing here continues to find the sledding rather rough, the wrestlers have little to complain about. Paul Bowser is staging tourneys every Thursday night at the Boston Arena, while Ray Fabiani does the same every other Friday night at the Boston Garden. Both are putting on attractive cards and drawing very good houses. Bowser's best yet came on when a contest between Ed Don George and Nick Lutze of California, drew about 14,000 spectators and a gate of more than $30,000. It was estimated that at least 5000 would-be spectators were turned back from the gates as there was no room for them inside of the building. George was the winner.

Johnny Harko of Manchester, N. H., who started a comeback campaign along the New England circuit a couple of months ago, is so well satisfied with the progress he made that he is now resting up. During his tour, facing all comers, he fought seven contenders and whipped the entire brigade.

Joe Zelinsky of Binghamton, N. Y., now wearing the spangles here, improved his batting average by defeating Freddy McGrail, a strong, willing, game Brockton boy in the latter's home ring.

Gus Lenny, the oldtime Cambridge featherweight, who in the days of the Douglas A. C. of Chelsea, was one of the bright and shining lights in its ring, is acting as boxing instructor for Harry Goldstein, N. E. flyweight title claimant, also other boxers, at one of the Hub gyms.

Buster Price, Lynn's middleweight hopeful, and a very good performer, has bumped into some hard luck. Atop of a defeat handed him by Bobby Brown of Lowell, on April 12, Buster got tangled up with an auto crash. He will be laid up for repairs for several weeks with all fights off.

Oddone Piazza, Phil Buccola's middleweight, has returned to Italy, and, in all probability, will not be seen in American rings again until fall. Vittorio Livan of the same stable, whose ankle was fractured in his losing fight with Leo Larivee, has had the cast removed and is able to hobble about. He will be back in the gym in another month. Another of Phil's sick list ringsters, Sammy Fuller, is out-of-doors once more.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

NOT much doing in the fight line in the Nutmeg State, due to wrestling making an inroad into boxing, the lack of new talent, and the change over from indoor season to the open air.

Bat Battalino, world's feather champion, taking it on the chin from the gentlemen of the press, for fighting opponents at catchweights instead of at the feather limit.

The Stamford Sporting Club is not making any money, and the reasons are plain as day. The same faces on every card, with two of the local fighters alternating star bouts against the softest kind of opposition. Bringing in deadwood that is boosted with false publicity and when they fail to live up to their reputation, they force them on the public again.

The Thames Arena at New London, under the guiding hand of Mr. Lubchansky have adopted a policy of picking the best fighters from all over the state and matching them for their ability.

Promoter Ed. Hurley, of Hartford, reports good times are here. Ed. gives his public championship fights, with an undercard that is second to none.

Vic Darr, of Norwich, is looming on the horizon as one of the best junior welters in New England. Vic has an enviable record and in his New York debut he stopped Augustine Perez in five rounds.

Mickey Travers, the little old man from New Haven showed well when he stopped T. C. Hayes in the first round.

Silent Barrett, Stamford's deaf mute boxer was the victim of his fifth unfair decision in a row, when he beat Nick Chioffe, of Norwalk, and Chioffe was declared the winner.

Willie Lewis, Stamford won on a technical kayo from Irish Tommy Jarrett, due to a very bad cut on Jarrett's eye.

Rudy Marshall made good at the Garden in New York when he won a four-rounder. Willie Angelo, Stamford middle won from Scotty McDade, Johnny Kerr and Jack Bogar, but Mickey Travers of New Haven, won from Angelo only to be given a Silent Barrett verdict.

Billy Prince, of Bridgeport, is running weekly boxing and wrestling cards at the Park Arena.

Joe Coleman is promoting great wrestling cards weekly at Red Men's Hall in Bridgeport. Don't hear much from Waterbury. Guess George Mulligan, popular promoter, has gone on a vacation.

Kayo Morgan, state bantam champion,. swings into action in Hartford, New London, New Haven and Walnut Beach. Lots of work for the little atom who has been winning all his fights since returning from the West.

Mike Esposito, Stamford feather, defeated Roy Meyers, of New York, at the Jamaica Arena. Mike was forced to cancel his fight with English Johnny Brown at the Broadway Arena, due to an injured knee.

The best fighters in Stamford at the present time are Kayo Morgan, bantam, Mike Esposito, feather, Rudy Marshall, middle, Willie Lewis and T. C. Hayes, junior welters, Steve Black, Tony Sessa, and Buddy Howard, welters, Joe K. O. D'Andrea, feather and Silent Barrett, lightweight.

Leo Larivee, of Waterbury, was defeated by Dave Shade.

Shoot in your news, boys. Summer is here and things ought to be brisk now. Address the writer at 42 Cedar Street, Stamford, Connecticut.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGIE "KID" ROSS

PETE DE GRASSE, Canadian-Indian featherweight, twice picked himself up out of the resin in the second round and then outboxed Johnny Vacca, hard hitting Bostonian, to win a merited decision, in the main bout of ten rounds. De Grasse weighed 125 and Vacca, 125.

Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke, Mass., scored a k. o. over Harry Schachter of New York, in the third round. Schachter boxed nicely and had the better of the bout up to the time of the quick ending. Schachter weighted 128, Lecuyer, 130.

Al Gauthier, Ludlow, Mass., lightweight, won a technical k. o. over Homer Thibault of Easthampton in the fourth.

Billy O'Brien, 126, of Springfield, Mass., k.o.ed Teddy Lecuyer of Holyoke, Mass.

Alex Hunt, 155, had the better of Alex Plazza, 162, of Springfield for two rounds but the Negro started a series of five trips to the canvas before taking the count in the third round, of a four-round bout. Harry Osit won a close decision over Teddy Bogash in a four-round opener.

Al Caroly, formerly of Holyoke, Mass., is now promoting bouts in New Haven, Conn. The Arena has had a very successful season, considering the conditions. Al is considering the Savin Rock Club for his summer shows.

Carmen Cook of Bridgeport, Conn., is back east after his fight with Steve Haliako, on the Griffith-Loughran card at Chicago. Cook is looking for fights here.

Jack Deckers who referees both professional and amateur bouts in this vicinity, worked in eighteen bouts on one night in the Amateurs, and did fine work.

Roger Kenney is still cleaning up the Amateur lightweights in this section. He won the Easthampton finals by stopping Young Perry and winning over Jack Duchareme.

Jerry Emard of Holyoke, who was coming along nicely a year ago, seems to have reached his peak, as he was beaten in his last two starts, the last time by a k. o.

Westfield is expected to open up the Idle Hour Club with Amateurs again after two months shutdown, and they are to open an amateur club in Ware, Mass.

West Springfield will be in the swing this summer with the Haywood Arena. Homer Rainault will do the matchmaking. Wrestling as well as boxing will be the program.

The Meadow Brook A. C. of North Adams, Mass., has opened with wrestling, amateur boxing and professional boxing. This club did very well the last two summers, running professional shows every two weeks during the season.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

THE lack of proper local main bout material has been the cause of the first lull in Worcester's boxing activities since early last fall. At this writing, two weeks have passed in which no fight card has been staged. Vernon Cormier, featherweight "Blond-Blizzard" has hied away to Canada. With him has gone his stablemate "Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, welterweight sensation, who has been raising havoc in the 147-pound division. Harry Devine, former Olympic star, is on the sidelines with bad hands.

Wrestling, however, continues on the high road. Every week finds some one or other commanding the wrestling limelight. Every town that is big enough to have running water for a shower sponsors "bonecrushing." The latest towns to inaugurate the art of "groan-and-grunt" are Marlboro, Southbridge, Gardner, Milford and Fitchburg.

The fight results follow:
"Dynamite" Lou Brouillard easily scored his second victory over Canada Lee. Frankie Costello, Clinton flyweight, won from Young Cournoyer in six. Al Brouillard, Lou's brother, dropped a six-round decision to Bobby Sarno of Boston. Aldo Nocchi was pressed to win in six over Mike Mullaney, Boston welterweight.

Al Brouillard defeated Sammy Mango in six. Tony Benito stopped Danny Murray in five heats. They are welterweights. Pete Savageau, Spencer featherweight, defeated Art Nadeau of Cambridge in six. Harry Devine defeated Joey Kaufman in ten rounds without exerting himself.

A year has elapsed since the opening of the Worcester Sporting Club. Memberships totaling well over the four-hundred mark at the close of the year is rather an achievement for a city which has always been considered a poor sports town. At this writing a new membership roll has been started and 75 have answered the call. Among those to be seen in training are "Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, Vernon Cormier, Harry Devine, Jack Dudley, Jack Perry, Lou Petrone, Leo Ledoux, Harvey Peete, Art Bergeron, Aldo Nocchi, Al Brouillard, Frankie Costello and every other boxer who hails from Worcester and the county.

The return of Harry Devine, Billy Bruinsma and Lou Petrone from Erie, Pa., finds another crew leaving from Worcester for the "golden west." They are Harry Alexanian, lightweight; Eddie Williams, welterweight; Ero Peterson, junior-welterweight, and Ollie Koskie, middleweight.

The customary stamped and self-addressed envelope will bring you information regarding this territory. Your letters should be addressed to the writer at 68 Arlington Street, Worcester.

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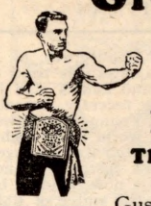

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

JOSEPH Bracale, 21-year-old Pennsgrove, N. J. Italian, decided five years ago he was tired of working in a stone quarry and now is glad he entered the boxing game. Only recently, Bracale, known in the boxing ring as Young Firpo, was given a bout with Benny Bass, world junior-lightweight champion. When the match was arranged everybody said Firpo wouldn't have a chance against the titleholder. Firpo is now handled by Max Hoff but was formerly in the stable of Phil. Glassman, who also looks after Bass.

From the very first, Firpo, who had sparred with Bass, considered he had more than an outside chance of winning. He was so confident of beating Bass, he actually told him he would lick him when they weighed in the afternoon of the fight.

It was one of the most sensational fights ever seen in Philadelphia. Firpo dropped Bass for the count of eight in the last round and almost had the titleholder "out." Firpo was also spilled several times and the crowd was in a constant uproar. Doubtless they will be re-matched.

Bass got his revenge in the return bout when he defeated Firpo over the ten-round distance, dropping him twice.

Bobby Heller, of New York, who substituted for Joey Kaufman, gave Tony Falco, brilliant South Philadelphia lightweight, a hard fight at the Arena but the latter won in six rounds. Falco weighed 135 and Heller was three pounds heavier.

Pat Igo of Shenandoah gave the clever Ralph Lenny of Union City some hard knocks but Lenny "coasted" most of the time after piling up a comfortable lead and was well entitled to the ten-round decision at the Arena.

Tony Morgano, 127-pounder from South Philadelphia, dropped Al Mason of Mahanoy City, twice for counts of nine in the first two rounds and Referee Joe McGuigan stopped the bout. They clashed in one of the preliminaries at the Arena. McGuigan is a son of the late Jack McGuigan, who formerly conducted the National A. C.

Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, looked good and only fair in spots, against Tommy Grogan in the ten-round windup at the Arena. Not more than 5000 persons saw the champion drop the Omaha lightweight late in the first round and almost have the westerner out on his feet but Tony couldn't put across a finishing punch and Grogan was still going strong at the end of the tenth.

Tommy Paul, of Buffalo, made his Philadelphia debut, by winning from Maurice Holtzer of France at the Arena in ten rounds. Paul had a peculiar style of weaving and sidestepping but fought too much with his hands open. Paul had a regular kangaroo style of fighting and except for his failure to hit with a closed fist, made a hit with the crowd.

Heinie Hart, of Allentown, was behind at the end of the the third round in his meeting with the elusive Benny Tressido of New York, but rallied sufficiently to earn the six-round decision at the Arena. Hart weighed 119½ pounds to Tressido's 123.

They handed a soft one to Al Ettore, promising West Philadelphia light-heavyweight when he stopped Frankie Wilson of Wilmington in less than one round. Wilson went down under a light tap in the stomach and was coming up as Referee Frank Knaresborough counted "ten." It took but 34 seconds.

Allie Wolff, of Brooklyn, former Penn State Intercollegiate boxing champion, got none the better of it, when he milled with Johnny Peppe at the Arena. Wolff forced the fighting all the way and had Peppe pretty well marked up at the end. The judges' decision was razzed when announcement was made that Peppe had won.

Lew Hardcastle, who recently joined Phil Glassman's stable, ran into more than he anticipated when Lew Franklin of New York knocked him out in the third round at Atlantic City. Hardcastle weighed 122 and Franklin was five pounds lighter.

Johnny Lucus of Camden was beaten in an eight-round windup by Eddie Cool of Atlantic City, at Millville. Lucas conceded Cool five pounds. Sammy Sloto of Philadelphia boxed an eight-round draw with Johnny McShea of Pottstown.

Danny Devlin, well put together Allentown welterweight, turned in a victory over the veteran Pat Haley of Kensington at the Cambria. Devlin followed this up with a win over Marty Collins of South Philadelphia at the Arena. Devlin weighed 152½ pounds for the Collins bout.

Bob Shilling, who toils behind the counter of a restaurant in West Philadelphia easily outpointed Joe McHale of Roxborough at the Cambria. Shilling has been coming along with a rush in the last year.

Lew Hardcastle, of Atlantic City, who received a temporary setback by Ben Franklin, came back with a six-round victory over Pete Lorenzo, Philadelphia colored boxer, at the Arena. Hardcastle weighed 124½.

Mickey Diamond, 145-pounder from South Philadelphia, scored a technical knockout over Joe Wilton at the Arena, Referee Joe McGuigan stopping the bout at the end of the fourth round on the ground that Wilton was outclassed.

An amusing incident turned up at the Arena when announcer Joe Griffo had K. O. Harris paged from the ring. It seems Harris was wanted to take Jack Nelson's place against the hard-hitting Al Ettore. Harris left a comfortable ringside seat, dressed hurriedly and then was stopped in the first round.

Johnny Erickson, veteran New Yorker, found himself in a tough spot against Tony Morgano and Referee McGuigan stopped it in the fourth round. Erickson was in a "shell" from the first round on. After the bout Erickson was asked what was the matter and replied "I guess I'm getting too old."

Dick Welsh, rugged South Philadelphia scrapper, after winning twenty-two straight bouts, was outpointed by Matty White of Kensington at the Broadway A. C.

Bud Mangino of Bound Brook was scheduled to fight Al Gordon at the Broadway but the latter had an injured arm. Ernie Caesar took Gordon's place and the Northern New Jersey lad handed him a beating.

After a successful amateur career, Johnny Harkins, of Port Richmond, has turned pro. He boxes as a middleweight.

EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH
By RAY FOUTTS

JOHN L. HERMAN, manager of Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, has purchased a half interest in the Hickey Park arena, in Millvale, and, together with Fred Vogel, Sr., will promote boxing and wrestling shows there weekly during the summer. The popular "Bill" Dummer will act as matchmaker for the boxing shows with Arthur Sharkey acting in the same capacity on the grappling end. The arena has been remodeled to seat approximately 5000 fans, and will stage its boxing shows on Thursday nights, with the Meyers Brothers again holding their weekly shows on Mondays at the North Braddock punch bowl. Other clubs that will operate in the Pittsburgh district during the coming outdoor season are Eddie Fritz' Castle Bowl, at New Castle; I. E. Goodridge at Washington, Pa.; The Foutts Brothers, at East Liverpool, O.; Ray Eberle, at Junction Park, New Brighton, Pa., and Ray Barnes, at Sunset Park, in Alliance, Ohio.

Johnny Kusic, Youngstown junior-welterweight, was handed the first K. O. of his career by Paris Cangey, Jimmie Dimes' hard-punching club fighter when he was unable to answer the bell for the third round, after taking a body beating in the two previous sessions, in the top spot of a fine card of bouts sponsored by Billy Rahn at Youngstown, Ohio.

Freddy Edwards, West Virginia's best welter, was outpointed by Freddy Fitzgerald in the ten-round main bout of a show sponsored by the Coliseum Club at Canton, Ohio. Fitzgerald fought a smart, cagy battle throughout the ten rounds. Prior to this setback, Edwards had won six in a row by knockouts.

Teddy Yarosz, undefeated Monaca welterweight, ran his string of professional victories to forty-two by beating Larry Madge at Oil City, and decisively winning over Tiger Joe Randall in ten rounds at McKeesport.

District Gossip—Suey Welsh, Akron promoter, has averaged five grand at his last three shows, Jones-Lawless; Rocco-Christner; and Christner-Wine. . . . Al Zill, Youngstown impresario, has turned rassling promoter. . . . Dempsey drew $4,000 into Wheeling, $5,000 at Youngstown, but the house was a washout at Lorain. . . . The proposed twenty-round fight between Jack McVey and K. O. Kelly at Barberton, Ohio, was indefinitely postponed. Gorilla Jones looked better than any boy on the card, and Pittsburgh Jackie Rogers was terrible. . . . Jack Zivic is still training for a comeback, and his two kid brothers, Eddie and Fritz are cleaning up the district amateurs. . . . Johnny Dunn, New Kensington feather, who has defeated Jackie Rogers and other stars, is now under the management of the writer. . . . Jules Beck will again be matchmaker at the Meyers Bowl. . . .

Jimmie Dunn is making a great fighter out of Ross Fields, his southpaw bantamweight, and Mickey Duras, lightweight. . . . West Virginia's new boxing law soon becomes effective, and about every city of any size will have boxing shows during the summer, including: Parkersburg, Wheeling, Huntington, Clarksburg, Weirton, Fairmont and Grafton. . . .

Any information about the Pittsburgh district can be secured by sending a stamped envelope to the writer at the Foutts Brothers Gym—East Liverpool, O.

ERIE AND VICINITY
By LEW KROHN

ABOUT 1,000 fans from Erie traveled to Cleveland to see the go between Young Jack Thompson and Tommy Freeman. Most of the boys from Erie were surprised at the poor showing of Freeman, after Tommy had won twice from Thompson.

The hit of the show on the Freeman-Thompson card was Chico Cisneros. This young Mexican showed the classy Jackie Rodgers more gloves than he had ever seen before. Every fan in the big hall wants to see this featherweight again.

Tony Gamble, a little 107-pound bundle of dynamite, won the district amateur title. He represented Erie in the Golden Gloves meet in New York. Gamble defeated boys as heavy as 118 pounds.

I. T. Battles, colored 160-pound amateur champion, is ready to turn professional. Francis (Red) Duffy, c/o *The Dispatch Herald*, is handling this boy. You are going to hear from this lad, as he is a hard hitter.

Paul Moroski, 175-pound pride of The General Electric Co., is ready again and will appear for The Keystone A. C. soon.

Ray Collins is anxious to meet Frankie Bojarski, and offers to make 135 pounds for the strong farmer boy. Bojarsky has yet to lose a fight in the pro ranks.

Joe Boler, 130-pound southpaw, has shown a great deal of improvement. Boler made quite a hit in Pittsburg on the Maxie Rosenbloom-Billy Jones card.

The writer would like to know the reason Tommy Grogan, Ray Miller and Steve Haliako refuse to meet Maxie Strub. Any of these boys would pack the big open air arena with Strub.

Gov. Pinchot vetoed the bill making 15-round fights permissible for championship bouts, so we will have to be content with 10 rounds.

Any one having news that will interest RING readers in this district send it to Lew Krohn, P. O. Box 114, Erie, Pa.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

WILD CAT O'CONNOR, Carbondale featherweight, proved his superiority over Al Jackson, Scranton, for the second time in as many months by winning the decision before a capacity crowd at the Carbondale armory.

Efforts are now being made to put O'Connor against Steve Smith, Bridgeport, Conn., featherweight or Freddy Haverlak, Newport schoolboy wonder. In event O'Connor meets Haverlak, the bout will be staged before the local fans as part of a double wind-up.

Johnny Lopasky, Harvey's Lake lumberjack, made a big hit with the Shamokin fans by his decisive victory over Al Bowman of that place. Lopasky finished Bowman with a left hook to the chin in the third.

Gene Baldoni proved he is far from through by winning over Frankie Rapp, hard-hitting Philadelphia lightweight, at Sunbury, Pa. The Hilldale veteran is anxious for another bout with Johnny Kelly to settle local lightweight honors.

Pete Suskey, Scranton middleweight, took a step nearer to Mickey Walker's crown by winning over Haako Hanson, Chicago star, before a large crowd at the Chicago Coliseum.

Andy Mitchell, California heavyweight, held the slugging Mack House to a draw in a bruising ten-rounder at the Armory A. C.

In the other bouts, Jackie Britton, Pringle, and Johny Helstein, Carbondale, fought a ten-round draw; Tony Stetz won over Tony Rock; Johnny Lopasky, Harvey's Lake, outslugged Doug Gibson and Marty Mellet, Newtown, defeated Joe Sweeney, Lee Park.

Tommy Pringle, Pringel feather, surprised his host of followers by holding the hard-hitting Eddie Leroy of Williamsport to a draw in their recent bout at Hazelton.

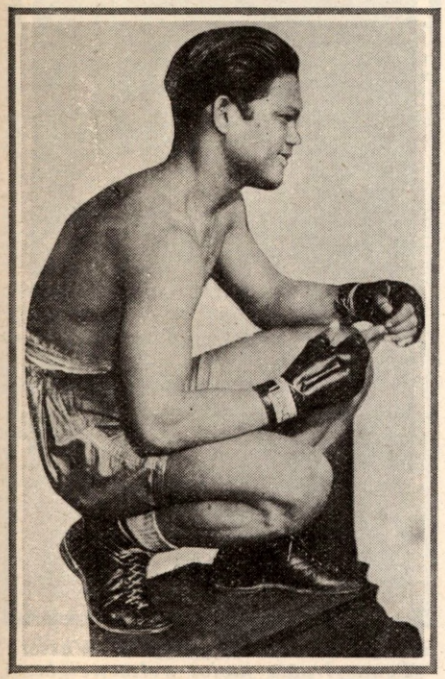
Matchmaker Bird introduced wrestling to the local fans during the past month. In the feature bout Jim McMillen, former Illinois football star won from Ivan Vacturoff in twenty-nine minutes.

In the second match of the month Karl Pojello defeated Dr. Wilson in one fall after forty-seven minutes of clever wrestling.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

WASHINGTON boxing fans are looking forward to the opening of the open-air arena at Fort Washington as they have been without their boxing the entire winter, owing to an ancient law that classed the manly art with the bull fights and the likes. Frankie Mann, local promoter, will in all probability do the matchmaking for the Army Arena and if such is the case, good bouts can be anticipated. Last year the Army Arena was the Mecca for boxing in these parts.

With open air season about at hand it is reported that a new enterprise will endeavor in Baltimore, operating in a baseball park in the southwest section of the city. The new club will sponsor shows at popular prices featuring new talent, and local boys primarily.



Vivencio Alicante, Filipino welterweight who is doing good work in California

Clarence Sloat, promising Baltimore lightweight, made a very good showing against Buster Brown, also of Baltimore, but lost a decision to the veteran at the Gayety Theatre. Buster had his hands full with the coming youngster and the bout was an interesting one.

Toney Ross, boxing formerly as a bantam, has returned to the ring as a lightweight. Toney fought two bang-up draws during the month, both being with the ever willing Sailor McKenna.

Reds Barry, Washington lightheavy, handed Joe Finazzo an eight-round pasting at Hagerstown, Md. Barry led practically all the way but the Baltimorean never stopped trying at any time.

Phil Raymond, Baltimore's best punching lightweight scored a six-round knockout over Jack Gallagher of Philadelphia at Pokomoke City, Md.

Ray Bowan, Washington lightweight, scored an eight-round win over Lew Heywood at Pokomoke City while Kid Cosden of Cordova, Md. received the nod over Nick Antonelli there.

Lew Raymond, Baltimore lightweight, scored an easy win over Charlie Gomer in six rounds at the Gayety Theatre in Baltimore. Gomer was far too inexperienced for Raymond.

Baker Boy Billy Schwartz, Washington lightheavy, scored a four-round knockout over Russ Rowsey at Roanoke, Va. Schwartz also scored over Joe Knight, southern lightweight, there recently.

Arthur Emmerson, proprietor of the Oasis Club at Portsmouth, Va., is to invade Maryland territory by loaning a helping hand to the Del-Mar A. C. that promotes shows at Salisbury, Md., in the winter and Ocean City in the open air season. Emmerson has had a world of experience and should be a great help to the Maryland Club.

Emmerson, who promotes fights weekly at his Oasis Club, promises to have one of the best outdoor arenas in the south this summer. The open arena will locate next to the Oasis Arena and in the event of rain the show will be held on the inside.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

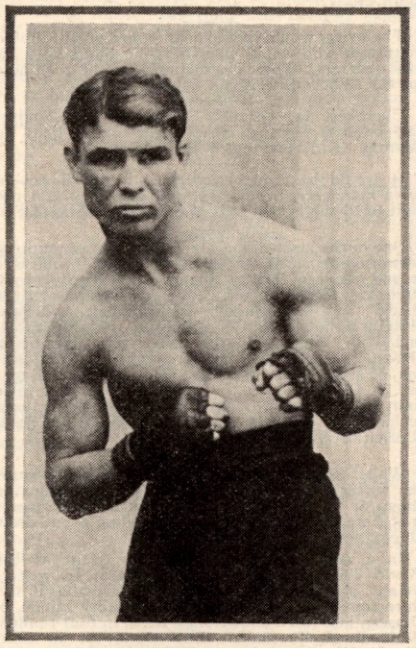
ALTHOUGH wrestling made its bow in this section, some first-class boxing bouts held the center of attention during the past month. The grappling game made its bid for popularity with shows being staged in Bethlehem and Pottsville. Fair-sized crowds turned out to witness the grunt and groan boys.

Tiger Thomas, Williamsport middleweight, scored a technical knockout over Johnny Pilc, Newark, in the fourth round of one of the most interesting fistic battles in these parts. It was a great fight until Thomas split Pilc's eye.

Lee Fogleman, Williamsport promoter, is still giving the fans great fistic attractions, but continues to go in the red. His preliminaries to the Thomas-Pilc brawl resulted as follows: Honeyboy Shimar, Williamsport, won over Frankie Jenoco, Harrisburg, six; Frankie Erne, Williamsport, stopped Al. Miller, Shamokin, one; and Jimmie Dundee, Williamsport, defeated Georgie White, Williamsport, four.

Pete Latzo, Scranton, erstwhile welter king, had little trouble beating Rattle Kichline, Phillipsburg, in ten at Bethlehem. Latzo knew too much for Kichline, who was willing and courageous.

The prelims were: Al. Diamond, New York, outpointed Eddie Tray, Allentown, six; Georgie Lynch, Easton, kayoed Andy Beletti, Bethlehem, five; Johnny Bednar, Bethlehem, defeated Mosey Stein, Bethlehem, four; Larry Rena, Easton, technically knocked out Johnny Novak, Allentown, one, and Clarence Olewine, Slatington, beat Muck Hotis Catasauqua, four.



Johnny Cook, crack Southern junior-lightweight

Pat Igo, Shenandoah, romped off to an easy win over Tony Loftus, Philadelphia, in eight at Reading. Tiny Hoffner, Reading heavyweight, showed plenty of stuff in turning the tables on Tony DeMaio, Stoney Creek, in the fourth. Hoffner took plenty of punishment in the first two rounds but came back strong to batter his foe into submission. Hoffner, when he trains, looks like a good prospect.

Jackie Green, Manheim, stopped Eddie Kantner, Reading, in the first, and Billy Kennedy, Manayunk, outboxed Johnny Navin, Philadelphia, in eight. Both fights were at Reading.

Babe Marshall, Newark, trounced Mike Kushwara, Morea, in ten at Ashland. The rest of the card resulted as follows: George Keysock, Frackville, shaded Al. Swilp, Tamaqua, eight; Young Jimmy McLarnin, Lost Creek, beat Len Whalen, Coaldale, six; Ked Metz, Shamokin, outpointed Pete McDonald, Lost Creek, four; and Jimmy Lyton, Ashland, decisioned Ted Ball, Mount Carmel, four.

Joey Hadfield, Mike Burn's great little club fighter from Conshohocken, beat Red Saunders, Minersville, in ten at Minersville. In the semi on the same card, K. O. Craven, Philadelphia, beat Fumbler Martin, New Philadelphia.

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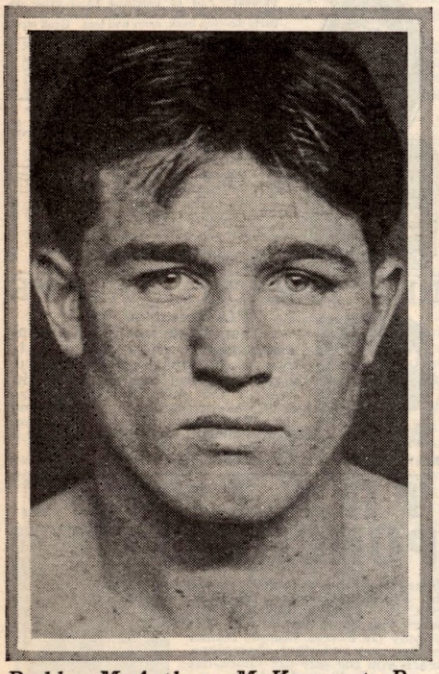
SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

JOE KELLY, former Sioux City boxing promoter, was in Sioux City, searching for talent for his shows at Mason City, Ia., where he is now working as matchmaker for the American Legion. Mr. Kelly stated "that over 17,000 fans had turned out for his last ten shows."

A fair-sized crowd of fans turned out for the first boxing show promoted under L. L. Blake and Leo Morris. In the ten-round main event, a youngster by the name of Billy Black, hailing from Chicago, was placed in the ring with Freeman Pepper, veteran local light-heavy. After toying with the "Kid" for four rounds, Pepper knocked Black out in the fifth round. Denver Jimmy Wilson knocked out King Fish, Omaha colored welter, in the last round of their sixer. Doty Turner (colored), a newcomer to local pugdom, won a T. K. O. over Patsy Pollock, another Omaha colored welter in the second round of their sixer. Matt Smith, Elk Point-Sioux City lightweight and Blackey Bursheim of Watertown, S. D., mix four good rounds to a draw. In another four-rounder Kid Chocolate, Omaha, and Kid Anderson, Sioux City, fought to a draw.

Remsen, Ia.—Ray "Poison" Mann, Sioux City welterweight ace, knocked out Kid Ferguson, also of Sioux City, in the first round of their eight-round main event.



Buddy McArthur, McKeesport, Pa., light-heavyweight flash

Ray "Poison" Mann, Sioux City welterweight ace, who has licked everyone his weight in this part of the Woods is in search of opponents. To quote "Ray": "He bars no one and is willing to fight any place, any time and any one his weight." This is a fact. Mann has had more fights called off for lack of opponents, than any ten fighters booking out of Sioux City. Mann would like a crack at Lefty Martler, the Moline, Ill., sensation.

Harry Jones, boxing promoter at Riverview Park, has lined up a strong program for the out-door season. Both boxing and wrestling shows will be featured. Anton Stecher will have charge of the matchmaking for the wrestling shows. Mr. Jones and Mr. Stecher can be reached care of Riverview Park, Sioux City, Iowa.

When the announcer introduced Der Max, as world's champion, cries and hoots were heard all over the Auditorium, howls of "get Sharkey," "don't claim foul now," "it is only an exhibition," etc., greeted him. In the eight-round main event of the regular program, Big Boy Stermmerman, of Aberdeen, S. D. and Freeman Pepper, local light-heavyweight, fought on pretty close terms. One of the biggest surprises of the evening was the decisive defeat of Denver Jimmy Wilson at the hands of Kenny Austin, Central City, Neb. welter, in eight rounds. In the six-rounders, Doty Turner (colored) and Felix Brynes, S. D. welter, pulled and pushed, with Turner having a shade the better. Blackie Burcheim, Watertown, S. D. feather, looked very good when he defeated Francis Gatewood, of Decatur, Neb. The four-rounders saw Mickey O'Donnel out-cuff Eddie Graham (colored), of Minneapolis, and Jerry Howard lose to Newsboy Joey Rich. Tom Brislane was the promoter.

Norfolk, Neb.—Ray Mann, Sioux City, fighting another great fight, beat George Kenard, Omaha, welter, in a fast eight-rounder.

Earl McArthur, former Sioux City bantamweight star, who met some of the best a few years back, has taken over the management of Young Jerry Howard, bantam. Young Howard is one tough puncher.

Max Schmeling, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, left only a fair impression on Sioux City fans, after his exhibition at the Auditorium.

Richie Mack, Omaha, Jr. welter, and a member of the Roy Feltman stable, handed Doty Turner a six-round boxing lesson at the World Theater. Jerry Howard and Young Rogers, bantams, drew in four. In the other bouts, Billy Goodyear won from Kid Ferguson in four, Kid Brown was knocked out in the third round by Eddie Graham, and Ted Mirsh lost to Al Pease in four.

Howard Graack, local fight manager, was in Chicago looking for a good heavyweight prospect. Mr. Graack only deals in heavyweights, so he says.

Tommy Riner, of Garden Grove, Iowa, sends in the following notes, regarding the fistic sport in his part of the state:

Joe Aneger, popular matchmaker for the American Legion of Leon, Ia., staged the best show of the month, when Billy Luse, Garden Grove's welterweight boxer, fought six slam-bang rounds to a draw with Battling Barefoot Oiler of Lamoni, Ia. In a four-round semi-wind up, Russel Tolly, a featherweight prospect, shaded Pick Pickering. Both boys hail from Leon, Ia. Another show sponsored by the Legion saw Baby Carnera knock out Jimmy De Calb in the third round of a ten-rounder. The best prospect of the month is Kid Luse, welterweight pride of Garden Grove. He is only 18 years old and has had 46 battles. He also has a flock of knockouts to his credit. He is under the management of Ernie Jensen, of Omaha, Neb. Thank you, Mr. Riner, let us hear from you again next month.

Sammy Martin, former Sioux City negro lightweight, is now the proud owner of a large chicken ranch in Missouri. Martin at his best, was a hard boy to beat.

The writer would like to hear from a good Filipino youngster who would like to make Sioux City his headquarters. There is a chance to make good here for the right lad, that can fight.

Cherokee, Ia.—Jimmie Salvatore, Fort Dodge, Ia., bantam, lost a close eight-round bout to Wyman "Kid" Swezey, of Storm Lake, Ia.

It would be appreciated very much, if out of town managers, promoters, and boxers, would not wait until the last minute to mail in their notes.

One of the most desperate and vicious encounters witnessed at the World Theater for some time was staged between Harold Rogers and Newsboy Joey Rich, two local feathers. Rich was the victor by a shade. In a four-rounder, Reddy Adair, and Paul Hamilton, lightweight of the Buzz Griffiths' stable, mixed up things a-plenty. Adair won after being almost knocked out in the first round. Kid Johnson, of Moville, Ia., won on a foul from Whit Burdsell, of Decatur, Neb., in the second round of their four, and Mickey O'Donnel shaded Eddie Graham (colored), in four. Young Jerry Howard and Jack Rausch drew in their four.

Walt Pritchard, local out-door promoter, informs the writer that he will again stage weekly boxing shows at the ball park. Pritchard has the largest spot here, and with good shows, should out-draw all competitors.

In a slam-bang six-round main event at the World Theater, Jimmy Johnson, local Jr. welterweight, stopped Mickey Powers, of Omaha, in the third round. In the other bouts, Sammy Mingo, of Omaha, lost to Newsboy Joey Rich, in four rounds. Whit Burdsell shaded Billy Goodyear in four. Charles Westbrook lost to Kid Burdsell in another four, and Jerry Howard knocked out Kid Kaplan in the second round of their four.

In a fast six-round re-match, Reddy Adair removed all doubt as to his first victory over Paul Hamilton. The two lightweights tore into one another from the start, doing their best to score a knockout. Adair won four of the six rounds. Johnny Lambert upset the dope, when he knocked out Whit Burdsell in the third round of their slated four-rounder. Buzz Smith, of Liberty, Neb., defeated Ray Newman, of Merrill, Ia., in four. Carl Hugo, fighting for the first time in months shaded Kid Whitehall, of Onowa, Ia., in four. Phil Montgomery defeated Lester Peterson in a good three-rounder.

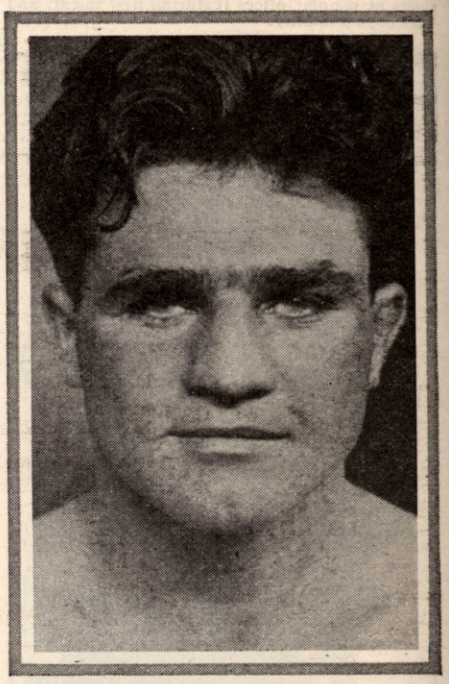
Louie Tattaleman, manager of Louie Zack, heavyweight, and Newsboy Joey Rich, bantam, has his two stars ready for the out-door season. Rich, "the little Sioux City iron man" looks like the best prospect for the month.

Jimmy Thomson, sensational featherweight of the Eddie Morris stable, was born in Lancashire, England, his father in Glasgow, Scotland, and his mother in County Sligo, Ireland. Thomson gained his first boxing experience around New York fighting in the amateur ranks.

The writer is highly pleased with the fine way local promoters are giving the youngsters a chance to show their wares. The unfair policy of one or two managers trying to hog a whole card, is slowly being knocked in the head.

Bobby Paul, manager of the sportsman gym, would like to hear from managers and boxers, who plan to make a trip to the west coast this summer, and who would like to stop off here for two or three shows.

Last Minute Sparks—Boxing here during the past month took a quick turn on the wrestling sport, coming through with seven shows to wrestling's two, all doing fairly well . . . Looks like "Old man depression" is on the ropes . . . Paul Wangley, hard punching Jr. lightweight from down in Okla., will make Sioux City his headquarters for the summer season . . . Babe Barnes, local bantam, took the count at the hands of Dan Cupid . . . Bobby Rogers, a young bantam, looks like a comer . . . Owing to the lack of space, we will have to hold off for this month, sorry, but will be back with more next time . . . and how . . . this comes from 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa . . . Wrestling notes will be continued next month . . . ta . . . ta.



Benny McArthur, rugged Western Pennsylvania junior-welterweight.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

TWO big shows, two small shows and three amateur attractions were put on during the past month and indications point to boxing returning to normalcy.

On the Coliseum show, John Schwake, Maplewood heavyweight, defeated Johnny Risko in a bout filled with sustained action. Schwake carried the fight all the way and rocked his opponent several times with hard punches to the face. Dave Knost outpointed Gene Stanton; George Pavlick whipped Al Stillman; Pee Wee Terry bested Ollie Bartlett; Allen Matthews kayoed Kid Booker in two rounds and Harry Durso drew with Johnny Emmerick in the remaining bouts.

The second Coliseum show found Billy Petrolle shading Lope Tenorio after ten rounds filled with red hot action. It was a corking scrap and Petrolle had both hands busy in keeping off the rugged Filipino. Davey Abad and Johnny Jadick drew in the ten-round semi-final. Johnny Kaiser won over Ray Palmerin six rounds and Harry Durso drew with Frank Doxey in four. Max Schmeling also engaged in an exhibition fray with two sparring partners.

Tom Packs held a monster boxing and wrestling show in which all the receipts were turned over to charity. Both boxers and wrestlers contributed their services gratis and it was an event remembered by the vast crowd that attended and saw some thrilling engagements. The Arena with its seating capacity of 20,000 was donated for the occasion.

St. Louis is to have an amateur team entered in the National Amateur A. A. U. championships which take place in New York. Johnny Miles, light-heavyweight, Les Schulte, heavyweight, and Joe Parks, lightweight, stand out as the best bets to cop the title.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in St. Louis will do well in communicating with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

ROSARIO DELISLE, popular little local promoter, wound up the winter indoor season with a colorful card of bouts at the St. Denis Theatre. The shrewd little matchmaker, affectionately known as "Rosy," has apparently solved the riddle of drawing the monetary attention of the hard-to-please fight public of Montreal by putting a popular local fighter, Bobby Leitham, against Pete Sanstol, highly rated Norwegian bantam, in the ten-round main event. A capacity crowd witnessed a sensational battle between the bantam stars as well as five good supporting bouts and went home highly satisfied. Sanstol won but was hard pressed.

The semi-final eight-rounder was a dreary sort of bout until the final round when the boys staged a slugging bee that got the fans a little more interested. George Chabot, former lightweight star, got the nod. His opponent was Mickey Williams, Burlington, and it doesn't look as though George's comeback was any too impressive. Bill Carruthers, who has also fought under the moniker of Willie Carey, trounced another local lightweight, Henri Legros, in a pleasing six-rounder. Carruthers' swinging right hand had the southpaw in trouble most of the way. Sam Gibbs was the proud pilot again. Both were ex-amateur stars locally.

Wilf. Carufel and Harry Leibovitz, both Montreal boys, beat well known battlers from Sherbrooke and Quebec, respectively. Carufel displayed a determined offensive to come from behind and punch out a six-round victory over Rene Loubier, lightweight champion of the Eastern Townships, in a bout crammed with varying action. Leibovitz proved to his pilot, Raoul Godbout, what a promising prospect he is by pounding out a technical kayo over Billy Green, the Ancient City's leading flyweight. Eddie Beaurivage, a rangy boxer from Sherbrooke, sparred cautiously to outpoint Constant Bluteau, heavy hitting local welter, in the four round opener.

Al Foreman, king of knockout punchers who holds the British Empire Lightweight title as well as the Lonsdale Belt, has been inactive since knocking out three opponents in two weeks. The British and Canadian champ was laid low by a severe illness that forced him to abandon training for a month but his brother and manager, Harry Foreman, states that the Montreal dynamo has started training again and Al will soon be giving the referees plenty of counting practice and experience if he resumes where he left off. Local promoters would be more than glad to see Foreman back in Canada again as he is the only $10,000 drawing card that Montreal can boast of at present, but Al is in incessant demand in "Ole Lunnon."

Armand Vincent is an enterprising young local sports promoter. He is a great hustler.

The Canadian flyweight title is vacant with the Canadian Federation's act in stripping the crown from French Belanger for breach of contract and a Dominion-wide tourney will be staged to locate a worthy successor.

Harry Rappaport again sends me the news from the Eastern Townships and points east. Harry says that the game is beginning to hit on all sixes up that way and that the fans are turning out in increasing numbers and enthusiasm.

Jimmy Thompson, who was one of the most colorful amateur stars in Montreal, traded clouts in a hair-raising draw with Young Lebrun, Sherbrooke's heavy hitting favorite. Though he did have a weight advantage of some six pounds or so, Thompson was decidedly impressive in breaking even with his more experienced rival and has all the earmarks of a coming lightweight topnotcher. Levy Duquette, Quebec lightweight ace, scored an easy win over his game townmate, Frankie Belanger, flooring him several times during their six-rounder. Young Burns, Quebec flyweight, scored an unpopular verdict over Tommy Lemieux of Edmunston, N. B., in the opening six-rounder.

Young Lebrun journeyed down to Berlin, N. H., three days after his clash with Jim Thompson and crossed gloves with Johnny Harko of Manchester, N. H., in the feature ten-rounder. The slugging Sherbrooke star dumped Harko for a nine count in the third but missed his chance for a kayo only to have Harko rally to get the edge after a rugged battle. A week later in Sherbrooke he dropped another close verdict to Rene Loubier, though somewhat handicapped by an injured left maulie sustained in the second round.

Pete Sanstol, rated next to Champion Al Brown in the bantam division, is a serious challenger for the world's title reposing on Brown's head. Pete has challenged through the local commission, which has working agreements with all other bodies, and his manager, Raoul Godbout, deposited the required $2,500 guarantee.

Amateur boxing in Montreal came into its own during the Provincial Championships staged at the Y. M. H. A. The 1931 Provincial Amateur Champions of Quebec, survivors of the gruelling three-night session, resulted as follows: 108 lbs., Nat Leibman, Y.M.H.A.; 112 lbs., Eddie Heathfield, Verdun B. C.; 118 lbs., Larry Phillips, Y.M.H.A.; 126 lbs., Johnny Keller, Beld-Cort.; 130 lbs., Tommy Rollings, Verdun B. C.; 135 lbs., Harold Stewart, C.N.R.; 147 lbs., Tommy Sullivan, Beld-Cort.; 160 lbs., Walter Jones, Black Watch; 175 lbs., Leo Leblanc, Marceau A.A.; Heavyweight, Charlie Druce, Y.M.C.A. The final night's battling was witnessed by an enthusiastic capacity crowd with smashing action predominating the ten title bouts, five of which failed to go the route. Charlie Druce gained his heavyweight laurels by scoring two one-round knockouts over bigger lads than himself and the other kayo titlists were Eddie Heathfield, Tommy Rollings, Tommy Sullivan and Leo Leblanc. Sullivan's kayo of the clever Matthews was the real thriller of the lot.

EASTERN CANADA SCRAPS

By VERNON BOWER

FIGHTING Circles in Halifax has taken on a new lease this spring. There are College Boxing Clubs at Dal and Kings, Military Gymnasium with Garrison fights, as well as several private fighting clubs handling both Pro and Amateur gos.

Making his third K. O. victory in three appearances in the ring "Big" Dan Wallace secured a T. K. O. over Ambros Currie, St. F. X. University to take the light heavyweight championship of the Maritimes, in the second round. Interscholastic.

Carl Holm, brother of Billy Holm, who is now in the stable of Al Foreman, took the welterweight championship interscholastic K. O. H. Cunningham, Dalhousie Univ. in the second.

In the heavyweights, B. Meagher St. F. X. won over Doug Murray, Dal. scrapper. Big Jim Mac Leod, former Martime heavyweight champion did not fight this season.

Gunner Dixon, Garrison champion, R. C. R.; recently took on his old opponent Stoker Stevens of the R. C. N. R., giving him a trouncing.

Buck Jones, classy colored amateur, is training and expects to reach his old form in a few weeks.

FLASHES FROM OLD QUEBEC

By PIE AHE EMM

JACK ROGERS, matchmaker, well-known in the United States, who nas been staging fights here for some time, met with another great success on his last card of fights. Jack has now won the confidence of the sport fans here due to the fact that he is giving them their money's worth. Keep it up Jack.

Vernon Cormier, the Blond Blizzard from Boston, gained a decision over Ralph McNaughton, the Irish Flash.

Levy Duquet, Canadian Lightweight champion, won over Frank Belanger, formerly of Detroit, but now of this city. For five rounds Frank gave the new King a boxing lesson but towards the end weakened and was driven to the canvas on several occasions.

Frenchy Derosier returned to the ring and won over Bob Roy, noted Scotch Flyweight. Derosier is in the same shape as he was prior to his recent accident and believe me, under Francoeur's direction, he has learned a lot about boxing.

Midget George won the Y. M. C. A. Flyweight championship by knocking out Leo Kid Edgar in the 3rd round.

Tommeny Landry, an ambitious youngster, won from Jackie Flowers. Landry fought a hammer-and-tong battle that pleased the fans greatly.

Bobby Dick lost a hairline decision to the noted featherweight, Leo Kid Roland. Leo's experience carried him to the victory.

George Lacasse won a decision over Buddy Rogers in an exciting contest. Both fighters kissed the canvas twice.

Young Murphy was slated to fight George Larue, local lightweight champion, but due to some unknown reason Murphy could not attend. Pasty Higgens consented to fill the card and take Murphy's place. Fighting at a handicap of weight, reach, size and every possible disadvantage, Patsy slugged his way to victory. The new champion has now left Quebec and has joined the navy. At present he is in Halifax. I pray that the RING representative for the Maratime Provinces gets in touch with him. His name is Pat Tache.

As a closing word much praise should be given to Alex Fulton and Ivan Davidson for the manner in which they produced the last show at the local Y. M. C. A. It was a complete success.

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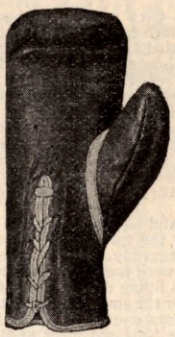

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31x4	2.95	1.15	28x4.75	2.45	1.20
32x4	2.95	1.15	29x4.75	2.45	1.20
33x4	2.95	1.15	30x4.86	2.90	1.35
34x4	3.50	1.15	29x5.00	2.95	1.35
32x4½	3.20	1.45	30x5.00	2.95	1.35
33x4½	3.20	1.45	28x5.25	2.95	1.35
34x4½	3.45	1.45	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
30x5	3.60	1.75	31x5.25	3.10	1.55
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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE Queen City was a lively spot during the current month in the way of fisticuffs. Freddie Miller battled both Johnny Farr and Tommy Paul in return bouts while Music Hall auditorium was the scene of the 1931 Ohio State amateur tournament. Miller also figured in Dayton's leading scrap with Manuel Castro while Columbus, O., came forward with the Graham-Farr tussle which saw Jack Dempsey in the third role. Miller again came through with colors flying in both bouts. Freddie is a safe bet to hand Battalino a trouncing this summer if they meet as expected.

Al Bechtold and his associates are in line for congratulations for the splendid way they handled the 1931 amateur tourney. Representatives from all over the state were seen in action and there were plenty of gloves flying during the course of the two-day meet. After the smoke of the battle had cleared the following boys were selected to lead the Buckeye state in the National meet at Boston. Special weight, George Scheyr (L. B. H.); Flyweight, Pete Milano (Friars); 118 lb., Earl Stephens (L. B. H.); 126 lb., Larry Dillon (L. B. H.); 135 lb., Al Schwarz (L. B. H.); 147 lb., Dan Millilo (L. B. H.); 160 lb., Herb Simmons (Oxford, O.); 170 lb., Bill Scorgham (Davis A. C.); Heavyweight, Jesse Caldwell (Akron).

The team championship was won by the L. B. Harrison club of Cincinnati under the coaching of Jimmy Brown and Earl Righter. The winning team was given a silver trophy and the winners and runners-up were presented with gold medals and cups.

Some fighters are sentimental, others are not. But as we are now speaking of the former, let us review the case of Bushy Graham, Utica, N. Y., and former bantamweight champ. "Graham is done" was the pass word of most of the wise bugs. This must have struck the bushy-haired boy's ear, because promptly he jumped over here from his native heath and went on to belittle the tough Johnny Farr of Cleveland at Columbus, O., for the benefit of the Disabled War Vets. Ask Jack Dempsey if Graham is through. He probably knows better than any other just how many gloves the said finished Graham threw in the course of their bout. Bang! Eight times down and seven times up, and Referee Dempsey stopped the mill or rather the slaughter in the eighth round. Graham weighs 126 lbs., three pounds less than Farr. Gate receipts reached the 10-grand mark while 6,000 were in attendance. In the semi-windup, Young Tuffy Griffiths defeated George Ingrams in six rounds.

And they say Bushy Graham is through! Not that I can notice it!

Freddie Miller had a rather easy time with Manuel Castro, the Mexican, in their tussle at Memorial Hall. Miller won eight of the ten rounds and was never in danger. In the other ten-round bout Jim Kelly, Pittsburgh, knocked out Johnny Curtin of Dayton in the seventh round, living up to Manager Al Leever's prediction.

Babe Beck, Columbus's fast coming middleweight proved to be a thorn in the side of Johnny Mason, Scranton, Pa. Beck stopped the former Dutch Windmill in the seventh round. The prelims were fast and results are as follows—Kid Spencer and Harb Little, draw in 4; Sammy Sweet beat Micky Grogan in 6; Herman Beck and Cliff Cassidy, draw in six rounds.

The preliminaries to the Miller-Farr and Miller-Paul bouts were: Paul Eviston stopped Elmer Lange in 3; Lonnie Bowden beat Willie Mann in 6; Bob Rappaport shaded Walter Eck in 4; Ray Reisnger trimmed Sunny Darcy in 4; Kid Chocolate and Jim Brown drew in 4; Max Koshover beat Eddie Ruckman in 6; Pat Mosher beat Windy Meyers in 6; Herb Aiken beat Earl Baker in 4; Danny O'Keefe trimmed Ray Kietz in 4 and Freddie Murphy knocked out Bernie Cohen in 3.

Howard Mitchell, the lanky lightweight, now fighting under new management, knocked out Ray Newton of Mansfield, O., in the fourth round at Portsmouth, O. George Barber kayoed Bobbie Powell in four heats in a prelim.

The three Musketeers—Koshover-Eviston-Murphy continue forward. Koshover beat Ruckaman; Eviston stopped Lange and Murphy stopped Cohen. And it's a 3–1 shot they keep going.

Two local contenders for middlewight honors traveled out of the city and were returned victorious. Joe Anderson gave Matt Adgie a thorough trouncing at Philly while Elmer Bezehah beat Alabama Kid at Piqua, O.

Milford, O. arena staged the Jackie Raymond-Vince Coogan mill with Raymond taking the nod after 6 rounds of terrific fighting. Bob Duane, a giant negro heavy from the East, made his bow with a two-round knockout over Grant Harrison, Tiger Lyons beat Young Chocolate, Mickey Glass beat Young Federel, Bat Riehle kayoed Kid Theve, Red Speaks beat Kid Smith, Bernie Cohen beat Ray Taylor and Jim Craig drew with Billy Burk.

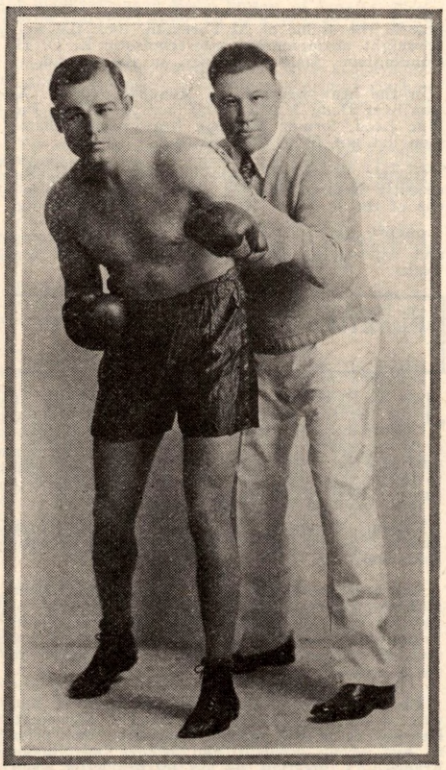
Ted Graham, the New Richmond, O. negro heavy was too experienced for Bob Duane, Hartford, Conn. in their bout at Milford on April 13th and Graham won on a decision in six rounds.

Johnny Mack, Fred Batsche's heavyweight ace, made short work of Pat Clancy, Texas heavyweight at Milford, O. arena. Clancy hit the canvas in the fifth round taking five counts before the fight was halted. Through this win Mack cinched his fight with Joe Lohman of Toledo, O.

Zanesville—Manuel Castro, Tampico, Mex., outpointed Jimmy Dunn, Pittsburgh in 12 rounds. Alabama Kid and Cuddy Dixon drew in eight rounds.

At Dayton, Eagle's arena, Coleman Johns, fast-stepping Dayton light-heavy, handled Vince Coogan of Cincinnati in ten rounds and thereby won the 170 lb. championship of the Gem City. Kid Sunshine of Dayton knocked out Young Wills of Tampa, Fla., in four rounds. Johnny Quirk shaded Eddie Bomber in 6 rounds; Don Johnson defeated Billy Snow and Ernie Hemple trimmed Joe Lupo.

Around Fountain Square with the fighters and their pilots . . . Billy Rose out of retirement again in harness under his old manager Joe Altman . . . the Blue Grass club the mecca for all of the leading local and out of town boys . . . with Charley Reib replacing Mickey Kelcher as manager and doing a great job of same . . . Herbie Aiken a great prospect from this club as well as Art Kinney . . . the Federal Building presenting three of boxing's leading supporters in August A. Siemon, United States Commissioner . . . Charlie O'Neill of the *Post* and Bill Hoeny of the *Times Star* . . . and do they know their stuff . . . and how! . . . C. M. Jones, Clinton, Ind., manager of Frankie Hughes, junior welter ace, hankering for a shot with Hambright, Rose or any other 140-pounder . . . Danny Davis signing Georgie Annarino to a contract.



Joe Anderson, rugged Covington, Ky., light-heavyweight aspirant, and his trainer, Elmer Cavanaugh.

Willie Sullivan all diked out in a brand new suit . . . goin' places, Willie. . . . back from Florida comes Harry Hartman of WFBE with the news the fight game in a healthy condition down there . . . with two fights under his belt broadcasted in St. Petersburgh and Tampa at WDAE and WMBR . . . oh, yes the old Sonada still is protruding . . . Charley Scheyer planning to operate on this side of the river, discarding his former spot, the Bowl.

Freddie Amann, starting his second year in sport cartoons . . . Sammy Sweet, true to his name and still sweeter in the flyweights . . . Millard Rauh, sporting brand new spats . . . a puzzle solved . . . we found out that Herman S. Katz, of the Parkway club, is the gentleman that circles the ring at all of the latter's shows . . . why not rent a bike for the night, Herman.

Joe Anderson, leading contender for middleweight honors returned to his first trainer the other day and now Elmer Cavanaugh and Joe are together once again. To start out, Joe-Elmer duo are arguing these warm days just who is the handsomest. We haven't any doubts about this little fuss, but why not let Charley Reib do the third-man act and settle it. Or maybe Charlie Johnson, Batsche's aide-de-camp could inform them.

Fighters of any weight without any strings attached to them who would like to keep busy in this section write to the scribe at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O. Information in the game can be had by enclosing self-stamped envelope.

GRAPPLING GABS IN CINCINNATI
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FOR the approval for the vast portion of mat fans during the past month, Matchmaker Millard Raun, of the Quality Club, offered four world's title matches on his popular weekly cards at the Music Hall arena. For Rauh it can be said, ever since he took the local wrestling club in tow, has given the fans some of the greatest matches in the Middle West.

Jim Londos, St. Louis Greek and recognized heavyweight champion in the majority of the states, tackled Mike Romano, New York's Italian threat and came out victorious in straight falls, the first coming in 15 minutes and 30 seconds and the second in 9 minutes and 45 seconds.

A new and faster than ever Jack Reynolds stepped on the mat when the welter king defended his title for a second time again Iota Shima, clever Jap contender. Reynolds flew all over the Far East contender and won the match in straight falls.

In his second defense, Nichols had the very much known Bull Montana, movie star, wrestler and man of ugly faces. Nichols had an easier time with Montana than with his previous opponent. The champion won in straight falls.

In the other match of the month, Mike Romano, New York, won straight falls from Benny Ginsberg, Eastern Jew, in one of the roughest matches around here in moons.

George Gable, Cincinnati's only middleweight contender annexed two more scalps to his belt, taking Pete Becker, Utah, into camp with flying crotch and body pin in 21:50 and then downed Billy Love, Louisville, in 19 minutes with a straight arm scissors.

The wrestling colony has deserted the local gyms and have moved their training headquarters to the Blue Grass Club on Scott St., Covington, Ky. The Kentucky club is by far the best equipped gym in the Middle West. All local and visiting mat men are requested to do their training there if they want good conditions, etc.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

MAXEY ROSENBLOOM, light-heavyweight champion of the world, was beaten by Billy Jones of Philadelphia in an overweight affair at Motor Square Garden in ten rounds. Other main bout results at the Garden during the month are as follows: Joe Seykra out-pointed Benny Touchstone of Detroit; Midget Wolgast, the flyweight champ, outspeeded the veteran bantam, Archie Bell; Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburgh colored puncher was awarded the duke over Johnny Datto, of Cleveland, in a dull battle; and Pete Suskey, young Scranton welter bowed to Bucky Lawless in ten stanzas.

Joe (Jocko) Walters, colored middleweight sensation, kayoed the veteran Pal Silvers in the sixth frame of a rematch at Moose Temple Auditorium. Teddy Yarosz, local welterweight contender, turned in his 42nd consecutive victory as a pro when he carried off a well-merited decision over Tiger Joe Randall, bulky Negro, in the Palisades rink at McKeesport.

Mose Butch, hefty featherweight socker of Pittsburgh, is destined to make the grade in glovedom. Mose easily trimmed Frico Grande of Buffalo in the 8-round semi-final of the Wolgast-Bell tiff.

Professional wrestling returned to Pittsburgh after a dormancy of several years when Promoter Arthur E. Sharkey of Erie staged a mat show at Motor Square Garden. Jim McMillen threw Young Romano in the big number.

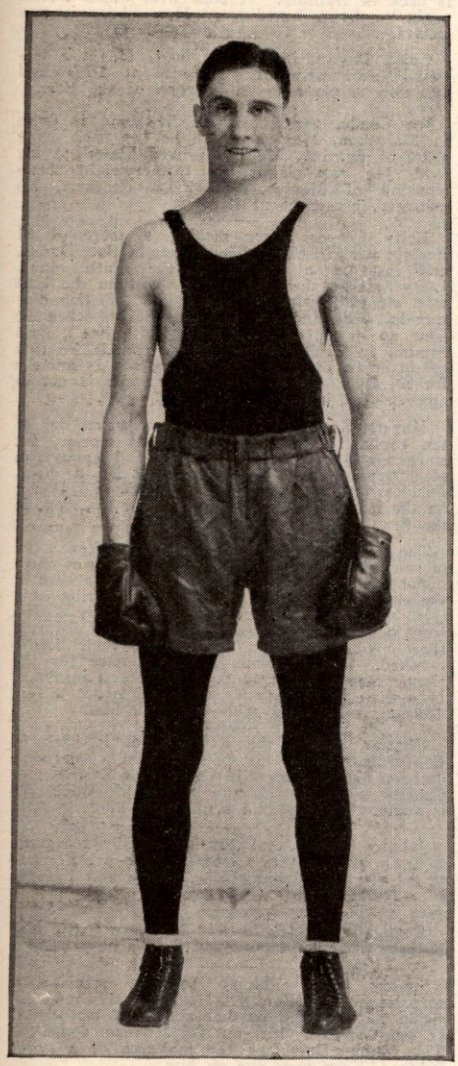
JUMBLED JABS: Angelo Vergione, Swissvale lightweight, is now fighting out of Frank Klaus' stable . . . in his first start under the Klaus banner, Vergione shellacked Jimmy Reilly . . . Tiger Joe West, clever Indian middleweight, triumphed over the veteran Jack McVey . . . which speaks well of the Indian's ability . . . Billy Jones, Negro light-heavyweight star who defeated Champion Rosenbloom here recently, is a native Pittsburgher . . . Jones is anxious to get Maxie in title bout . . . Jules D. Beck has an all-year-round job as matchmaker . . . He works for Motor Square Garden during the fall and winter season and makes matches for Meyers' Bowl during the open-air season . . . Boxers, managers and promoters would do well if they would send in fight news and posters and photographs for publication in the world's greatest boxing magazine—THE RING. Address the scribe at Donora, Pennsylvania . . . Joe Altman of Cincinnati bulletins that he again is the manager of Billy Rose.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

THE welterweight championship again is in the hands of Young Jack Thompson, who regained the title in the 12th round when Tommy Freeman's seconds halted the fight, owing to a badly cut left eye. Freeman, however, stormed and didn't want to stop—but he was overruled by Dr. Bundy who insisted it was too dangerous for him to continue.

Freeman was not half the Freeman or even a quarter of the Tommy Freeman who lifted the crown from Thompson on September 5, 1930. Tommy suffered from the flu twice and never really fully recovered. Thompson fought a cagey battle. He picked the eye as a target. The house drew $46,607.50—Freeman drawing down 50% while Thompson received 10%.



Phil Zwick, Cleveland's hard hitting featherweight.

Taylor Bowl will go this season under new management. Several local promoters are fighting for the Bowl and will give all the details in my next issue.

Gorilla Jones defeated Paul Pirrone in a ten-rounder. Pirrone put up the best fight he ever staged in Cleveland. He fought back and mixed with the clever Gorilla all the way, but Suey Welch's boy was entirely too strong and clever for him.

Joey Goodman and Tommy Grogan put up a ten round gruelling fight in another tener with Goodman copping the duke.

Chico Cisneros, Bob Sangster's touted Mexican featherweight, gave Jackie Rodgers a good pasting in the six-rounder, and Joe Schlund defeated Harold in the four round opener.

Art Cluelee, chairman of the Cleveland Boxing Commission, signed papers approving the world heavyweight title battle between Max Schmeling and Young Stribling at the Municipal Stadium on July 3. Dick Dunn is representing Madison Square Garden.

Joey Kushner, bantamweight, and his manager Johnny Di Tirro, were suspended for 90 days by the boxing commission for competing in and accepting prizes from the Golden Gloves tournament, although Kushner had fought professional.

Freddy Miller, Cincinnati featherweight, won a ten-round decision from Johnny Farr, of Cleveland, at Cincinnati, before 5,000 spectators. It was the third meeting of the Ohio featherweights and was the second victory for Miller. Newspapermen credited Miller with 8 of the 10 rounds.

Johnny Schwake, a towering heavyweight with a devastating right hand, is rapidly coming to the front. He decisively defeated Johnny Risko in St. Louis. Risko's experience is all that saved him from hitting the deck.

Mickey Cohen, added another victory to his long string by winning a sensational fight over Joey Ross at the Public Hall Annex two weeks ago.

Rosy Rosales is going great guns right now. He recently beat Tiger Payne at Omaha, and ten days later he went out to Portland Oregon and fought a draw with Charley Belanger.

The promoters are after Ace Hudkins and Leo Lomsky to box Rosales.

At Akron, Ohio, Buckey Lawless, Syracuse welterweight, and Gorilla Jones, Akron fighter, fought a draw.

Frankie Chatterton stopped Tony Russo of Buffalo at the Public Auditorium Annex in the 6th round. Harold Krill won the decision over Mike Lucas. Roger Brooks beat Frankie Bauer, and Joey Gunn lost a close one to Mickey Farr.

Johnny Risko lost another fight at New York, being outgalloped by the young Jersey heavyweight, Stanley Poreda.

Joe Seykra, Dayton, Ohio, knocked out big Gene Stanton, Cleveland, in the second round at New Castle.

Pierre Charles, saved by the bell from a knockout, came back in the second round and went on to a good slashing win over Frankie Simms, at Walter Taylor's opening show at the Equiestarium. Charles was out dead cold when the bell rang at the 7 count in the first. Handy Gus Nelson hopped in and brought him around, and by clever coaching maneuvered the big Frenchman into a winner. It was a great piece of seconding by Gus.

California Jack Willis and Tommy Rios put up a slam bang fight in the semi-final, with Rios winning.

Joe Lewis is looking around for an All star heavyweight card to support it.

Sunny Jim Williams, clever Negro light heavyweight of Parson McGinty's stable, punched his way to a 10-round victory over Jack Barry of Chicago at Lorain, Ohio last Monday night. Williams has boxed Tiger Jack Payne, and is anxious to take on any of the light heavyweights or will make 160 pounds for Gorrilla Jones.

Mique Malloy, Chicago boxing promoter, has been in the city for the past ten days.

Don Gonzales and Ralph Phillips, Cleveland Golden Gloves champions, went up to Chicago where Gonzales stopped Tony Scarpati, of New York, in the second round. Phillips decisioned Walter Percy of New York in the 160 pound class.

Three Golden Gloves champions pounded out clean cut victories to feature a Cleveland team's 6 to 2 triumph over a New York squad at the Cleveland Athletic Club. Babe Triscara defeated Louis Palerano, 112 lbs.; Gene Marsh defeated Carlo D'Angelo, 147 lbs.; and Jack Pallatt, defeated Mike Vetrano, heavyweight.

Kayo Christner, Akron, was knocked out by George Manley at Denver, Colo., in the 4th round.

Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburg, won a ten round decision over Johnny Datto, Cleveland, at Pittsburg. Larry Madge, Cleveland, outpointed Young Rudy, Charleroi, Pa., in the semi-final.

Twayne Mark, now making his home at New York, will be matched with Frankie Chatterton on the next Public Auditorium card.

Joey Ross, New York, defeated Ollie Bartlett in a red hot six heat headliner featuring Harry Cohen's show at the Public Auditorium Annex. It was a great slugfest all the way. Ross came fast in the last two sessions to win the duke.

Frankie Chatterton knocked out Jack Duffy in the third, and Roger Brooks knocked out Ernie Wright in the third.

Phil Zwick and Barney Wheatman are yelling their heads off about the bad decision received at Phila. with Tommy Paul of Buffalo. Zwick claims he won 7 of the 10 rounds.

Manny Robins has taken a team of amateurs down to New Orleans where they are entered in the Golden Gloves of the Crescent City.

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30x4-50	2.45	1.10
28x4-75	2.45	1.10
29x4-75	2.45	1.10
30x4-95	2.90	1.25
29x5-00	2.85	1.15
30x5-00	2.85	1.15
28x5-25	2.85	1.15
30x5-25	2.95	1.25
31x5-25	3.10	1.25
30x5-77	3.10	1.25
30x6-00	3.00	1.15
31x6-00	3.10	1.20
32x6-00	3.20	1.35
33x6-00	3.25	1.35
32x6-20	3.40	1.40

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30x3½	2.25	.90
31x4	2.95	1.00
32x4	2.95	1.00
33x4	2.95	1.00
34x4	2.95	1.00
32x4½	3.20	1.25
33x4½	3.25	1.25
34x4½	3.25	1.25
30x6	3.55	1.25
33x6	3.55	1.25
35x5	3.65	1.25

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IN CALIFORNIA
By THERON FISKE

SPEEDY DADO was the victim of one of the biggest upsets ever staged on the Coast when Judy Zuniga, a mere youngster just out of the preliminary ranks, banged out a clean-cut victory over Dado, who is recognized as one of the best flyweights in the country. Zuniga scored a knockdown in one of the later rounds and made such an impressive showing that the sporting writers are heralding him as the next bantamweight champion.

The bout was staged at the Olympic and was the first match put in by the newly-appointed matchmaker, Joe Levy, who supplanted Wad Wadhams. Levy loves to bring out new talent and thinks he will have quite a few more upsets to furnish the fans. It was a most pleasant one for the customers.

Battling Dozier, negro welterweight, turned in a victory over Paulie Walker in San Francisco. Dozier has been showing great form and has been a consistent winner. Walker is scheduled to leave for the East very shortly.

Joe Waterman is identified with the promotional end of boxing around Seattle and sends in word that conditions are very good and with the reduced prices of admission they are attracting big crowds to all their shows.

Some good featherweight matches that could be brought here are Fidel La Barba with Eddie Shea or Earl Mastro. LaBarba jumped right back into the picture when he whipped Kid Francis.

Newsboy Brown outpointed Raymond Montoya at the Hollywood Stadium—Lee Moore has returned from New York with Hector McDonald who was beaten by Tony Herrera at Madison Square Garden—Maurice Holtzer expects to return to France—Holtzer was beaten by Tommy Paul in Philadelphia.

Harry Blitman who fought here several years ago is enjoying a wonderful comeback in the East—The Coast fans were given a surprise when the news got out that Johnny Farr was stopped by Bushy Graham.

Billy Townsend is coming to New York where he is contracted to show at Madison Square Garden—Joe Glick motored back to the East following the Townsend scrap—Paulino Uzcudun also returned East and will come back here when they meet his terms—Paulino and Baer would be the high spots of the year.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—On Ralph Gruman's card, Benny Pelz, Portland Jewish lightweight, and Mickey Dolan, Portland's Wild Irish Rose, put up another slam-bang draw in ten. Two knockdowns featured in the hectic battle.

Pete Cerkan, Pe El, Wn., Pole, kayoed Cyclone Thompson, Yakima, heretofore heavyweight champion of the Northwest, in two.

Al Trulmans, San Diego welter, chilled Johnny Bray, Centralia, Wn., in five.

For Gruman, Georgie Dixon, Portland Negro, technically kayoed Romeo Le Mon, San Diego middleweight, in seven.

Eddie Thomas, Bellingham, won the Oregon lightweight championship by trouncing Hank Voight, Spokane, in ten.

Albie Davies, Vancouver, B. C., beat George Hval, Portland lightweight, in six.

Jumbo Davies, Vancouver, B. C., defeated Roy Ockley, Montana, lightweight, in four.

On Jack Capri's first and last card under the private promoter's system, Rosy Rosales, Cleveland Indian, drew with Charley Belanger, Winnipeg lightheavyweight, in ten.

Charlie Risko, Tacoma, 181, drew with Frankie Warnecke, 174, Portland, in six.

Al Trulmans stopped Phil Miller, 150, in one.

Jimmy Lee, 135, Portland Chinese, chilled Bobby LaMars in one after dusting the canvas himself.

On Hansen's last "sale" card, Johnny Hansen, Portland welter, was lucky to get a draw with "Popeye" Sargant, Vancouver, Wn., in six. Referee Sax's decision was unpopular.

Al Gotthardt, Hamburg, and Ah Wing "Jimmy" Lee, southpaw lightweight, drew in six.

The house, although large, did not pay expenses, and Hansen was forced to return as a regular promoter.

For Geo. Moore, Max Baer, colorful Livermore slugger, kayoed Ernie Owens, Los Angeles, in two.

Pete Cerkan nodded Art Mayer, Portland, in six.

JUMBLED GEMS—Al Trulmans scored 46 successive victories in California in the last year or so—Joe Woods, who was a member of the Portland Boxing Commission for nine years, succumbed recently—Good luck to Champion Thompson—Abie Israel lost his first fight by a decision to Canto Robleto in Seattle.

At Salem, Mickey Dolan and Teddy Fox, Salem, drew in ten two-minute rounds.

At Marshfield, Charley Belanger and Jimmy Byrne, Myrtle Point, drew in ten.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO
By EDDIE MAYER, JR.

ED DON GEORGE gave Spokane wrestling fans an exhibition of his ability when he took the measure of Stanley Pinto at the Post Street Theatre. The bout ended in the fourth round when Pinto was unable to continue after having been tossed for a body slam. Leo Numa was awarded a draw with Freddy Doc Meyers in the three-round semi-final.

Charley Hanson was awarded the decision over Stanley Pinto in their match in Spokane. Each man took a fall. Cowboy Ray lost his match with Billy Root on the same card.

Charlie Hanson, 198-pound grappler, won his match with Billy Root in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, when Billy was unable to continue after Hanson evened the match with a fall via the body slam route. Leo Numa, 218, was awarded his match with Cowboy Ray, 212, on a foul. Eddie Meyers, 160, defeated George Mahoney, 159, with an airplane spin in the first canto.

Judy Zuniga, star Coast bantam sensation

Howard Cantonwine failed to appear for his match with John Freberg at the Post Street, so promoter Jack Routledge made it a free night and treated the fans to a number of matches. Tom Grant, veteran grappler, took two out of three falls from Cowboy Ray in one of the matches. Jack Reed of Utah and Iron Chamberlain were awarded a draw. Each took one fall.

Hank Vogt, Spokane lightweight, took the measure of Carl Johnson, another Spokane lightweight comer, in the main event of a card staged by Will Maylon for the American Athletic club at the Post Street. Ace Conlon, Spokane middleweight, handed Ted Boyd, Canadian leather pusher, a decisive trouncing in the semi-windup. Red Vandervert again took the measure of his Walla Walla foe, Young Dempsey. Walt King won a decision over Flip Edwards in one of the openers.

The Seattle athletic commission has barred Jack Routledge, Spokane wrestling promoter, from staging any bouts in Seattle.

Bob Kruse, of Portland, took two out of three falls from Howard Cantonwine in Spokane. Houston Stockton, ex-Gonzaga football star, made his wrestling debut by putting Cowboy Ray out of commission in the third canto.

Houston Stockton evened the match with Chief McGuire at Colfax, Washington, by tossing the big boy a body slam from which the Chief was unable to recuperate in time to continue the bout.

SHELBY HEARD FROM AGAIN
By O. C. WILSON

THE little town of Shelby glorified by Jack Dempsey and Tom Gibbons several years ago via their pugilistic endeavors is coming back again in a fistic way and through the offices of the Wilson-Mylan Athletic Club intends to stage boxing shows every few weeks.

The first show staged here in two years ended in a sensational manner when K. O. Miller flattened Mike Kelly with a terrific right-hand smash in the first round of their bout.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

BENNY WAGNER, former referee, has taken over Santa Rosa and now is promoting bouts there.

Joe Roche, veteran middleweight, has won all four of his bouts since making a come-back. Joe, in his last bout, stopped Jack King, in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout at Santa Rosa.

Norman Smiley, has two good boys in Al Johnson, a welterweight and Johnny Tracey, a lightweight. Johnny Tracey, in his last bout, at National Hall, boxed a draw with Johnny Jaeger, and wants a return match with him.

K. O. Eddie Roberts, the Tacoma K. O. King, is back in training. A bout with Chick Devlin ought to be a humdinger. How about it promoters.

Chick Devlin, in his last bout, fought a ten-round draw with Gorilla Jones at Dreamland and now is planning an invasion of the East.

Joe Conde, the fighting Chile bean, is down in Mazatlam, Mexico, where he has been doing a lot of fighting. He has proved himself a big card. Joe now claims the featherweight championship of Mexico, and Fritz Reschert, his manager, boasts about it.

Lefty Cooper, after making a score of 21 straight wins in his comeback, fought Batt Dozier, and lost on a K. O. in the ninth round. Lefty was in the lead up to the time the bout was stopped, winning seven out of the nine rounds, but condition told on Lefty, when he blew up in that ninth canto. Lefty has a good excuse, in saying that the ten pounds he took off in seven days, weakened him, but is anxious for a return match with Dozier, who is not so anxious for it.

Meyers Grace of Chicago, won seven out of ten rounds in his bout with Batt Dozier, but a certain Mr. Joe Doran was kind enough to play Santa Claus, and award Dozier a draw. Besides winning seven rounds Grace had Dozier on the mat three times, once out of the ring, in the first round.

The State Athletic Commission, makes a lot of rules, but they overlooked one that is of much importance. There are a lot of referees here in the state who have no business in the ring as a third man for the simple reason that they always hand out poor decisions. In Northern California there are several who should have their license revoked. Bad decisions are a menace for the simple reason that they do a fighter an injustice. If a man is not capable of handing out a fair decision, well, 'nuff said—out with him.

Charley Miller, the Reno Keed, is back in California. In his last bout he won a ten-round decision over Johnny Kid Crismas at Sacramento. Charley is hot on the trail of Frankie Klick. He is anxious for a return match with him.

Johnny Russel and Frankie Spingola started to train after a year's layoff. Both are anxious to get started. Johnny is a bantam and Frankie is a featherweight.

Boxing is booming here in Northern California. It looks like all the boys will have a busy season.

Speedy Dado, Filipino bantam, received a surprise in Judy Zuniga. He lost a six-round decision to Judy and in that sixth and last canto, he was floored by his youthful Mexican opponent. This Zuniga boy has the makings of a great fighter. Keep your eye on him.

In a previous bout, Dado lost the state bantamweight title to Newsboy Brown, who scored a K. O. over him when he claimed a foul, but the referee ruled against him. It was a good decision.

Paul Negri, welterweight, has recovered from an attack of the flu and he has started to train again. Joe Dutra is his manager.

Tommy Gardner, who fought Floyd Johnson, Kid Norfolk, and the like is now on the Pacific Coast Guard Patrol.

Silent John Burdick, manager, isn't quite so silent, once you get "POP" a talking.

"Moose" Taussigs' famous last words are "GOOD MORNING AL."

Al Citrino, Clem Hamill's featherweight, in his last bout at National Hall, stopped Vic Perry in two heats. Al is a hard worker in and out of the ring.

Andy Divodi of New York, staged a sensational bout with Sammy Jackson at Stockton. After being on the floor twice in the second round for nine counts, staged a sensational rally and stopped Jackson in the tenth round.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By JAMES F. MANNION and SAM HART

THERE is a great little bantam prospect in this country, Jimmy Farrell. He recently stopped Young McGregor in two rounds at Fitzroy and has ability out of the ordinary for a youngster.

Leo Bandias had everything his own way against Lon Fealey at Fitzroy and landed a K. O. in the third round.

At Brisbane Stadium, Herman Bundren (U. S. A.) continued his winning ways by knocking out Al Bourke in the fifth round. Bundren weighed 11.6, Bourke 11.2.

Jack Dunleavy, acting as chief second to Young Gildo against Bruno Bertuccio at Leichhardt, became so disgusted with Gildo's showing that he left his corner in the twelfth. In the next round the Filipino struck his best form, but it was too late to avoid defeat.

It is a pleasure to report that Kid Lee (U. S. A.), who at first gave strong indications of being a washout, has made good at last. He outpointed Jack Roberts at Leichhardt rather easily.

Billy McAllister led from the first gong until the referee interfered in round 12 when fighting in defense of his Australian bantamweight title against Teddy Green. Sydney Stadium was the battlefield.

Still another good prospect! The latest recruit to the ranks of promising fighters is Ken McLure, welter, late of the R. A. N. His most recent victories were gained at the expense of Pat Coates and Fred Stephens. The Navy again!

That old gladiator, George Cook, has returned to Australia after several years of glove-mongering overseas. He's still looking for fights! Well, they say "Old Soldiers Never Die." George doesn't look as if he'll "simply fade away," either.

In a grudge fight at Fitzroy, Young Llew Edwards carried too many guns for Cocoa Johnson. A capacity house saw the aborigine outpointed in a 15-round tussle that provided bursts of brilliant boxing. Edwards 9.4, Jackson 9.3.

Les Ferris outpointed Jimmy Farrell at Broken Hill.

Frank Van was no match for Jack O'Malley in their recent bout at Brisbane. O'Malley had an advantage physically over his opponent, and sent home a knock-out blow in the seventh round.

Rus Critcher had another win the other night when he collected Tommy Fielding's scalp in Sydney. Fielding gave a disappointing display, while Rus has been seen to better advantage.

The Australian featherweight, Bobby Blay, is making a big hit in New Zealand. He caused something of a sensation by defeating Tommy Donovan and Johnnie Lechie—two of the Dominion's best for several years—and has now chalked up a comfortable win over Archie Hughes, an old rival from Sydney.

Tommy Carr (10.3) was lucky in getting Bill Long's pat over Bert Malcolm (10.2), at Fitzroy, after 15 heats. Malcolm was more consistent throughout, and most of the spectators were surprised at the decision.

At Rushcutter's Bay Stadium, Sydney, Bluey Thornton k.o.'d Doug. Liggon in the third. They're middleweights.
Same place—Ern Evans (8.6) outpointed Tiny Wayne in 10 rounds.

Jimmy Summers got the decision over Young Heeney, and referee Joe Wallis got some hooting, though there was little between the boys.

One of the most pleasing features of Australian boxing at present is the successful comeback of Billy Grime, ex-triple champion. In his second bout after his temporary retirement, Billy, at 9.9, outpointed Bluey Jones (9.7 1-2) at Leichhardt, and regained the lightweight championship.

Melbourne Stadium has reopened after a spell of several months and the first bout of the season was the return contest between Palmer and Fuzzolino. Ambrose again proved the master. He bored in with a rain of punches right from the start, and knocked out the Italian in round 9.

Fred Young, former heavyweight champion of Victoria, was married during the month.

Rus Critcher proved too clever for Kid Lee at Leichhardt, but little separated the pair. Lee gave a spasmodic display, but Critcher fought consistently. "Hop Harry" Stone should be feeling pretty over his boy's progress.

Ambrose Palmer, acting on doctor's orders, is taking a six-weeks' vacation.

In his first bout since returning from abroad George Cook met Jack O'Malley in a 15-rounder to decide the Australian heavyweight championship. He had a big advantage in weight, but was much slower than O'Malley, who won comfortably on points.

Jimmy Farrell was too tough for Bullant Sims, at Fitzroy. Jimmy's powerful, though often inaccurate right, was too much for the Bullant, and his seconds shied the towel after the 10th round.

Lightweight Billy Vegus fought Bobby Bell over 15 rounds at Albury (N. S. W.) A good house witnessed the bout, which ended in a draw.

The City Hall, Hobart, (Tas.), was the scene of a lively 15-rounder between Young Halliday (Tas.) and Tommy Crowle, veteran featherweight champ of Victoria. The raw decision of Referee Pakes was unpopular as Crowle appeared to have a handy lead on points throughout the mill.

Rus Critcher (10.2) outpointed Wally Hancock (10.6) over 15 rounds at Rushcutter's Bay Stadium. When these two met previously the decision was a draw.

Harry Stone, former fistic star of another era, is boosting the cause of Rus Critcher, promising 22-year-old Australian, who has scored thirty-seven knockouts in fifty-four battles. Stone is negotiating with Charley Harvey in the United States for the use of some American boys and is doing very well in Kangarooland.

Ambrose Palmer, Australia's middleweight champion, kayoed Tony Fuzzolino in eight rounds. Referee Joe Wallis stopped the fight after Fuzzolino was taking a bad licking.

Ted Pickrang bested Roy Burns after fifteen rounds of battling. Both are Negro heavyweights.

Bob Thornton kayoed Frank Green in nine rounds but Green gave a good account of himself, although the loser.

The rating of Jack Haines by the former heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, pleased many Australians who think that Haines is equal to Mickey Walker.

One of the toughest middleweights in the country is expected to try his luck in America very shortly, Tommy Cribb. He is rugged and strong and will give the best of them a tussle.

BOXING IN HAWAII
By BEN HOLMES SHENBERG

HERMAN RUPP, Schofield Barrack's "Big Bertha" and Young Aguinaldo heavyweight boxed six rounds before a slim audience, grossing $1,600 at the Honolulu Stadium. Rupp got the nod, but the Fil was outweighed 23 pounds and might win in a rematch over the ten-round route.

Young Sam Langford easily beat "Marine" Paddy O'Connell, in six rounds. The "gyrene" showed lots of ticker but took a severe licking. J. Ashman Beavans is the Stadium manager.

Young Nationalista won seven out of eight rounds in the Houston Arena main event, when Young Bolo, a tough counter-punching feather blew up after the first canto. The house went seven grand and everyone made money, for these Sandwich Islands.

"Marine" Johnson, 180 pounder, stopped Scupin from Luke Field in less than one minute after the second gong. Scupin is an aviation mechanic and did a "power dive."

Tiny Tommy Muradu started another K. O. string. He stopped Young Frederico in three, after being on the floor in the first. The 104 pound Japanese hits harder, pound for pound, than any local boy and ought to go over big on the mainland.

Con Cordero, veteran welter, stopped Billy Boggs in the semi-windup in less than one heat. Boggs is a good prospect, but is not ready for first rate competition.

J. Eddie Hoch, secretary of the Territorial Boxing Commission, faced the K. G. U. "mike" in an interview conducted by the writer.
He said that boxing was in a healthy condition in Hawaii, that the Commission showed net earnings of over $7,500 after all expenses were paid, and that 238,000 customers attended 136 shows since boxing was legalized in Hawaii.

Three Hawaiian A. A. U. champs were seen in action in the New York garden championships late in April. Jiro Sato, Japanese feather, Benny Ahakuelo, full-blooded Hawaiian lightweight and "Marine" John Reed, light-heavyweight, are the boys sent over.

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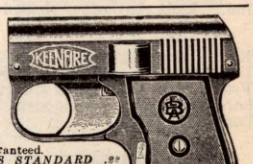

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ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
By SAM CAPRI

PETEY SARRON, Birmingham Syrian featherweight scrapper, who is champion of Australia, scored a sensational knockout victory over Tony Leto, crack Tampa puncher, in the fourth round. The Gorgas Post promoted this show, and it incidentally marked the return of Jay J. Thomas, as matchmaker. In the semi-final ten-spot, Claude Wilson kayoed Johnny Richie of Atlanta, in the fifth. The fight throng was thrilled in the affair between K. O. Terry, of Ohio, and Joe Ficorotto of Florida.

"Red" Boggan of Birmingham, former chief inspector of licenses for the Boxing Commission, has been reappointed.

Bill Cather, local welterweight K.O. hitter, has taken out license to promote boxing. This young Birmingham man will try to popularize the game in various small towns.

Tommy Martin, youngster yet in his teens, beat Joe Saia, a veteran lightweight, at Memphis, recently. Tommy is a Birmingham boy. Battling Kelly, local middleweight, lost to Luther Orr, at Memphis. Jack Tunney, local heavy, lost to Jess Akers, at Tupelo, Miss., recently.

It is rumored that Birmingham may see 15-round bouts in the future, with a referee rendering the decision in only the 15-round bouts. If this is going to happen, why not give decisions in all bouts?

In the boxing show promoted by Post No. 115, Babe Hunt, Oklahoma heavyweight, trounced Cracker Jack Webb of Georgia, in a ten-round match. Webb injured his right mauler.

Jack Tunney whipped Corn Griffin, the Fort Benning light-heavy slugger, in the semi-final eight.

Battling Bozo has been fighting with regularity in the mid-west. He is showing the world that a world champion might possibly come from Birmingham, Ala. Bozo recently beat Jack Barry, of Chicago, and Frankie Wine, of Butte, Mont. The Battler lost in a return bout with Lou Scozza, at Flint, Mich.

"Big Boy" Ascar, North Birmingham, young light-heavyweight, is open for engagements. Oscar has fought Battling Bozo four times. "Big Boy" likes the game. He is tough, and a terrific hitter.

Yours Truly made the rounds of various gyms the other day, and saw easily eight states represented by star pugs. Never in the history of boxing of Birmingham, have the promoters seen so many star fighters willing to fight.

Post No. 1 gave two mixed cards of wrestling and boxing in April. Curtis Sanford made all the matches. The bouts were packed with thrills and a big crowd was on hand. In the feature wrestling: Ernie Dusek, of Omaha, 205-pounder, threw John Katan of New York 200-pounder, in twenty-six minutes on a one-fall match for a finish.

In the main boxing bouts: Jimmy McGinnis, of Mobile, drew with K. O. Terry, of Evansville, Ind. Jack Ausborne shaded Bill Mobley.

On a later card of Post No. 1 show: John Katan came back to throw Big Jack Roller. of Los Angeles, in twenty-two minutes. Billy Fricks won from Jack Sullivan; and Jack Ausborne beat Horace Hooper, in the main boxing bouts.

For the next six months, beginning the first of May, Post No. 1, with matchmaker Curtis Sanford, is to promote all wrestling bouts, exclusively; and Post No. 115 will promote all boxing cards for the six months. The Commission has approved of this procedure.

Billy Vinsin, star featherweight of Seattle, beat Billy Fricks, of Evansville, Ind., here recently. Mickey Genaro, of Waterbury, Conn., challenged the winner.

Your Boxing Notes will be appreciated. Send them to the writer, also photos. Address 506 15th Street, Ensley, Ala.

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BELL

THE Chatham Athletic Club continues to draw good crowds every Thursday night. That is because they give their members jam up fights.

Carl Knowles, always a favorite with Savannah fans, met with defeat at the hands of Eric Lawson of New York. Carl's little stable-mate Frankie Doyal was beaten by Kid Sharpe.

This boy Eric Lawson is a real fighter and about as smart as they come.

Our friend Bob Godwin, one of the greatest boys the South has produced, paid us a visit. He will box here shortly.

Tim Ahearn gave Jimmy Swinson a beating in Charleston, and won the title of lightweight champion of North and South Carolina and Virginia, which Swinson was claiming. Tim also fought Mickey Genaro to a draw. He then dropped a close decision to Jimmy Reed.

Lee Broushue, light-heavy, keeps winning his bouts. His latest victim was Joe King in 6 rounds by a T. K. O. This boy has a great future. Kid Sharpe went over big here when he defeated Frankie Doyle. He is a fine boy and is going to be a real fighter. He always gives the fans action.

Kid Williams has taken on new life and is going great. He can fight when he wants to and will give the best of them a busy evening. He says he intends to fight his way to the top this time. He is a good kid when he wants to be and would get somewhere if he would let someone handle the business and he do the fighting.

Young Ford, Junior Welterweight looks like the real goods. He was a big hit around Ohio and is now located here. In 85 bouts he is yet to be defeated. He is a good puncher and clever.

Young Patsy Haley continues to improve and has a bright future. He is only 15 years of age and still in school.

Jimmy Tuten, Reddy Pitts, Jackie Wilson and all the Savannah boys are going good.

Al Morris, Irish welterweight, is a crowd pleaser.

Bulldog Downs, another good boy is open to meet any Junior Welter in the South. Bulldog can fight. Oh! how he can hit! He gives plenty of action at all times.

Joe Knight, another favorite around Savannah, has been going great in Florida for the past several months. Joe is a light-heavy and a great fellow and he can fight.

Pat Flaherty, welterweight of this city is going great. He is now being handled by Harry Tracy and Pat is a different fighter. He beat Sailor Gibson and Wendel Weeks in his last two starts.

The writer can be reached (care of) Chatham Athletic Club, Savannah, Ga.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HILARIO MARTINEZ returned here after a successful barnstorming tour through Mexico where he defeated David Belasco and Armando Aguilar of Chile, and added five other victims to his record. Martinez is sincere in his attempted comeback. He lost a close decision to Relampago Saguero, the Cuban welterweight champion. Hilario is a great favorite in Havana.

Tony Dominguez, crack Cuban middleweight has returned from Florida where he piled up twenty-seven wins out of thirty battles. He has fought some sixty odd battles and has won half of them by the kayo route.

Kid Chocolate is ready to resume his New York campaign.

Commandante Enrique Recio, President of the local Boxing Commission has wisely eliminated the so-called "semi-professional" bouts. All boxers are now considered as pros, with the exception of the real amateur fighters. The Commission here also is contemplating to change from a point system to a round system in deciding winners of contests.

Antonio Santana won a ten-round decision over Happy Atherton. Santana is a mighty nifty southpaw, and is expected to win over his next opponent, Eillo Echavarria of Spain.

Kid Montana won a hard fought contest from Cuban Honeyboy Finnegan after being floored in the first canto. Oscar Menendez drew with Mario Valdes in four; Manuel Lopez kayoed Secundo Salazar in one and Frankie Garcia kayoed Daniel Vazquez in five.

Panchon Martinez, managed by Doctor Pinango, is rapidly coming to the front. This flyweight is speedy and clever and has yet to be defeated. His last bout was a furious encounter when he knocked out Martin Ogrady in three.

Joe Gandon, known as the "Mudo", scored a four-round kayo over Francisco Rodriguez, the army champion. Gandon is still undefeated in over fifty bouts.

Luis Parga has proven his grit as a matchmaker. He deserves to be ranked among leading matchmakers of the world.

Henry Santos, known as "Baturrito" is an outstanding featherweight. He is managed by Willy del Pino who intends to invade American shores shortly.

Jose Carrasso and Julian Mirave went six cyclonic rounds to a draw, which had the fans on their feet throughout the battle. Olayo Nebot beat Baby Joaquin Torres in a special six-rounder. Oscar Rivero kayoed Victory Piedra in four; Pancho Villa kayoed Placido Diaz, and Antonio Velasco beat Cecilio Romero in four.

Antonio Fernandez, of Asturia, came from behind to score a kayo over Pedro Herrera in the fourth. A week later Fernandez won over Billy Dominguez in six, flooring his opponent about ten times.

Relampago Saguero, our welterweight champion, won a ten-round decision over Hilario Martinez of Spain in the main go. Saguero dropped his man in the first.

Battling Llano and Julian Mirave put up the best scrap of the night, fighting six bloody rounds to a draw. Both boys hit the canvas a couple of times and went at it like a house afire.

Kid Malayo, who manages Joe Coego, will ask for a shot at the featherweight title, as he insists that Coego is worthy of the crown after scoring a one-round knockout over Joaquin Torres.

For information on bouts write to Luis Parga. Matchmaker, O'Reilly 83, Havana, Cuba. Send me photos to ship to THE RING.

BOXING RESULTS IN PANAMA CITY
By ANTHONY CHARLES

MARTINEZ FORT, of Spain, knocked out the veteran, Young George Dixon, in the ninth round. Alvin "Kid" Barber defeated Speedy Quintana in six. Young Castillo knocked out Kid Taboga in the first round and Kid Cholo lost an interesting scrap to Young Hurtado.

The curtain raiser between Kid Alfaro and Kid Dairo was a wow while it lasted. Dario, one of Juan Franco's jockeys, took the bout as a joke for just one minute and then took a good shellacking. Alfaro, one of the up and coming members of the San Blas tribe gave a pretty exhibition.

Kid Slammer won by a knockout over Soldier King in the eighth round. Kid Ambrosia stopped Sailor Anderson in the third round. Pedro Lemos won over Benny Palmer, the fighting policeman.

Sailor Sprayer, of Coco Solo lost a four-round decision to Kid Vives of Colon, the fight was even until the last round.

Baby Face Vasquez won a four-round decision over Tony Guerra in the curtain-raiser.

BOXING NEWS FROM JAPAN
By PROF. YUJIRO WATANABE

BOXING is one of the most popular sports in Japan. During the past two years great progress has been made in the sport here and before another two years elapses, Japan will have a formidable array of lads in all classes from flyweight to middleweight. Naturally Japanese boys as a rule do not become very heavy, hence we have a lack of heavyweights.

The game is promoted in Japan in all the big cities. One of the leading teachers is Prof. Watanabe and the best of the fighters is his pupil, Hayakawa, the well-known Japanese moving picture star. Watanabe went to America to make a close study of the sport and now is teaching the American methods to his countrymen.

Four or five shows are staged at the Japan Boxing Club each month. This is the leading club of its kind here, 4000 persons pack the club house for each show. So popular is the sport now that a subscription of $2,000,000 has been obtained for the building of a fight pavilion.

Tominaga, manager of Hayakawa is leading fight manager in Japan. He knows the game well and handles his men splendidly.

The Japanese have taken up amateur boxing and send teams to Hawaii and the Phillipines.

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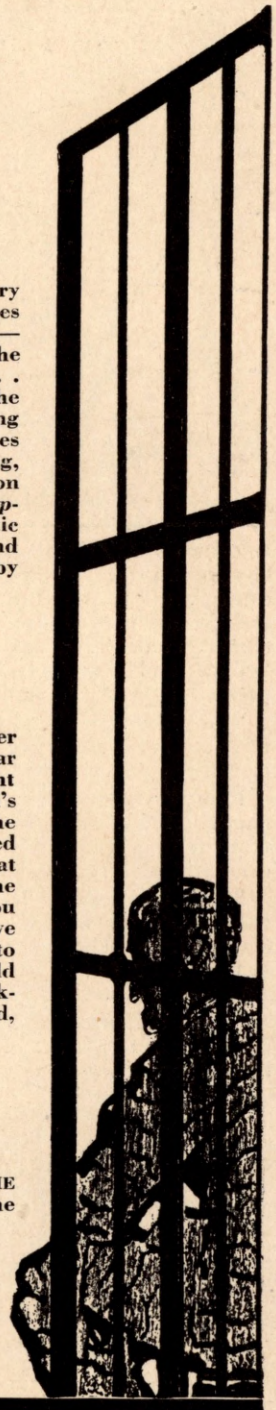

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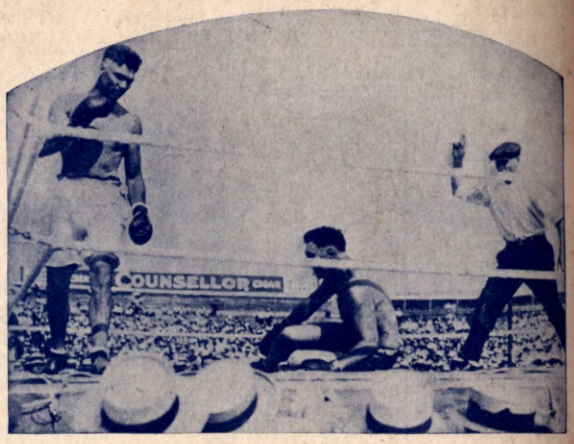

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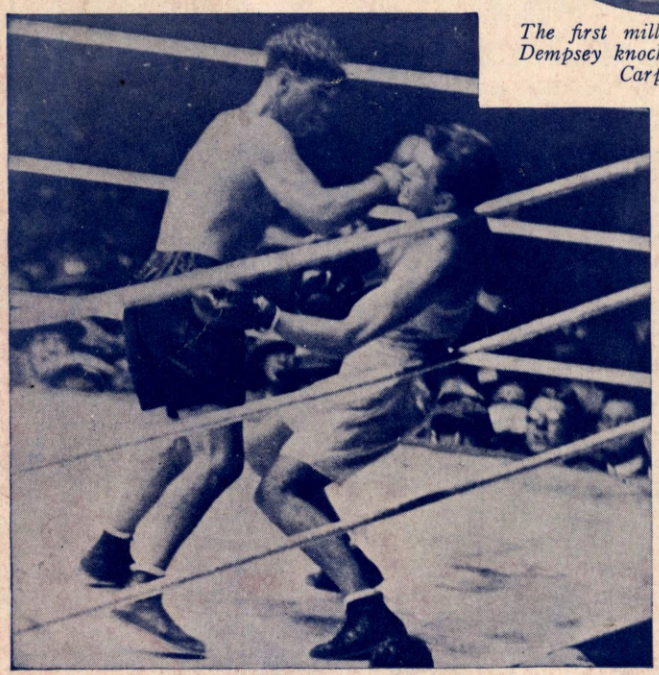
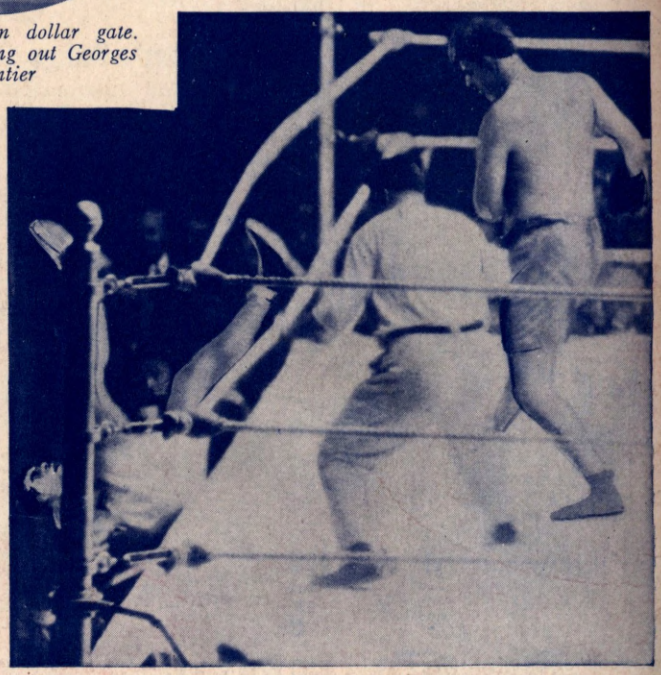


When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"



The most thrilling moment—Dempsey hurled out of the ring by one of Luis Firpo's wallops